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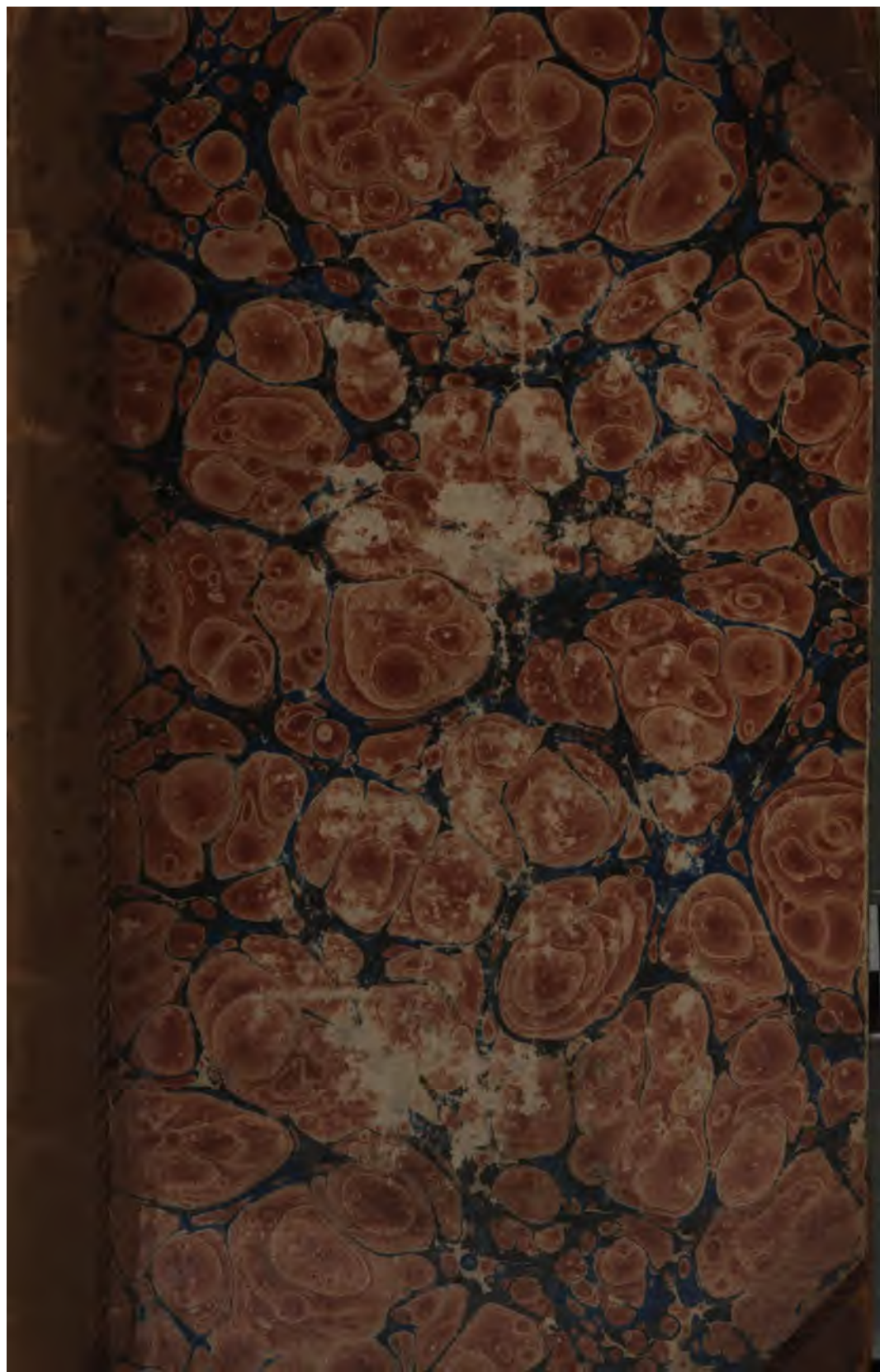
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THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,

BY ORDER OF THE
G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
OF THE
MANCHESTER UNITY OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER
OF
ODD FELLOWS.

**"OH, CHARITY ! OUR HELPLESS NATURE'S PRIDE,
THOU FRIEND TO HIM, WHO KNOWS NO FRIEND BESIDE;
THINE IS THE SPIRIT, THAT WITH WIDEST PLAN,
BROTHER TO BROTHER BINDS, AND MAN TO MAN."**

BOWLES.



VOLUME IV.
FROM DECEMBER 1835, TO SEPTEMBER, 1837.
NEW SERIES.

MANCHESTER :
PRINTED BY P. G. M. MARK WARDLE, 17, FENNEL-STREET.
MDCCCXXXVII.

PREFACE.

IT is with feelings of the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that the present Volume of the **MAGAZINE** is presented to the Order.— Since the publication of the preceding Volume numerous circumstances have transpired which have placed the **MAGAZINE** in a far more important position than it previously occupied, and of which every Odd Fellow has a just right to be proud. Allusion is hereby made, not only to its vastly increased circulation, and the superiority of its appearance, but chiefly to the praiseworthy cause to which the profits of the Publication are devoted. It must be needless to remind the readers of the **MAGAZINE**, that the profits arising from its sale are now devoted to the noblest purposes of Charity,—by forming the basis of a Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Members of the Order, who may, after their bereavement, be placed in necessitous circumstances. This alone should not fail to be a sufficient inducement for every true friend of the Institution to patronize the Work. Odd Fellows have never been backward in acts of philanthropy; and, in the present case, they have every inducement which can be held out as an encouragement to Charity,—since by one act they not only obtain the pleasure and instruction arising from the perusal of the **MAGAZINE**, but are upholding an Institution for an object on which Heaven has pronounced its blessing, viz :—“**TO MAKE THE WIDOW’S HEART TO SING FOR JOY.**”





Edw. Williamson Sc.

James Mansfield Esq.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1835.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. JAMES MANSFIELD.

It being vitally important for the welfare of the Order, that the nicest discrimination should be used in the election of its chief officer, so it is equally gratifying, when one is chosen possessing the necessary qualifications to govern the community with dignity and honour; and secure to his office universal respect and obedience. The talent, which, at an early period of its history was sufficient for the performance of this high trust, would now, that its business has become complexed, and much increased in amount, prove totally inadequate, and suffer considerably in our estimation. Our proceedings would be confused, doubts continually arise without being elucidated, and questions of great importance submitted to the G. M.'s judgment, which might remain unanswered, or, for want of ability, and the exercise of a sound judgment, the demon Discord would reign predominant, to the manifest injury of our best interests, and probable ultimate destruction of the Institution. I intend not in this article, to impugn the characters or talents of those past officers, through whose agency the Order has attained to its present importance in society, by whose fostering care it has been sheltered from the keen shafts of slander and prejudice, and its precepts and charity disseminated, not only in our green isle, but also in other climes; where the widow and the fatherless have partaken of its bounty, viewed its structure with wonder, and blessed the donors who snatched them from destitution and misery. On the contrary, these gentlemen are entitled to our lasting gratitude; to them our thanks are especially due, for laying the foundation of a fabric in which we glory, and that promises at a future day to rank among the first benevolent Institutions Great Britain can boast. How, then, ought we to prize the man, who, profiting by the experience of his predecessors, and as our chief director, in whom is united a complete knowledge of the laws, unblemished honor and integrity, with courtesy and gentleness of manners, the unfailing characteristics of a gentleman, and the sure passport to the respect and affection of every individual with whom he may come into contact in the course of his professional duties.

Our G. M. is a native of Manchester, was born in the month of July, 1808, and initiated in the Rose of Sharon Lodge, in the same town in March 1829, of which he continues a member. Before this period his circle of acquaintance was limited, and had the gentleman who introduced him, not used the influence that a most devoted friendship and regard for his friend entitled him, the Order might not now have this valuable acquisition to its ranks. He regularly attended his Lodge, and evidently took pleasure in its prosperity, and the rapid accession to its numbers, but was noticed principally for his retiring modesty and kindness to all around; and questions of the first importance were discussed without his interference. His talents which have since shone so conspicuously, had not then been developed, and although a mute observer he was busily preparing himself to achieve those great improvements in the Order, some of which have

already been effected through his administration of its affairs. In this state of obscurity he remained until the month of April, 1830, when he was appointed Secretary to his Lodge, and afterwards to the other elective offices without opposition, and attended to the general routine of his duty with credit to himself, and the satisfaction of every member. He was afterwards presented with a valuable and richly chased silver medal, and appointed permanent Secretary, and for his services in that capacity, had an elegant silver snuff-box, of the most exquisite workmanship, and bearing an appropriate inscription given to him; the funds for both these tokens of esteem, being raised by voluntary subscription. More manly exhibitions of feeling were never witnessed in the Order, or devoted zeal displayed to promote its interests, than in his replies to the addresses delivered to him on these occasions; his innate delicacy still directed his observations, and he appeared to appreciate to its fullest extent, the regard in which he was held, and to be sensibly affected with these interesting scenes, as he stood in the midst of his brethren the object of their love and admiration. In the meantime his sphere of usefulness had not been confined to his Lodge, but his District and the Order were also benefited by his exertions, and the man who shortly before was unnoticed and unknown, became an object of applause and consideration. At the June Committee in 1831, he was elected one of the members of the Board of Directors, when his valuable services were again called into requisition in being appointed Secretary to the Board, in which office he continued two years; in June 1832, he was elected D. G. M. without opposition, a circumstance almost unparalleled in the District, and mentioned here to show the sort of feeling entertained towards him, when none could be found, who either thought him unworthy of confidence, or by opposing him, raise a question as to his eligibility for the office to which he so honourably aspired.

It may be necessary to state the condition in which the District was delivered to him and his worthy colleague, and the decided part he acted to effect the salutary change made in our affairs, in a great measure through his instrumentality; at the period I am alluding to, the ceremony of initiation had not been stripped of its absurdities that were calculated to create disgust, rather than respect in the minds of new members, who, instead of being immediately impressed with the utility and importance of the Order, had to wait the development of those finer traits in its character, that have already drawn around its sacred standard near 70,000 devoted followers; the remembrance of this ridiculous ceremony provokes a smile, even at this distance of time, when its attendant evils have fled from before us, and yielded to another, both more talented and appropriate, while the glow of admiration proudly arose on witnessing the triumph of wisdom over barlesque ignorance and folly. It is true that he found the district in a state of strict discipline, and upon the whole prosperous; but it was a discipline arising out of a rigid enforcement of the laws, without discrimination or regard for the principles on which they were founded, consequently the officers were viewed with distrust, and were nowhere received with the respect and warmth of friendship, which men in their situations ought to claim. This state of things not being in unison with his feelings, and the dictates of his heart, he laboured most assiduously to regain for their offices, the confidence and esteem of their brethren, by his courtesy and suavity of conduct, in which he was warmly aided by his superior. If he differed from others in opinion, he would always adduce reasons both sound and convincing, and, therefore, became as much respected for his superior knowledge, as for his other amiable qualities. When he found it absolutely necessary to notice a fault in another, he did it privately, so that those who erred through ignorance, were spared the pain of exposure; but the wilful transgressor might soon perceive, that his duty as an officer, had raised an impenetrable barrier to his confidence and favour, unless through the medium of propriety of conduct, and a strict observance of the laws. In a short time he found that his exertions were crowned with complete success, his society was courted, and the smile of welcome which played on the countenance of the members when he entered the Lodge, with the manner in which he was greeted, must have convinced the most sceptical, that a great change had been wrought, and confidence restored; the studied caution which was observed in the presence of the District Officers, now yielded to the genial influence of courtesy and friendship.—Having succeeded to the office of G. M. of the District, he pursued the same undeviating line of conduct, displayed the same energy and determination to stand or fall by the line of policy he had adopted, and the result has justified his fondest anticipations; nothing, I am sure, can exceed the pleasure I feel, to see how the District

Officers are now received in Lodges: if disputes arise, they are immediately consulted, and made the mediators between the contending parties, so that the interference of Quarterly Committees is seldom required, and a more refined demeanour is observable in all. Men of wealth, talent, and respectability, are continually being introduced, and appearances indicate a rich and plenteous harvest being reaped from his exertions. After having pre-eminently distinguished himself in the various duties which had hitherto devolved upon him, and laid down principles which his successors are now acting upon, he resigned his trust, amidst the warmest thanks and congratulations of his constituency.—When presented with the District Medal, he seems to have been fully impressed with the importance of the office of Prov. G. M. especially in a District like Manchester, where the officers ought not only to be viewed as examples worthy of imitation, but also, as the parties who are generally afterwards appointed to the highest distinctions of rank the Order is capable of conferring.

In the course of his reply to the address of (G. M. Ormond) the gentleman who presented the medal, he said,—“ I will not, as is customary on these occasions, say, that I consider myself wholly undeserving this token of your regard, feeling assured, that the individual who honestly and faithfully discharges the duties imposed upon him in the offices of a District, so extensive as Manchester, has no trifling task to perform, his loss of time, expenditure of money, and the continual exercise of his judgment on matters of great importance, that regularly present themselves, entitle him in some measure, to the esteem of those whose interests he has carefully watched. When I was elected your D. G. M. it was under the most unfavourable auspices; the District had for some time past been governed in a manner, to render its officers unwelcome visitors in Lodges, especially during the first three months after my election, that could I, with honour, have retraced my steps, I would have done so, but I soon found, that, by adopting a contrary line of conduct to that of some of my predecessors, was the only means by which I could regain the respect and confidence which had been lost. I always kept in view that beautiful precept which says, “ You are not to palliate or aggravate the offences of your brethren; ‘ nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice.’ but in the decision of any trespasses against our rules, judge with candour, admonish with friendship, and reprehend with mercy.” How far I have adhered to it, and proved myself worthy of your confidence, I know not, but this I know, that upon all occasions, I have had the welfare of the Order at heart, and as an officer, been most assiduous to promote the prosperity of the District.”

After having acquitted himself with honour, and added more laurels to his brow, as D. G. M. of the Order, he was in June last, raised to the dignified station of G. M. the chief of near 70,000 persons, all united together, in the strictest bonds of unity, to further the cause of charity, and administer consolation to the afflicted. What a delightful duty! Can anything surpass the heartfelt pleasure he must possess, in viewing from his proud eminence, such a noble army of philanthropists, diligently employed in the great work of benevolence, ridding their fellow creatures from the stings of poverty, and cheering the drooping spirit by their benign and heavenly influence? It is, indeed, an exhilarating prospect; the clouds of bigotry and ignorance which, at one time, enclosed the Order in their murky fastnesses and slander, added a deeper shade to the general gloom, are now fading from the view, dispelled like the dense vapour of the morning, before the resistless influence of the sun.

The vessel of Odd Fellowship is now careering on the ocean of public opinion, proudly waving its triumphant banner in the blue ether, wafted forward by favouring gales, and the blessings and prayers of the widow and the orphan, in the confident hope of a blessed and glorious immortality for its reward. The G. M.'s career has hitherto been short but brilliant; no obstacles, however great in magnitude, could impede his progress, but, like the resistless torrent of a mighty river, has borne down all opposition to his course, and arrived at his present station, through the path of virtue and rectitude of conduct. It is, indeed, astonishing, that one so young could be found, possessing the requisite acquirements to guide the helm of our affairs; but the choice in our G. M.'s case, justified the expectations of his advocates, and warranted the eulogiums of which, from time to time, he has been the object. In reference to the gentleman's appearance, he is about the middle stature, and if I am to give credence to a very celebrated science, taught at the present day, his head is remarkably fine, especially the forepart; his countenance, although somewhat irregular, is dignified and intellec-

tual to a high degree. His features on the first view, appear to convey a haughty expression, which, on a closer acquaintance, are found to be softened, and in fact, placid; the tones of his voice are clear, but not much varied or harmonious, and his utterance is slightly indistinct; but on the whole, his oratory is clear, forcible, and elegant, yet it produces no tremendous enthusiasm, and its fountains are reason and memory. His character and talents are, with much propriety, embodied in the following Ode, the production of a worthy and talented correspondent of the Magazine, who subscribes himself "Peter Simple," with which I shall conclude this hasty sketch of the man, whose merits I feel myself incompetent with justice to pourtray.

O! thou art the first bright star in the sky
Of Odd Fellowship, our course to cheer;
As dazzling thy fellows in brilliancy,
Thou call'st them on to thy great career.

Yes, thou art that star, for with day we flee,
The fairy smile thou hadst lent last night;
Nor feeling a remnant of misery,
We spurn the shadow that made it light,

And thou art that star that does not reprove
With furious shaft our errors to-day;
But "smiles a sigh" in thy orb above,
To wait for our conscience's own display.

Though crosses in life on our duties steal,
As curses that dimm'd the smile of Cain;
Like him who awaken'd the prophet's zeal,
Thou call'st us back to ourselves again.

And may thy days be crowned with joy,
Thy hours with everlasting peace;
The only passport through the sky,
To that Lodge where bliss shall never cease.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, October, 1835.

MR. EDITOR, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE.

"Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end," was the advice of an oriental sage to his Sultan—advice which, if more generally attended to, would save us from many a heart-aching and sorrowful hour; but though this sentence is reiterated in our ears by the voices of those whom experience has taught wisdom, it is like seed sown on dry and barren ground, which bringeth forth no fruit, and if it seem for a season to take root, soon withereth away. The thoughtless youth pursues the phantom pleasure till he is precipitated headlong into the pit of destruction. The giddy maiden dallieth with voluptuousness till her body and soul are both ruined. The merchant engages in wild speculations until his credit is irrecoverably lost, and the passing scenes of every day cry aloud to each of us, "begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

It too often happens that those whose enterprising spirit leads them into untrodden paths, are scouted as innovators, or despised as madmen. When *Columbus* spoke of a new world beyond the ocean, his ideas were treated with contempt; his bold spirit was obliged to bear with neglect and even insult, and it was only by importunity that he could obtain a small squadron for the purpose of discovery. When *Hugh Myddleton* brought the new river to London, his finances were exhausted before it was finished. To take an instance near my own home, *Cornelius Vermuden*, who drained Hadfield Chase, and turned an useless and pestilential marsh into healthful and productive land, died (according to Dugdale) miserably poor in the south; while his successors, the participants, were for many years exposed to persecution of every kind. I might go on multiplying instances, (but these already given are sufficient) of men who were supported by the greatness of their designs and the consciousness of their integrity: time has therefore placed them among the benefactors of the human race, for they "begun nothing of which they had not well considered the end."

I would now bring these remarks to bear in some measure on a subject strongly connected with our body. I do not mean to institute a comparison with the illustrious characters mentioned above, but do assert that he who assists in the dissemination of useful knowledge in any shape whatever, is a benefactor to his country and the human race; and I believe that the numerous and talented periodicals published in this country, have contributed greatly towards placing England in the proud situation which it now occupies in the scale of nations. When it was first determined to publish an *Odd Fellows' Magazine*, I have no doubt but the subject was well considered, and the event has proved that the brethren who first patronized it were right in their opinions.—But though much has been done, it is possible to do a great deal more. If every man who has abilities will exercise them; instead of a *Quarterly Magazine*, we shall have a *Monthly* one; and if every one who can afford to purchase it, will do so, instead of circulating 3000,* we shall circulate 10,000, thus proving, by our continued and increasing success, that we have “begun nothing of which we have not well considered the end.”

I cannot take leave of this subject without remarking what an engine of power we possess in a periodical like this. It is calculated to spread *Amicitia*, *Amor et Veritas* throughout our Order, and I hope the Committee will take care that it shall never become the vehicle of needless controversy, for if we sow the seeds of dissention, we shall soon, alas! reap the baneful fruit. That it may increase in everything tending to make such a work truly valuable, is the sincere wish of,

Yours, respectfully,

G. CARR.

Thorne, Oct. 10, 1835.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I saw a little ragged boy, Who sigh'd as I drew near to him,	Sit pensive on a stone, “I'm in the world alone.”
And when I ask'd what ailed him, No other answer would he give,—	That thus, he made his moan, “I'm in the world alone.”
‘Without a friend without a home, Unheeded lie me down and wake;	With pain and want I groan, “I'm in the world alone.”
The big tear rolling down his cheek, Told me how dreadful was his lot,	The sigh so feebly drawn, Left in the world alone.
How desolate his heart must be, With none to share his constant grief,	His case might move a stone, Left in the world alone.
Fulloft since then I've thanked my God, That I am not, like that poor boy,	At eve, at morning's dawn, Left in the world alone.
If pity could a strain compose, It should be sung to words like these,	Whate'er might be its tone, “I'm in the world alone.”

G. CARR.

TRUTH.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam; though this ill-hap wait on her nativity, that she never comes into the world, but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth; till time, the midwife, rather than the mother of truth, have washed and salted the infant, declared her legitimate, and church'd the father of this young Minerva, from the needless causes of his purgation.

MILTON.

* There are 6000 issued this quarter.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS

WAS DELIVERED

BY JOSEPH BURROWS, M. D.

MAY 6th, 1834,

At the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Washington, U. S. to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

MY FRIENDS:

Called unexpectedly to make some development of the principles of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, I undertake that task from no confidence in my own ability, but from a willingness to give my testimony to the propriety and usefulness of the Order. In our age and in our country, where free inquiry and investigation test the value of all associations for the benefit of mankind, our claims must be presented to the tribunal of public opinion, and receive the sanction of public countenance.

It would be interesting to many to be informed of the origin of our Order, but relying, myself, for its ultimate successful extension, on the character of the principles it inculcates, and not on its antiquity, I shall leave that subject to others more intimate with its history. I shall confine myself within the narrow limits of tracing the progress of our Order in this country, and exhibit as far as I am competent, the *practical proofs* of the operation of those precepts, by which, as Odd Fellows, we profess to be governed.

To the ordeal of that critical investigation which an intelligent community always institute on the establishment of any new order among them, we are willing to submit. We do not pride ourselves on the faithful discharge of the new duties we have assumed, but we call upon every intelligent, candid, and honest inquirer after truth, to suspend his decision on the character of our Order, until he is made acquainted with the creed which we advocate, and he will be sensible of "its conformity with every moral and social tie," and its congeniality with the institutions of our country. We crave no *special* indulgence; we ask only for a fair, candid, and *liberal* hearing.

Twenty years have not elapsed since Odd Fellowship was first introduced into America. A few individuals,—bound together by no other tie than that of our Order,—recognised each other by the fraternal grasp of Odd Fellowship. They were not the wealthy or the influential; they possessed no political power; they filled no elevated stations among us; they were the humble disciples of benevolence, who had sought a refuge in this land,—the haven of promise to the way-worn traveller. They met each other in Baltimore, and established in that monumental city, a Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the first of the Order founded in America. They assumed as the title of their Lodge, the name of Washington; a name which, while it was to them a stimulus to exertion, and a barrier to despair and defeat, was also an earnest and a surety of success.

Some of this little band still remain among us, and they have the pleasing consolation of witnessing the result of their labours in the extended diffusion of their principles, and the rapid increase of their followers. Since that period, the Order has spread rapidly throughout the State of Maryland, and Lodges have been formed in almost every village within the limits of her jurisdiction. In Pennsylvania,—the key-stone State of our political Union,—where our Order has also been established, fifty-two Lodges, comprising upwards of five thousand members, are in the active prosecution of the laudable objects for which they were created. In the States of New York, New Jersey, and Delaware, if our Order has not met with equal success, recent indications of popular favour demonstrate that ere long their Lodges will vie, in numbers and respectability, with the Lodges of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

But our Order has not been restricted to the States located north of the Potomac and east of the Alleghany. In Virginia,—a State whose sons have justly earned for her the proud and aristocratic distinction of the Old Dominion,—Odd Fellowship has recently erected her banner, and two Lodges, planted on the border of her territory, are active in the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity. With the tide of emigration, Odd Fellowship has also been carried into the great valley of the Mississippi; and in Ohio, Kentucky, and Louisiana, is increasing with a rapidity unequalled even by the almost unparalleled growth of the Order in other sections of our country.

I have thus briefly traced the progress of our Order since its first introduction into this country. You see that its course has been onward; that its influence has extended to the most remote section of our union. The little band which assembled in Baltimore, under the name of Washington Lodge, has become a numerous host. They have increased more than an hundred fold. More than ten thousand members of our Order are now scattered over the different States of this confederacy.

Our number is greatest in those States where the principles of our Order were first promulgated. The centre is becoming compact, and its radiating power is felt on the most distant portions of our political circle. From this it must be evident to all, that whatever may be its merits, or demerits, it is an association of no ephemeral growth, but carries with it some charm which attaches its members to its interests.

Our Order is no political association. We are united by no common political bond. We give no political pledge. We entertain no desire for political power. I wish myself to be perfectly understood, under the solemn responsibility of my situation, as a public expounder of the principles of the Order, I pronounce before the law, that we know each other only as citizens, we show each other no peculiar favour, nor divest the community of any of their just rights.

To the strong ground assumed by the opponents of secret associations, the extrajudicial character of their obligations, I declare ours requires no fealty which compromise^d the high and exalted duty we owe our country, in any station which we may be called upon to act as citizens. In all controversies, whether legal or political, we are impartial witnesses, impartial advocates, and impartial judges. We owe a duty to our God, our country, and our families, *paramount* to any by which we are bound to the Order.

We exercise towards each other the fraternal feelings of friends and associates; not that blind and treasonable adhesion, which would seclude society at large from participation in our affections. We sustain our brethren under oppressive persecution, not from the high requirements of legal justice. We are an association, not superior to, and independent of, but subservient to, the established laws of the land.

Our Order is no religious association. It inculcates no particular sectarian tenets, but assuming the moral code laid down in the volume of divine inspiration as the correct rule of conduct, it points its followers to the beauty and propriety of its requirements. "Do unto others as you would wish that others should do unto you," is one of the first principles presented to the initiated. Arrogating no higher prerogative than the regulation of the moral conduct of its members, it embraces within its bosom men of every sect and religious tenet. While to infidelity it grants no sanction, no approval, it applies typically the signs of the Order to the inculcation of some peculiar moral principles, and leaves the spiritual application of the doctrines of the Bible as the more elevated, and more exalted duties of religion. It requires no blasphemous obligation—it wounds not the sensibility of the professor of any christian tenet. It is a common ground upon which men of every religious persuasion can meet. It is the neutral point of morality. It persuades man to be virtuous by pointing out to him the loveliness of virtue; to be benevolent, by opening before him a rich field for his generosity, and furnishing objects for its exercise.

Our association is a fraternal compact, acting on the doctrine of good will to all men. We consider those united to us as requiring more peculiarly our attention and esteem.

We are interested in the welfare of each member of our family circle. We confine,

or ought to confine, our family disputes within the walls of our own temples; and in this consists the true mystery of our Order. Assuming no higher duty than the cultivation of the friendly relations of society, we wish to tread the paths of secrecy and morality, and strengthen the bond of union which exists among us. But why, if your association be such as you represent it, not unfold *all its mysteries* to the world? Our doors are accessible to every applicant, whose moral conduct would make him a worthy inmate of our temples of benevolence. Go beyond this, and our grand design would be defeated. We wish to be secluded, separate from the world, yet meriting the approbation of the liberal and the good. We meet in our family circle; hear the complaints of the friend whose sensibility has been wounded, and make that atonement which our principles require. We compel, under pain of fraternal displeasure, our members to act justly in their intercourse with the world and each other, in cases where *legal enactments* cannot reach.

Our Order is an extended beneficial association. To this end all our forms, all our ceremonies tend.

To relieve the distressed, the wretched, and the destitute among us, is our chief aim, and in this respect, I say it with no vain spirit of boasting, Odd Fellowship can compare with any similar institution in this country.

In Maryland, with the concerns of which State I am better acquainted than any other, where Odd Fellowship is in the full tide of successful experiment, her charitable appropriations have been, as appears from the official statement of her Grand Lodge, more liberal than her means led me to anticipate. Her school-fund for the education of the orphans of Odd Fellows, is beginning to be applied with energy to that laudable object. In our own Districts, where the Order is proportionably weak in number and resources, some of the Lodges have contributed, during the last autumn, to the relief of their sick members, with praiseworthy liberality.—To enable us to accomplish these objects, a small tax is levied, which constitutes a fund, *sacred* by the rules of the Order, for the relief of sick or distressed members, their widows or orphans. This, which has been appropriately termed the "Poor Man's Saving Fund," is distributed with no penurious hand to the worthy member in distress, but is *refunded* with that liberality which justice requires.

To the member who deposits in this treasury, with that punctuality which his means will allow, when disease overtakes him, and he is rendered unable to be employed for the benefit of himself and family, this fund is offered for his support, until, restored to health, he is enabled by his renewed exertions for the good of the Order, to repay the obligation, if any, he may be under. With such objects identified with the designs of our Order, it has not escaped calumny or ridicule. Our association has been adjudged by the conduct of some of its unworthy members, and received the censure of the ungenerous and illiberal.

I have endeavoured to show that our Order was neither a political nor religious association, but a moral compact; and if such be its character, some charity should be extended towards us, at least by the disciples of that system which inculcates higher duties, and higher responsibilities than the mere acquirements of morality. From the political sophist who derides our forms, I would call upon for proof, of the absolute propriety of many of the usages which exist among all the civilized nations of the earth, and are considered requisite in their intercourse with each other. Our ancestors, when they established themselves in America, discarded many of the forms of the old world, but many still remain equally absurd and ridiculous. To the reflecting mind, any form may be justified which is promotive of a just and proper object.

Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to you I appeal for the truth of the position I have assumed—that our Order is founded on the principles of benevolence—that friendship is the bond of our union—and that the *active* cultivation of the generous feelings of the heart our object. Our creed is honourable; our designs praiseworthy; and the means for their accomplishment legitimate. On this occasion, it is proper for each one of us to take a retrospective view of our lives, and examine how we have performed our duties—how we have discharged our stewardship. Has there been no room for censure even from the liberal and the good? If we ask for pardon, we must evince contrition. We must be resolved that renewed exertions for the elevation, the

relief, and the consolation of man through this dreary path of life, shall make some atonement for our dereliction of duty. A wide uncultivated field is open before us; a new era has commenced in the history of man. The day of the cloistered student and abstract metaphysical speculation has passed away. Ours is an age of *enterprise*, of *action*. The reign of the dogmatist has ceased, the power of the mental tyrant has terminated, and mankind from the vast laboratory of experimental philosophy, has extracted the precepts of *practical knowledge*. The impetus given to mankind by the discovery of this continent, and the vigorous and original conceptions of our forefathers, of their civil and religious rights, is felt in the most distant quarters of the earth. The revolutionary doctrines which were first promulgated here, are extending everywhere.

The authority of the privileged few has been abridged—the feudal system has been abolished—baronial ascendancy has been overthrown—and in the course of revolutionary action, the multitude, organised and compact, have broken the chains by which they were bound. And disenthralled, regenerated, they stand forth in mighty power.

The whole system of the world is changed; the mass has become enlightened, and their united intelligence is brought to bear on every scheme for man's improvement. In this glorious march shall we be inactive? Will any one of us, conscious that his individual exertions form a component part of the great aggregate of moral power, neglect to do his duty? The numerous associations of the day, to enlighten, to reform, to elevate mankind, conforming to our principles require our aid and support. In our own Order much remains to be done. Its founders in this country have laboured vigorously, nobly. They have planted our standard in ten of the States of this confederacy. It remains for us to perform our part. Influenced by the laudable principles of the Order, let us be active; let the bond by which we are united, remain untarnished: let our *covenant* be renewed, and in the might of our motto—"Friendship, Love, and Truth," we will go on from "conquering to conquer," until our Order shall embrace within its bosom the whole extent of our beloved country; and as its principles become known and appreciated, temples of benevolence will arise in every village, schools for the education of the orphan will be founded; and when our course here is terminated, and we are summoned from this earthly Lodge, to that Grand Lodge, whose Master is the Great Jehovah, our graves will be moistened by the tears of the widow, whose bereaved heart we have consoled; and our names will be held in grateful remembrance by the orphan whose mind we have enlightened.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

"Elle a la douceur dans sa conversation, de la modeste dans sa contenance."

VOLNEY.

Upon our house, should heaven send
Its wrath, corrective fair;
Oh! do thou teach our souls to bend,
But save us from despair.

For he who form'd our inmost thoughts,
Was ever holy, wise;
And who can better see our faults,
Who fitter to chastise?

Thy awful acts must sure be just,
Then let us kiss the rod;
Nor worn with care, at all distrust
The goodness of our God.

Then till life's latest sands are run,
Oh, teach me,—Power divine,—
To cry, my God, "Thy will be done,"
Whate'er becomes of mine.

PETER SIMPLE.

Manchester, Oct. 1835.

SOMETHING VALUABLE.

Those who are tenacious on the score of their faults, shew that they have no virtue to bring as a set-off against them.

HAZLITT.

VOL. 4—No. 1—B.

IRELAND.

The original inhabitants of this country are supposed to have been of the Celtic Stock, and it was divided among a number of petty sovereigns, which facilitated its reduction by Henry the Second, in 1172. In 1314 the Scots fomented a rebellion and in 1315, Edward Bruce, their sovereign, having expelled the English, was proclaimed King of Ireland. In 1318, the Scots were driven out by the English; and in 1423, all the Irish then in England were ordered to leave it, and retire to their own country. The kings of England were called Lords of Ireland, till 1542, when Henry the Eighth took the title of King. In 1555, it was erected into a kingdom by a Bull of Pope Paul the Fourth. It was invaded by the Spaniards in 1582, and again in 1601. It was admitted to a free trade by the British Parliament in 1779; and in 1782, was released from subserviency to the English Privy Council. In 1829, the Irish Emancipation Bill was passed.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulph of time:
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!
The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The Skeletons of Nations were
Around that lonely Man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!
Yet prophet-like that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by,—
Saying, We are twins in Death proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.
What though beneath thee Man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts, that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim disrowned King of Day,
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the Stage of Men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's Tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.
Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold me not expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath,
To see Thou shalt not boast.
The Eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The Majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting Ghost!
This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its Heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark;
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,—
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from Death!
Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
On Earth's sepulchral clod;
The darkening Universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE ODD FELLOW'S HOPE.

My father oft said, that if I happy would die,
 I must do unto others as I'd be done by ;
 To the precepts of virtue I stead'ly must cling,
 Fear and worship my God—love and honour my King.
 Having always been taught from my earliest youth,
 To esteem those great virtues, Love, Friendship and Truth ;
 Says my father one night, when from Lodge I came back,
 What's the duty incumbent on Odd Fellows, Jack ?
 I replied,—'tis the duty of every brother
 To exercise charity one to another,
 Then you approve of their maxims—Yes, father, I do,
 And till I cease to exist, I will them pursue.
 Yes, that excellent Order with my latest breath,
 I am resolved to praise, and be faithful till death.
 But what after death, Jack, when thy tenantless clay,
 By the trumpet's awoke on the great judgment day ?
 I answered,—that Faith, Truth, Friendship, and Love,
 Would procure me a place in the Grand Lodge above.
 It appears to me, Jack, that thy motives are pure,
 May thy good resolution unbroken endure ;
 And since these are the virtues which Odd Fellows own,
 May the hopes which they cherish be with certainty sown.

Philanthropic Lodge, Market Drayton.

JOHN UNDERWOOD.

A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

(Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Clarke, of the 26th Native Infantry, Bombay.)

In June, 1833, I set out for Cutch, to join my regiment, then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22nd, my tent was pitched about twenty miles from a village called Ghousnurd, on the banks of the river Burnasse. I travelled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set constantly in advance, I had nothing to do but to ride from tent to tent, everything being prepared for my reception.

Devotedly fond of field sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. I had enjoyed peculiar facilities for so doing, from having been almost constantly on detachment. The country I was now travelling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated, with the delight a sportsman alone can feel, the havoc I should make amongst them. Early in the morning of the 23rd, I traversed the distance from where I had slept to my tent near Ghousnurd, on a Hirkara camel, and having partaken of a capital breakfast, I eagerly interrogated my shirkaree, as to what prospect of sport : he told me "there was plenty of hog." I gave him immediate directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favourite Arab, that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India ; my chabuck sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear, a syce leading a third, and another with my rifle ; these, with fourteen coolies or beaters, completed the party. It was an undulating country, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarish, &c. ; at this time of the year there were no signs of cultivation.

We had beat a considerable quantity of ground without success, moving only a few pigs, that were too small to ride after ; and my patience and good humour were rapidly evaporating, when my shirkaree pointed out the prey, or track of a large boar ; it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded for above a mile, every moment in the hope of rousing him, when turning the angle of a small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock, about twenty yards to the right of it was another, and not a hundred in advance, was the hog we were pugging. The coolies collected around it, and I heard them repeating the words " lions ! lions ! "

Enraged at being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shirkaree showed me the lion's track. We could make out distinctly that there were six: and as it is their habit to return at night, and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighbourhood; I seized my rifle, and after considerable remonstrance, and with some difficulty, I persuaded my coolies to follow them up, and taking the lead, we tracked them into a tamarish nullah, or ravine, running at right angles, and into the bed of the river.

The tamarish resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres; after a short pause we entered, not knowing but that the next step might throw us into the lions' jaws. We, however, beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away, five taking down the bed of the river, the other, which by the track appeared a very large one, had doubled back into cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Burnasse. This last I determined upon following; we soon tracked it into a small jungle, on the edge of the river. I had just entered, when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds; I fired and missed her. I shouted to my sewer to keep her in sight; he put his horse to speed, and in a short time he returned, and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow break; he guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards,—she was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired, she uttered a tremendous roar and rushed out; I had wounded her in the shoulder, for as she crossed the bed of the river, she went on three legs. My sewer again followed, but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly; he, however, found no difficulty in getting away, and she retreated, and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here a bauble-tree.

There she stood in full view, appearing almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire; I struck her I believe in the belly. When she received my shot, she lowered her head, and rushed towards me as if mortally wounded; but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off, and again made down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle. The natives crowded round me, and assured me she had received her death-blow. I was greatly elated, thought her a cowardly skulking beast, and imagined I had nothing to do but to take possession of my prize; I quickly reloaded, and though the sun was at its meridian, and the heat intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had marked her; it was so thick I could hardly see a yard before me. I walked for some time without success; at length, one of the coolies exclaimed "Sahib! Sahib! hush, hush, do you not hear anything?" There was a dead silence for a moment, and then I distinctly heard the panting of some huge beast near me; I looked earnestly in the direction, but still I could not see anything. By this time all the coolies had decamped, leaving me alone with my shirkaree. "There, Sahib! there in that bush." I now caught sight of her sitting up like a dog, with her tongue out, and glaring on us; I raised my rifle, but my hand shook so from the excitement and extreme heat and exertion, that I felt certain I should miss. I lowered it, and turning to my shirkaree, told him he must shoot her; he was a capital shooter, I have seen him break a bottle at a hundred yards with aball. "No, no, Sahib, me not shoot, me afraid me not hit him." I threatened to shoot him if he hesitated, putting the rifle into his hands, and in order to give him confidence, I advanced a little forward to his left. He fired and missed, threw down the rifle and fled. The moment the enraged beast heard the report, she rushed out; for a second I paused, then turned and ran for life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on spurs and gaiters, I could not have ran far before I heard her roaring tremendously, close behind.

I cast a look back, she was within a few yards. I attempted to dodge; my courage died away—my legs failed me. She sprang and dashed me to the earth. The first blow must have been certain death, but her leg being broken, she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back, shaking me as a cat would a mouse, lacerating me and tearing me dreadfully; then threw me to the ground on my face. She now caught me by the left arm, mumbling and biting it; the agony was so intense,

that I threw up my right arm, and caught her by the ear: she quitted her hold and seized my wrist. I inwardly prayed for death to relieve me.

Apparently exhausted, she now crouched at full length, one leg resting on my right thigh, the other a little drawn back between my legs; her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring on me full in the face. I had some indistinct feeling at the time that my eye might awe her; and thus, with my head a little raised, (for she had thrown me on a bank,) we lay looking on each other.

My native servant, a sewer, who had been in my service ten years, had now approached to within twelve paces of me; I heard him exclaim, "Oh, God! oh, God! Sahib, what shall I do, the horse will not approach nearer?" "Turn it loose and assist me," but he came not; I dared not move my head, or turn my eye. "Great God! Chard Cawn! you will not let your master die this dog's death, and not help him?" but still he came not. I reproached him with every term I could call to mind, but could only hear in reply his exclamations of horror and fear. At length, when sight began to fail, and death appeared inevitable, the monster sprang from me—ran about twenty paces—and fell dead.

The whole party now crowded round, then placed me in a cummerbund, and bore me to the nearest village. I was almost naked, my clothes were torn to ribands. I fainted two or three times before I arrived there; they washed my wounds with warm water, bound them with linen rag, put me on a bed, and carried me to my tent.—Chard Cawn went off express on one of my camels, to a brother officer, Lieutenant Green, who was on a march with a detachment for Deesa: he travelled forty miles before he found him. Green quitted his detachment, and was with me by seven that evening; to his unremitting kindness and care, of which I can never show myself sufficiently grateful, I am indebted for my life. I was a hundred miles from medical assistance; it was three days before my wounds were dressed, the rags being merely moistened to prevent them from sticking. During that time he constantly rode by my bed, which was born by natives, never quitting me night or day. It was the middle of the fourth day before I arrived in camp, and seven weeks before I quitted my bed.

I retain the skull of my formidable opponent, the trophy of my hard-earned victory. My general health is so much impaired, that you may soon expect me in England to recruit.

(From the United Service Journal.)

ERAS.

That of Nabonasar was 747 years before Christ; philipic, or death of Alexander, 324 years before Christ; of contracts, or Seleucidæ, 312 years before Christ. The christians made their era the birth of Christ, which was A. M. 3962, but did not use this reckoning till the year 690, using in the mean time, the civil account of the empire. The Mahometans began their hegira (for so they term their computation) from the flight of their prophet from Mecca, when he was driven thence by the Philarchæ, in A. D. 617. The Grecians computed by Olympiads, the first of which is placed in the year of the world, 3187; but this account perishing under the Constantinopolitan Emperors, they reckoned by indictions, every indiction containing fifteen years, and the first beginning 313, which, among chronologers, are still used. The Romans computed from the first building of their city, which happened A. M. 3113, and afterwards from the sixteenth year of the Emperor Augustus, A. M. 3936, which computation was used by the Spaniards, till the reign of Ferdinand, the catholic. The Jews had divers Epochs, —first, from the creation of the world, in the beginning of time; second, from the universal deluge, Anno 2656; third, from the confusion of tongues, Anno 2786; fourth, from Abraham's journey out of Chaldea unto Canaan, Anno 2021; fifth, from the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, Anno 1451; sixth, from the year of the Jubilee, Anno 2499; seventh, from the building of Solomon's temple, Anno 2932; and eighth from the captivity of Babylon, Anno 3357; but in historical computation of time, are used only the most ordinary Epochs,—the world's creation, and Christ's appearance in the flesh.

(SELECTED.)

THOUGHTS ON LIFE.

'Tis not the future dread, that makes me shun
 The end of all the living ; nor the fear
 Of that which thunders in the coward's ear,
 And drives him to his fancied hell—not one
 Of these, the Hypocrite can work upon.
 Who plays with childish, female weakness—no—
 There is no darker world where I can go,
 And all that justice can inflict is done.
 But life will linger even when hope has flown,
 And we will cling to all that once had power
 To charm us, soothe us, bless us ; and the hour
 Of early virtuous passion, that alone
 Comes like a flash of light across the heart,
 From whose imagined heaven we cannot, will not, part.

We think of what we might have been ; the stream
 Was crystal at its fountain, though it flow'd
 Without that strong deep current, still it glow'd
 Beneath a brighter sky, and gay the beam
 Play'd on its jancing waters, as we dream
 In sunny climes of Fairy-land, where blows,
 In never-fading hues, the living rose ;
 Where myrtles shed their fragrance, and we seem,—
 Such is the luxury of feeling there,
 The kindling energy our souls inhale,—
 Ourselves a portion of the balmy air ;—
 So flow'd the stream of life, as through the vale
 It threw its unstain'd waters from the spring,
 And with its freshness wet the zephyr's silent wing.

But there are some more silent, calm, and slow,
 Through temperate climes they take their steady way,
 Their waves scarce ruffled by the ripples play ;
 Enlarging through the wide rich plain they flow,
 While brooks on brooks uniting swell it so,—
 At length it rolls a river broad and deep,
 In calmest life the tranquil waters sleep,
 And there in gallant turn proud vessels go,
 And moving like a swan along the tide,
 With cleaving prow and wide extended wing,
 And oary arms, the bounding wave they ride,
 And, as their canvass to the gale they fling,
 In stately march they walk the liquid plain,
 And down the widening stream plough to the deep blue main.

The boundless hall of ocean—life the shore,—
 The only shore,—it spreads and spreads for ever ;
 And though the bark sails onward, it can never
 Traverse the unlimited expanse ;—its floor
 Inlaid with blue, and green, and gold, as rise
 Its lifted waves,—its canopy, the skies ;—
 The ever-glowing sun, its lamp,—the roar
 Of sears, its music,—and the sun-lit sparkle
 Of curling foam, phosphorescent glow
 That flashes, when at night the waters darken,—
 The pearls, and gems, and sands, and oars that strew
 Its pavement :—'Tis the home of majesty,
 The palace and shrine where dwells eternity.

(IMPROMPTU.)

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD.

Sweet little Bird ! and art thou dead ?
 Oh, yes, thy form is stiff and cold !
 Thine eyes are clos'd too, and thy limbs
 Thou canst not, pretty Bird, unfold.

Mute is that voice which often has
 Been so delightful to mine ear ;
 Thou warbled forth thy sweetest notes,
 As if my lonely hours to cheer.

Thou ne'er forgot'st at the hand that fed
 And strew'd thy cage with herbs so green ;
 No ! Gratitude,—that brightest gem,—
 In every action might be seen.

My pretty Bird, thy mem'ry dear,
 Will long, long cherished be my me ;
 Though thou art taken from me sight,
 I ever shall remember thee.

MARY ANN LOXLEY.

Rotherham, July 12th, 1835

THE TOUR OF THE VIRTUES.*

A PHILOSOPHER'S TALE.

Once upon a time, several of the Virtues, weary of living together with the Bishop of Norwich, resolved to make a little excursion ; accordingly, though they knew every thing on earth was very ill prepared to receive them, they thought they might safely venture on a tour, from Westminster Bridge to Richmond ; the day was fine, the wind in their favour, and as to entertainment,—why, there seemed, according to Gertrude, to be no possibility of any disagreement among the Virtues.

They took a boat at Westminster stairs, and just as they were about to push off, a poor woman, all in rags, with a child in her arms, implored their compassion. Charity put her hand into her reticule, and took out a shilling. Justice, turning round to look after the baggage, saw the folly Charity was about to commit. "Heavens !" cried Justice, seizing poor Charity by the arm, "what are you doing ? Have you never read Political Economy ? Don't you know that indiscriminate alms-giving is only the encouragement to idleness, the mother of vice ? You a Virtue, indeed ! I'm ashamed of you. Get along with you, good woman,—yet stay, there is a ticket for soup at the Mendicity Society, they'll see if you are a proper object of compassion." But Charity is quicker than Justice, and slipping her hand behind her, the poor woman got the shilling, and the ticket for soup too. Economy and Generosity saw the double gift. "What waste !" cried Economy, frowning ; "what a ticket and a shilling ! *either* would have sufficed."

"Either," said Generosity ; "fie ! Charity should have given the poor creature half-a-crown, and justice a dozen tickets !" So the next ten minutes were consumed in a quarrel between the four Virtues, which would have lasted all the way to Richmond, if Courage had not advised them to get on shore and fight it out. Upon this, the Virtues suddenly perceived they had a little forgotten themselves, and Generosity offering the first apology, they made it up, and went on very agreeably for the next mile or two.

The day now grew a little overcast, and a shower seemed at hand. Prudence, who had a new bonnet on, suggested the propriety of putting to shore for half an hour ; Courage was for braving the rain ; but, as most of the Virtues are ladies, Prudence carried it. Just as they were about to land, another boat cut in before them very uncivilly, and gave theirs such a shake, that Charity was all but overboard. The company on board the uncivil boat, who evidently thought the Virtues extremely low persons,

* From Bulwar's "*Pilgrims of the Rhine*," a work which we can, with confidence, recommend to the perusal of our readers : it is a perfect gem in literature, and entitled to the highest commendation.

for they had nothing very fashionable about their exterior, burst out laughing at Charity's discomposure, especially as a large basket-full of buns, which Charity carried with her for any hungry-looking children she might encounter at Richmond, fell pounce into the water. Courage was all on fire: he twisted his moustache, and would have made an onset on the enemy, if, to his great indignation, Meekness had not forestalled him, by stepping mildly into the hostile boat, and offering both cheeks to the foe; this was too much even for the incivility of the boatmen; they made their excuses to the Virtues, and Courage, who is no bully, thought himself bound discontentedly to accept them. But, oh, if you had seen how Courage used Meekness afterwards, you could not have believed it possible, that one Virtue could be so enraged with another! This quarrel between the two threw a damp on the party, and they proceeded on their voyage, when the shower was over, with anything but cordiality. I spare you the little squabbles that took place in the general conversation—how Economy found fault with all the villas by the way; and Temperance expressed becoming indignation at the luxuries of the city barge. They arrived at Richmond, and Temperance was appointed to order the dinner; meanwhile Hospitality, walking in the garden, fell in with a large party of Irishmen, and asked them to join the repast.

Imagine the long faces of Economy and Prudence, when they saw the addition to the company. Hospitality was all spirits, he rubbed his hands and called for champagne, with the tone of a younger brother. Temperance soon grew scandalized, and Modesty herself coloured at some of the jokes; but Hospitality, who was now half seas over, called the one a milk-sop, and swore at the other as a prude. Away went the hours; it was time to return, and they made down to the water-side thoroughly out of temper with one another, Economy and Generosity quarrelling all the way about the bill and the waiters. To make up the sum of their mortification, they passed a boat where all the company were in the best possible spirits, laughing and whooping like mad; and discovered these jolly companions to be two or three agreeable Vices, who had put themselves under the management of Good Temper. So you see, Gertrude, that even the Virtues may fall at loggerheads with each other, and pass a very sad time of it, if they happen to be of opposite dispositions, and have forgotten to take Good Temper along with them.

"Ah! said Gertrude, "but you have overloaded your boat; too many Virtues might contradict one another, but not a few."

"Voilà ce que je veux dire," said Vane, "but listen to the sequel of my tale, which now takes a new moral."

At the end of the voyage, and after a long sulky silence, Prudence said, with a thoughtful air, "My dear friends, I have been thinking, that as long as we keep so entirely together, never mixing with the rest of the world, we shall waste our lives in quarrelling amongst ourselves, and run the risk of being still less liked and sought after than we already are. You know that we are none of us popular; every one is quite contented to see us represented in a vaudeville, or described in an essay. Charity, indeed, has her name often taken in vain at a bazaar, or a subscription, and the miser as often talks of the duty he owes to *me*, when he sends the stranger from his door, or his grandson to gaol; but still we only resemble so many wild beasts, whom everybody likes to see, but nobody cares to possess. Now, I propose, that we should all separate, and take up our abode with some mortal or other for a year, with the power of changing at the end of that time, should we not feel ourselves comfortable, that is, should we not find that we do all the good that we intend; let us try the experiment, and on this day twelve months let us all meet, under the largest oak in Windsor Forest, and recount what has befallen us." Prudence ceased, as she always does when she has said enough, and, delighted at the project, the Virtues agreed to adopt it on the spot. They were enchanted at the idea of setting up for themselves, and each not doubting his or her success; for Economy in her heart thought Generosity not virtue at all, and Meekness looked on Courage little better than a heathen.

Generosity being the most eager and active of all the Virtues, set off first on his journey; Justice followed, and kept up with him, though at a more even pace. Charity never heard a sigh, or saw a squalid face, but she stayed to cheer and console the sufferer; a kindness which somewhat retarded her progress.

Courage espied a travelling carriage, with a man and his wife in it, quarrelling most conjugally, and he civilly begged he might be permitted to occupy the vacant seat opposite the lady. Economy still lingered, enquiring for the cheapest inns. Poor Modesty looked round and sighed, on finding herself so near to London, where she was almost wholly unknown : but resolved to bend her course thither, for two reasons ; first, for the novelty of the thing ; and secondly, not liking to expose herself to any risks by a journey on the Continent. Prudence though the first to project, was the last to execute, and therefore resolved to remain where she was for that night, and take daylight for her travels.

The year rolled on, and the Virtues, punctual to their appointment, met under the oak tree : they all came nearly at the same time, excepting Economy, who had got into a return post-chaise, the horses of which having been forty miles in the course of the morning had foundered by the way, and retarded her journey till night set in. The Virtues looked sad and sorrowful, as people are wont to do after a long and fruitless journey, and somehow or other, such was the wearing effect of their intercourse with the world, that they appeared wonderfully diminished in size.

"Ah my, dear Generosity," said Prudence with a sigh, "as you were the first to set out on your travels, pray let us hear your adventures first."

"You must know, my dear Sisters," said Generosity, "that I had not gone many miles from you before I came to a small country town, in which a marching regiment was quartered, and at an open window I beheld, leaning over a gentleman's chair, the most beautiful creature imagination ever pictured ; her eyes shone out like two suns of perfect happiness, and she was almost cheerful enough to have passed for Good Temper herself. The gentleman, over whose chair she leant, was her husband ; they had been married six weeks ; he was a lieutenant with a hundred pounds a year besides his pay. Greatly affected by their poverty, I instantly determined, without a second thought, to ensconce myself in the heart of this charming girl. During the first hour in my new residence, I made many wise reflections, such as—that Love never was so perfect as when accompanied by poverty ; what a vulgar error it was to call the unmarried state, 'Single Blessedness ;' how wrong it was of us Virtues never to have held the marriage bond, and what a falsehood it was to say that husbands neglected their wives, for never was there anything in nature so devoted as the love of a husband—six weeks married !

"The next morning, before breakfast, as the charming Fanny was waiting for her husband, who had not yet finished his toilet, a poor wretched-looking object appeared at the window, tearing her hair and wringing her hands ; her husband had that morning been dragged to prison, and her seven children had fought for the last mouldy crust.—Prompted by me, Fanny, without inquiring further into the matter, drew from her silken purse a five pound note, and gave it to the beggar, who departed more amazed than grateful. Soon after the lieutenant appeared,—'What the d——l, another bill !' muttered he, as he tore the yellow wafer from a large, square-folded, bluish piece of paper. 'Oh, ah ! confound the fellow, *he* must be paid. I must trouble you, Fanny, for fifteen pounds to pay this saddler's bill.'

"'Fifteen pounds, love ?' stammered Fanny, blushing.

"'Yes, dearest, that fifteen pounds I gave you yesterday.'

"'I have only ten pounds,' said Fanny, hesitatingly, 'for such a poor wretched looking creature was here just now, that I was obliged to give her five pounds.'

"'Five pounds ? good God !' exclaimed the astonished husband, 'I shall have no more money these three weeks.' He frowned, he bit his lips, nay, he even wrung his hands, and walked up and down the room ; worse still, he broke forth with—'Surely, Madam, you did not suppose, when you married a lieutenant in a marching regiment, that he could afford to indulge you in the whim of giving five pounds to every mendicant who held out her hand to you ? You did not, I say, Madam, imagine—but the bridegroom was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his wife ; it was their first quarrel, they were but six weeks married ; he looked at her for one moment sternly, the next he was at her feet. 'Forgive me, dearest Fanny, forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself. I was too great a wretch to say what I did ; and do believe, my own Fanny,

that while I may be too poor to indulge you in it, I do from my heart admire so noble, so disinterested a generosity.' Not a little proud did I feel to have been the cause of this exemplary husband's admiration for his amiable wife, and sincerely did I rejoice at having taken up my abode with those *poor* people; but not to tire you, my dear sisters, with the minutæ of detail, I shall briefly say, that things did not long remain in this delightful position: for, before many months had elapsed, poor Fanny had to bear with her husband's increased and more frequent storms of passion, unfollowed by any halcyon and honeymoon suings for forgiveness;—for at my instigation every shilling went; and when there were no more to go, her trinkets, and even her clothes followed. The lieutenant became a complete brute, and even allowed his unbridled tongue to call me—me, sisters, *me* 'heartless Extravagance.' His despicable brother officers, and their gossiping wives, were no better; for they did nothing but animadvert upon my Fanny's ostentation and absurdity, for by such names had they the impertinence to call me. Thus grieved to the soul to find myself the cause of all poor Fanny's misfortunes, I resolved at the end of the year to leave her, being thoroughly convinced, that, however amiable and praiseworthy I might be in myself, I was totally unfit to be bosom friend and adviser to the wife of a lieutenant in a marching regiment, with only a hundred pounds a year, besides his pay."

The Virtues groaned their sympathy with the unfortunate Fanny; and Prudence, turning to Justice, said, "I long to hear what you have been doing, for I am certain you cannot have occasioned harm to any one."

Justice shook her head, and said, "Alas, I find that there are times and places, when even I do better not to appear, as a short account of my adventures will prove to you. No sooner had I left you, than I instantly repaired to India, and took up my abode with a Brahmin. I was much shocked by the dreadful inequalities of condition that reigned in the several castes, and I longed to relieve the poor Pariah from his ignominious destiny. Accordingly I set seriously to work on reform. I insisted upon the iniquity of abandoning men from their birth to an irremediable state of contempt, from which no virtue could exalt them. The Brahmins looked upon my Brahmin with ineffable horror. They called me the most wicked of vices; they saw no distinction between Justice and Atheism. I uprooted their society—that was sufficient crime.—But the worst was, that the Pariahs themselves regarded me with suspicion; they thought it unnatural in a Brahmin to care for a Pariah! and one called me 'Madness,' another 'Ambition,' and a third 'The Desire to Innovate.' My poor Brahmin led a miserable life of it; when one day, after observing, at my dictation, that he thought a Pariah's life as much entitled to respect as a cow's, he was hurried away by the priests, and secretly broiled on the altar, as a fitting reward for his sacrilege. I fled hither in great tribulation, persuaded that in some countries even Justice may do harm."

"As for me," said Charity, not waiting to be asked, "I grieve to say, that I was silly enough to take up my abode with an old lady in Dublin, who never knew what discretion was, and always acted from impulse; my instigation was irresistible, and the money she gave in her drives through the suburbs of Dublin, was so lavishly spent, that it kept all the rascals of the city in idleness and whisky! I found to my great horror, that I was a main cause of a terrible epidemic, and that to give alms without discretion, was to spread poverty without help. I left the city when my year was out, and, as ill-luck would have it, just at the time when I was most wanted."

"And oh," cried Hospitality, "I went to Ireland also. I fixed my abode with a Squireen; I ruined him in a year, and only left him because he had no longer a hovel to keep me in."

"As for myself," said Temperance, "I entered the breast of an English legislator, and he brought in a bill against alehouses; the consequence was, that the labourers took to gin, and I have been forced to confess, that Temperance may be too zealous, when she dictates too vehemently to others."

"Well," said Courage, keeping more in the back-ground than he had ever done before, and looking rather ashamed of himself, "that travelling carriage I got into belonged to a German General and his wife, who were returning to their own country.—Growing very cold as we proceeded, she wrapped me up in a *polonaise*; but the cold increasing, I inadvertently crept into her bosom; once there, I could not get out, and

from thenceforward the poor General had considerably the worst of it. She became so provoking, that I wondered how he could refrain from an explosion. To do him justice, he did at last threaten to get out of the carriage, upon which, roused by me, she collared him—and conquered. When he got to his own district, things grew worse, for every *aid-de-camp* that offended her, she insisted that he might be publicly reprimanded, and should the poor General refuse, she would with her own hands confer a caning upon them. It was useless to appeal to the Archduke; for if she said it was hot, the General dared not hint that he thought it cold, and so far did he carry his dread of this awful dame, that he never issued a standing order for the army, curtailed a *moustache*, or lengthened a coat, without soliciting her opinion first. The additional force she had gained in me was too much odds against the poor General, and he died of a broken heart, six months after my *liaison* with his wife. She after this became so dreaded and detested, that a conspiracy was formed to poison her; *this* daunted even me, so I left her without delay,—*et me voici*."

"Humph!" said Meekness, with an air of triumph, "I at least have been more successful than you. On seeing much in the papers of the cruelties practised by the Turks on the Greeks, I thought my presence would enable the poor sufferers to bear their misfortunes calmly. I went to Greece then, at a moment when a well-planned and practicable scheme of emancipating themselves from the Turkish yoke was arousing their youth. Without confining myself to one individual, I flitted from breast to breast; I meekened the whole nation; my remonstrances against the insurrection succeeded, and I had the satisfaction of leaving a whole people ready to be killed, or strangled, with the most christian resignation in the world."

The Virtues, who had been a little cheered by the open self-complacency of Meekness, would not, to her great astonishment, allow that she had succeeded a whit more happily than her sisters, and called next upon Modesty for her confession.

"You know," said that amiable young lady, "that I went to London in search of a situation. I spent three months of the twelve in going from house to house, but I could not get a single person to receive me. The ladies declared they never saw so old-fashioned a gawkey, and civilly recommended me to their abigails; the abigails turned me round with a stare, and then pushed me down to the kitchen, and the fat scullion-maids, who assured me, that 'in the respectable families they had had the honour to live in, they had never even heard of my name.' One young housemaid, just from the country, did indeed receive me with some sort of civility; but she very soon lost me in the servants' hall. I now took refuge with the other sex, as the least uncourteous. I was fortunate enough to find a young gentleman of remarkable talents, who welcomed me with open arms. He was full of learning, gentleness, and honesty. I had only one rival—Ambition. We both contended for an absolute empire over him. Whatever Ambition suggested, I damped. Did Ambition urge him to begin a book, I persuaded him it was not worth publication. Did he get up, full of knowledge, and instigated by my rival to make a speech, (for he was in Parliament) I shocked him with the sense of his assurance—I made his voice droop and his accents falter. At last with an indignant sigh, my rival left him; he retired into the country, took orders, and renounced a career he had fondly hoped would be serviceable to others; but finding I did not suffice for his happiness, and piqued at his melancholy, I left him before the end of the year, and he has since taken to drinking!"

The eyes of the Virtues were all turned to Prudence. She was their last hope—"I am just where I set out," said that discreet Virtue; "I have done neither good nor harm. To avoid temptation, I went and lived with a hermit, to whom I soon found that I could be of no use beyond warning him not to overboil his peas and lentils; not to leave his door open when a storm threatened, and not to fill his pitcher too full at the neighbouring spring. I am thus the only one of you that never did harm; but only because I am the only one of you that never had an opportunity of doing it! In a word," continued Prudence thoughtfully, "in a word, my friends, circumstances are necessary to the Virtues themselves. Had, for instance, Economy changed with Generosity, and gone to the poor lieutenant's wife, and had I lodged with the Irish Squireen instead of Hospitality, what misfortunes would have been saved to both! Alas! I perceive we lose all our efficacy when we are misplaced! and *then* though in reality Vir-

tues, we operate as Vices. Circumstances must be favourable to our exertions, and harmonious with our nature; and we loose our very divinity unless Wisdom directs our footsteps to the home we should inhabit, and the dispositions we should govern."

The story was ended, and the travellers began to dispute about its moral. Here let us leave them.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

BEHOLD our brother's called away;
Young and old are falling fast,
For the flower that blooms to-day,
Droops before to-morrow's blast.
Still we think ourselves secure,
Supported by life's feeble staff;
To-day we feel existence sure,
To-morrow numbered with the dead.

But why should we lament our friend?
His soul has passed from hence to heav'n;
Are not his sorrows at an end,
And all his sins through Christ forgiven?
Oh, yes! behold him in his glory,
See, he joins the Lodge above;
Hark, he repeats the wond'rous story,
Of his great Redeemer's love!

There he casts his crown before him,
There he sees him face to face;
Where angels worship and adore him,
Through a long and endless space.
Why should the grave be thought a terror,
Where his senseless body lies?
His soul, freed from a world of error,
Soars to realms above the skies.

Here by pain we are attended,
Grief and sin obstruct our ways;
But his sorrows all are ended,
Now he joins in endless praise.
Thy sting, oh Death! to him has brought
A passport to that heavenly shore,
Where by the blood of Jesus bought,
He sings his praise for evermore.

JAMES OATES, P. D. G. M.

August, 1835.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ON perusing P. Prov. C. S. Myers' letter relative to the formation of a fund for the relief of widows and orphans of Odd Fellows, the following remarks which then suggested themselves to me, if carried into effect, I am of opinion will form a most important era in the annals of the Order. Although the vessel of Odd Fellowship is now sailing with the stream of prosperity, and the tide of public opinion is in its favour, cheering and directing its course, and although it has surmounted every difficulty, and its career been crowned with the most complete success, unequalled by any other event in history, there was a time when we beheld it dragging on a lingering existence, subjected to the calumny and malignant hatred, which the envy of some, and the ignorance of others would have heaped upon its head; yet even then, we beheld its founders struggling onward, regardless of the sneers or scoffs of the foolish and ignorant, promulgating its principles, and extending the right hand of friendship and benevolence, like the flood-gates of mercy, to the sick and distressed, pouring the balm of comfort into the minds, and alleviating the wants and afflictions of its members; spreading the principles of benevolence and charity, not only throughout our own land, but also across the waters of the mighty deep, in lands that required its influence only to unite their inhabitants more closely together in the bonds of unity and brotherly affection. What is there within the limits of human agency, that near 80,000 men united to promote the cause of benevolence and charity cannot perform? Let one simultaneous effort be made, the genial glow of charity animate the bosoms of all, and no exertions be spared to achieve an object, which will place the Order on the highest pinnacle of fame—cause the widow's heart to be joyful—dry the orphan's tears—and raise an imperishable monument to the man who suggested this great and godlike un-

dertaking; away with all doubts as to the want of means,—where is the Odd Fellow who has not a shilling to spare, and having one, would not give it in such a cause? If any there be, let him stand apart; I would not that he should share with me the glory of the work. Is there on earth any thing dearer to man than his wife and children, the sharers in his sorrow, partakers in his bliss, and that make his home a complete elysium? Are they not the vine clinging round him for support, fastening upon his affections so strongly, that death only can tear them asunder? Is it not for these he toils and endures privations and hardships? Oh, then, who is there that having experienced these feelings and blessings, can hesitate for a moment to secure them to those he may leave behind; will not the pleasing thought that his little ones will not have to rely upon the mercy of a cold and unfeeling world, next to that of a resignation to the divine will, soothe his dying hour, and promote a calm where all was strife before. To you who are fathers, need I say more? To you who are not, I would still say,—give, “you will enjoy a blessing in the good you do to your fellow creatures; the God of nature will reward you with his smiles, and your own conscience will tell you that you are doing the duty of a man.” Remember, the welfare of the widow and the fatherless is in your hands, “the bread which you cast upon the waters will be found after many days;” those who partake of your bounty may afterwards become pillars and ornaments of our Order, and gratitude might induce them to become members. The object being great and important, the means to accomplish it must be great in proportion; one shilling per year per member would raise an annual fund of £3000. A fountain would thus be opened, from which the pellucid stream of benevolence might flow for ages; and it would be strange, if our Society which is increasing every day, cannot hereafter find means to support it. The sources of charity spring from the heart, and are supplied from the boundless ocean of divine love; if they dry up in one place, they burst forth with renewed power in another, they can never be totally exhausted, the power that enables us to open this fountain, will also supply its waters. I therefore, call upon each of my brethren, to use his utmost exertions to promote this benevolent object, and thereby prove himself worthy of the name of Odd Fellow, and shew to the world that we not only in words, but in our works observe the principles we profess, and in accomplishing this great and benevolent design, prove that there is something more in Odd Fellowship, than a name.

Your's, in the bonds of the Order,

AN ODD FELLOW.

THE SOUL IN PURGATORY; OR, LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

THE angels strung their harps in heaven, and their music went up like a stream of odours to the pavilions of the Most High. But the harp of Seralim was sweeter than that of his fellows, and the voice of the Invisible One (for the angels themselves know not the glories of Jehovah, only far in the depths of heaven, they see one Unsleeping Eye watching for ever over creation) was heard saying, “Ask a gift for the love that burns upon thy song, and it shall be given thee.”

And Seralim answered,—

“There are in that place which men call Purgatory, and which is the escape from Hell, but the painful porch of Heaven, many souls that adore Thee, and yet are punished justly for their sins; grant me the boon to visit them at times, and solace their suffering by the hymns of the harp, that is consecrated to Thee.”

And the voice answered

“Thy prayer is heard, oh, gentlest of the angels; and it seems good to Him who hastises but from love. Go! thou hast thy will.”

Then the angel sang the praises of God, and when the song was done, he rose from his azure throne at the right hand of Gabriel, and spreading his rainbow wings, he flew to that melancholy orb, which nearest to earth, echoes with the shrieks of

souls, that by torture become pure. There the unhappy ones see from afar the bright courts they are hereafter to obtain, and the shapes of glorious beings, who, fresh from the fountains of Immortality, walk amidst the gardens of Paradise, and feel that their happiness hath no morrow; and this thought consoles amidst their torments, and makes the true difference between Purgatory and Hell.

Then the angel folded his wings, and, entering the crystal gates, sat down upon a blasted rock, and struck his divine lyre, and a peace fell over the wretched: the demon ceased to torture, and the victim to wail. As sleep to the mourners of earth, was the song of the angel to the souls of the purifying star; one only voice, amidst the general stillness, seemed not lulled by the angel; it was the voice of a woman, and it continued to cry out with a sharp cry—

“ Oh! Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!”

The angel struck chord after chord, till his most skilful melodies were exhausted, but still the solitary voice, unheeding, unconscious even of the sweetest harp of the angel choir, cried out

“ Oh! Adenheim, Adenheim, mourn not for the lost!”

Then Seralim's interest was aroused, and approaching the spot whence the voice came, he saw the spirit of a young and beautiful girl chained to a rock, and the demons lying idly by, and Seralim said to the demons, “ Doth the song lull ye to rest?”

And they answered, “ Her care for another is bitterer than all our torments, therefore are we idle.”

Then the angel approached the spirit, and said in a voice which stilled her cry, for in what state do we outlive sympathy? “ Wherefore, oh daughter of earth, wherefore wailest thou with the same plaintive wail, and why doth the harp that soothes the most guilty of thy companions, fail in its melody with thee?”

“ Oh! radiant stranger,” answered the poor spirit, “ thou speakest to one, who, on earth, loved God's creature more than God; therefore is she thus justly sentenced.— But I know that my poor Adenheim mourns ceaselessly for me, and the thought of his sorrow is more intolerable to me than all that the demons can inflict.”

“ And how knowest thou that he laments thee?” asked the angel.

“ Because I know with what agony I should have mourned for him,” replied the spirit simply. The divine nature of the angel was touched, for love is the nature of the sons of heaven; “ and how,” said he, “ can I minister to thy sorrow?”

A transport seemed to agitate the spirit, and she lifted up her mist-like and impalpable arms, and cried—

“ Give me, oh, give me! to return to earth, but for one little hour, that I may visit my Adenheim; and that, concealing from him my present sufferings, I may comfort him in his own.”

“ Alas!” said the angel turning away his eyes, for angels may not weep in the sight of others; “ I could, indeed, grant thee this boon, but thou knowest not the penalty. For the souls in purgatory may return to earth, but heavy is the sentence that awaits their return; in a word, for one hour on earth, thou must add a thousand years to the tortures of thy confinement here!”

“ Is that all?” cried the spirit, “ willingly, then, will I brave the doom. Ah, surely they love not in heaven, or thou wouldst know, oh Celestial Visitant, that one hour of consolation to the one we love, is worth a thousand, thousand ages of torture to ourselves! Let me comfort and convince my Adenheim, no matter what becomes of me.”

Then the angel looked on high, and he saw in far distant regions, which in that orb none else could discern, the rays that parted from the all-guarding Eye, and heard the voice of the Eternal One bidding him act as his pity whispered. He looked on the spirit and her shadowy arms stretched pleadingly towards him; he uttered the word that looses the bars of the gate of Purgatory, and, lo, the spirit had re-entered the human world.

It was night in the halls of the Lord of Adenheim; and he sate at the head of his

dittering board ; loud and long was the laugh, and merry the jest that echoed round, and the laugh and the jest of the Lord of Adenheim were louder and merrier than all.

And by his right side sate a beautiful lady ; and ever and anon he turned from hers to whisper soft vows in her ear.

"And oh," said the bright dame of Falkenberg, "thy words what lady can be-
ere ; didst thou not utter the same oaths, and promise the same love to Ida, the fair
sughter of Loden ; and now but three little months have closed upon her grave?"

"By my ha'idom," quoth the young Lord of Adenheim, "Thou dost thy beauty
arvellous injustice. Ida! Nay, thou mockest me ; I love the daughter of Loden!
hy, how then should I be worthy thee? A few gay words, a few passing smiles—
hold all the love Adenheim ever bore to Ida. Was it my fault if the poor fool mis-
onstrued such common courtesy? Nay, dearest lady, this heart is virgin to thee."

"And what!" said the lady of Falkenberg, as she suffered the arm of Adenheim
o encircle her slender waist, "didst thou not grieve for her loss?"

"Why, verily, yes, for the first week ; but in thy bright eyes I found ready con-
olation."

At this moment, the Lord of Adenheim thought he heard a deep sigh behind him ;
he turned, but saw nothing, save a slight mist that gradually faded away, and vanished
in the distance. Where was the necessity for Ida to reveal herself?

* * * * *

"And thou didst not, then, do thine errand to thy lover?" said Seralim, as the
spirit of the wronged Ida returned to purgatory.

"Bid the demons recommence their torture," was poor Ida's answer.

"And was it for this that thou hast added a thousand years to thy doom?"

"Alas," answered Ida, "after the single hour I have endured on earth, there
seems to be but little terrible in a thousand fresh years of purgatory!"

"What! is the story ended?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes."

"Nay, surely the thousand years were not added to poor Ida's doom ; and Seralim
bore her back with him to heaven?"

"The legend saith no more. The writer was contented to show us the perpetuity
of woman's love ;—"

"And its reward," added Vane.

"It was not I who drew that last conclusion, Albert," whispered Gertrude.

(*From Bulwar's Pilgrims of the Rhine.*)

*Epitaph on Captain WILLIAM HARRIMAN, aged thirty-two years, in Kirk
Ouchan Church Yard, near Douglas, Isle of Man.*

The boisterous blasts on Neptune's waves,
Have tossed me to and fro ;
In spite of both, by God's decrees,
I harbour here below.
Although I here at anchor lie,
With many of our fleet,
I must one day set sail again,
Our Saviour Christ to meet.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

You have requested me to give my opinion on the subject of a Widow's and Orphans' Fund in the Society; and I must admit that I approach the consideration of it with much hesitation and difficulty; not because I under-rate its importance, or am backward in promoting its advancement: but because in the present state of the Order, it appears to involve so many interests, and is connected with so many other questions, that I am convinced, if it be to be done effectually, it must be done neither hurriedly nor thoughtlessly.

Your readers, perhaps, know enough of me to believe that I shall not be the last man either to appreciate the excellence, or promote the interests of so benevolent an undertaking. Indeed in my professional life I have seen too often the anguish occasioned by the painful thought, that the dying man left his helpless children, and their sorrowing mother, without any provision for their future wants; and, from my very first acquaintance with the Order, I have considered it as one of its greatest defects that a connection with it did not enable a person to promote in his life-time some resource against the misery, and perhaps poverty, which those dearest to him would have to encounter at his death. I can, therefore, assure you, that nothing will give me more pleasure than to see the establishment of such a Fund, and to promote its extension and success.

I have carefully read over the different propositions in the Magazine, as to the manner of forming and conducting the plan; and especially those in the last number by Mr. George Cooke, of Lewes—which, indeed, are the only ones which assume any definite form. I think them judicious, and worthy of your best consideration. There is, however, one objection, which I must state in limine, and that is the *compulsory* nature of the payments; I mean so far as the *existing members* are concerned. I grant that the Order has a right to fix upon any sums necessary for its various purposes, and of the candidate who is, *at that time*, desirous of entering it, to exact the payment as the condition of his admission; because, *in that case*, the candidate has a choice,—and if he does not like the terms, he may reject them; but I deny that when *once he is admitted*, you have any right to lay an additional tax upon him without his consent, and make his compliance with it a condition of his receiving the benefits of the Order. I say I object to this, both as a bad principle and as a dangerous precedent; for if you can make a law to compel a man to pay a penny a month, you have the same power to force him to pay twopence; and if twopence, why not sixpence, a shilling, a pound? And if for one object, why not for another? So that a man might never know where the demands were to terminate; and he has no alternative but either to leave the Order, sacrificing all its benefits, and the money he has paid, perhaps for years; or to submit to an increase of his contributions, which was never thought of at the time he entered.

It is then perfectly fair,—and this, perhaps, might be done, to add a penny or more per month to the contributions of those who may subsequently become members, and I have no doubt that the old members will voluntarily and readily contribute as much, at least, towards the same object,—I will for one.

I would, for this end, advise the appointment of a Secretary in *each Lodge*, whose duty it should be to collect, regularly, the voluntary contributions, to bring the object often before the Lodge, to conduct the necessary correspondence, and report from time to time, the progress of the Fund. I am happy in being able to add, that N. G. Gregory has undertaken to perform this duty in the Earl of Ripon Lodge, and I am convinced, he will discharge it in a zealous and efficient manner. With every good wish for the success of this desirable object, I am,

Your's, very truly,

ALFRED SMITH.

North-street, Ripon, October 26th, 1835.

ON THE RISING TALENT, AND INCREASING INTELLIGENCE OF
THE ORDER.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HOPE you will oblige me by giving insertion to the following observations, if you think they are in any way conducive to the good and welfare of the Order.

"It has often with me been a matter of great surprise that an institution like ours, composed as it is of every shade and variety of opinion, yet prospering and showering such a number of blessings and benefits on mankind generally, but more especially on its particular members, should be enabled to hold on its course, and go on, from time to time, continuing to gain as it most assuredly does, such an accession of talent, worth and respectability, who now flock to its standard, appreciating and admiring (as they cannot fail to do, if they are reflecting men,) its numberless benefits and beauties,—yet this I am sorry to say, is with some matter of regret: to account for it, I am at a loss. Surely in the nineteenth century, we have not individuals amongst us who are so insane, or rather I should say, so immersed in ignorance, as to assert that the moment the intellectual and intelligent mind once throws its bright and cheering beams upon us, that moment the downfall of the Order is sealed. I boldly assert such opinions are entertained, but I trust by only a few of my brethren, and the chief purport of my paper is to endeavour to convince those individuals that the opinions they entertain are erroneous; and if they will only dismiss from their minds all prejudice or partiality for any received opinion, I am in hopes I shall be enabled to attain my point.

Education, at the present day, has made such bold and rapid strides, that our seniors of even a few years, confess that affairs of any kind cannot be carried on, or persons' minds ruled as they were formerly. Man, I am happy to say, has begun to think for himself, and he now requires that reason and argument, or both, should, or ought to be shown for every act. The little experience that I have made in the Order, and as my signature testifies, I have the honour to hold an official situation in the Manchester District, convinces me every day the more, that it is our duty to foster, and by all the means in our power endeavour to bring into life and action the rising talent that daily and hourly begins to shew itself amongst us; unless we do so, I feel convinced our beloved Institution will fall into disunion and decay. Let these individuals consider for a moment, and then, if they are reflecting and reasonable men, they will see the propriety and justness of these remarks, and instead of entertaining feelings of suspicion or prejudice against the man of superior intellect or intelligence, who I fearlessly assert, confers an honour on the Institution in becoming one of its members, will feel grateful, being convinced that he will too dearly prize the noble fabric now raised, and support it by all the intellect in his power, sooner than endeavour, by any means, to impair its efficiency, or weaken its efficacy. The only intention I can see that these men have in joining our Society, is that they observe the delightful and truly benevolent work we are engaged in, and feel emulous and wishful of assisting us, by any superior knowledge they may possess, in bringing to perfection and forwarding the hallowed intentions of our beloved Institution.

I am afraid it may here be said, that I am perhaps only endeavouring to wean you from one set of men's opinions, in order to fasten you upon others; but I deny that such is my intention;—my only, my earnest wish is, that every Odd Fellow would pin his faith to no man's opinion, but make use of his reasoning faculties, and if he does so, I feel convinced that he will, as I before observed, see the truth of these observations, and be better enabled duly to appreciate the many good effects that must, in time, result to the Order from our properly fostering its rising talent.—Dismiss, my brethren, all fears that these individuals only enter the Order from some improper or sinister motive—such never can or will be the case with true merit.

Proud am I to see and hear of the increased number of readers that are daily becoming subscribers to the Odd Fellows' Magazine, which most powerfully convinces me that Odd Fellows are determined to begin to think and reason for themselves, and not as before remarked, pin their faith to any man's opinion. As I consider the Magazine a powerful engine in the hands of the Order, if well directed, and one well qualified to work a reform in men's opinions, if erroneous, I hope and trust, as I have taken its medium of giving utterance to my honestly entertained opinions, that my brethren will receive them in the spirit in which they are meant, and not for one moment think that I wish to lead them in their opinions,—far from it,—I only desire that they will duly weigh, and properly consider before they even allow themselves to feel a prejudice against any man. In conclusion, I am truly sorry that this subject has not caused a more talented individual to step forward, for I consider it is the common duty of every man, whatever his rank, station, or ability may be, if he honestly entertains an opinion that his brethren are labouring under a mistake, to endeavour to set them right so far as his humble abilities will allow him—such my brethren is the case with me, and therefore I trust I shall not be either misunderstood or misrepresented.

Your's fraternally,

G. RICHMOND, PROV. G. M.

THE EXILE FROM HOME.

AH ! what note of distress loudly sounds in my ear ?
 How plaintive ! say whence doth it come ?
 'Tis the wanderer's sigh, as he drops the big tear,
 Whilst surrounded by dangers—encompass'd with fear :—
 The stranger—the Exile from Home.

Ah ! list to the words which his troubles dictate ;
 List,—and pity his sorrowful moan :
 A stranger to joy is the wanderer's fate,
 His spirits bow'd down, and forlorn is his state
 Whilst bereft of his solace—his Home.

" How sweet to my mem'ry thou place of my birth !
 " Ye fields where in childhood I'd roam,
 " Ye sweetest endearments, and ties upon earth !
 " 'Tis the thought of my loss now enhances your worth,
 " And makes me to pine after Home."

" Cast on the wide world ;—torn from all that is dear ;
 " A stranger obliged to roam ;
 " No friend, to partake of my grief, is now near,—
 " My bosom is rent with fell anguish and fear :
 " I sigh for my own peaceful Home !"

Ah ! ill-fated Exile ! I pity thy lot,
 An alien obliged to roam ;
 Those endearments, that bliss, which the peasant has got,
 Are now wrench'd from thy grasp ; and yet unforget,
 Still cause thee to long for thy Home.

Just so with the stranger and pilgrim below,
 Wherever his lot is to roam ;
 He longs for the joys that this earth can't bestow ;
 He labours, still more of his Saviour to know,
 And pants after Heaven, his Home.

And can it then be, that the pleasures of sense,
O'er the joys of the world that's to come,
In man's best affections, ascendancy gains ;—
That this World is his choice, with its pleasures and pains,
Ne'er thinking of Heav'n as his Home?—

Can such wordlings partake of the Christian's lot?
Anticipate pleasures to come?
Can those blessings be theirs, which they here have forgot?
Ah! no :—for the Bible assures us not.
Nor can Heav'n at length be their Home!

But the world with its pleasures, its follies, its toys,
Are the Fields where his fancy would roam :—
With its snares and its vices his time he employs,
'Till by Satan deceived, his soul he destroys,
Then the bottomless pit is his Home!

But not so the Christian who lives to the Lord ;
He looks for a Heaven to come ;—
His pleasures abound in perusing God's word,
In it all his sources of comfort are stored.
Its promise assures him of Home.

With blessings like these, all his life he pursues
His way to the Kingdom to come ;
And when summon'd away, his glad soul hails the news,
As with rapt'rous delight, and fond pleasure he views
His Saviour, his last happy Home!

May we then partake of such comfort as this,
Wherever our lot is to roam :—
Conform'd to the Saviour—our wills made like his:
Then! then we're prepared!—O glorious bliss!—
For Jesus,—for Heaven,—for Home.

A CONSTANT READER.

Nelson Lodge, Kendal, October, 1835.

ASTRONOMY.

THIS science, is of all others, both the most sublime, the most beautiful, and the most interesting ; for there are no persons, of whatever age, to whom the heavenly bodies are not objects of curiosity. The certain principles upon which it rests, are proved by the calculation of eclipses ; as the astronomer can determine, not only that the luminaries of day and night will be darkened, but he can pronounce with certainty, at what particular point of time, and to what particular extent such obscurations will happen, and exactly how long they will continue.

The Solar System, which the moderns have adopted, was taught by Pythagoras, received by Copernicus, confirmed by Galileo, Kepler, and Descartes, and fully established by Sir Isaac Newton. The sun is placed in the centre of this system, from which it never moves ; but from observations made upon its spots, it is found to turn round its own axis, from west to east, in about twenty-five days. The planets, called primary, revolve round the sun at unequal distances : their names are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, Saturn, the Georgium Sidus, and the two planets, Ceres and Pallas, lately discovered.

To this system belong other spherical bodies, which move round their respective primary planets, in the same manner as the primary planets move round the sun from

west to east, except those of the Georgium Sidus, which appear to move in a contrary direction ; these are called secondary planets, satellites, or moons. The most conspicuous is the moon, which moves round the earth in something less than twenty-eight days ; *four* revolve round Jupiter, *seven* round Saturn, and *six* round the Georgium Sidus.

The mean distance of the moon from the earth, is about thirty of the earth's diameters, or 240,000 miles. The surface of the moon is to that of the earth, nearly as to 1 to 13 1-3, and their respective quantities of matter, nearly as 1 to 39. The sun is about a million of times bigger than the earth ; the planets, both primary and secondary, are opaque bodies, and receive all their light from the sun, and make their revolutions round it. From the appearance of the bounds of light and shadow upon their surface, they are concluded to be spherical ; which is confirmed by many of them being found to turn periodically on their axis. Saturn is surrounded by a thin broad ring, which appears double through a good telescope.

Comets are supposed to be solid opaque bodies of various magnitudes, with long transparent tails, resembling a pale flame, and issuing from the part of the comet farthest from the sun ; they move round the sun in very elliptic orbits, and cross the orbits of the planets in all directions. From the curved direction of their paths, Newton concludes, that, when they disappear, they go much beyond the orbit of Jupiter ; and that, in their perihelion, or when nearest the sun, they frequently descend within the orbit of Mars, and the inferior planets. He computed the heat of the comet which appeared in 1680, when nearest the sun, to be 2000 times hotter than red hot iron, and that it must retain its heat until it comes round again ; even if its period should be more than 20,000 years, and it is computed to be only 575 years.

The earth has two motions, the one a daily motion of twenty-four hours round its axis, the other an annual motion of 365 days, and nearly six hours, round the sun ; the former causes the changes of night and day, for when one side of the earth is turned to the sun, it is enlightened by his rays, and day is produced ; when one side is turned from the sun, darkness succeeds and night comes on. It is plain, therefore, by how much more simple means this change is effected, than those ancients imagined, who supposed that the earth was fixed, and that the sun, which is ascertained to be of an immense size in comparison, was moved round the earth every twenty-four hours.

Far beyond the utmost bounds of the Solar System, are placed the *fixed* stars, but so remote, that the best telescopes represent them only as points. They are called fixed, because they have never been observed to change their situation ; the unassisted eye can discover no more than about 600 of these luminaries, but by the aid of telescopes, more become visible, and the greater the magnifying power, the more can be seen ; so that an infinite number may exist, beyond the reach of all human discovery.

These fixed stars are all supposed to be suns, as they shine with their own native light, and each is placed in the centre of a system, in which planets revolve round them, as ours do round the sun. If, therefore, a spectator was placed as near to any of them, as we are to the sun, that star would appear to him as large as the sun appears to us, and our sun would appear no larger than a fixed star. Every star, therefore, may be considered as the centre of a system, consisting of planets, regulated by laws, and revolving with rapid, continual, and regular motion, like the planets of our Solar System. What a most magnificent and most stupendous prospect does this idea suggest, of the Almighty power of God, extended through the unfathomable and boundless regions of space. Well may we exclaim, "I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

† † †

LAZINESS.

Dr. Hales always said, " Laziness used to grow on people ; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. I have experienced that the more business a man has, the more he is able to accomplish ; for he learns to economise his time : that is atalent committed to every one of you, and for the use of which you must account." [*British Magazine.*

TO THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT AND EDITOR OF THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

QUESTIONS have frequently been put to me relative to our Society ; the principles upon which it is founded, and the laws by which it is governed ; when my uniform reply has been, " Our principles and laws are based on the one grand "summary of all rectitude,—Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do "ye even so to them."

But, perhaps, some of your numerous readers may not have thoroughly considered what the duties of Odd Fellowship are ; and it is with a view to draw their attention, and a hope that each brother in our Order will adhere to them, that I am induced to place before them the following suggestions :

The duties incumbent on Odd Fellows may be divided into three general heads, viz:—Our duty to our God, our fellow-men, and ourselves.

In a right performance of our duty to our God, I conceive we should ever cherish that veneration for the Supreme Being which is his due :—We should look up to him as the author of our lives ; as the divine dispenser of our comforts ; acknowledge him as the only source from whence proceed all the privileges and blessings—temporal and spiritual—we enjoy :—We should always look upon him as the proper object of our worship and adoration, nor ever use his sacred name with unhallowed lips :—We should make it the prime object of our lives,—by our influence and example,—to promote amongst all within the sphere of our influence, a reverend regard for his holy name, and a due observance of his high commands ; and at all times inculcate those principles which have a tendency to promote his glory, and the best interests of our fellow-men.

We should always consider it our bounden duty to act towards our neighbours as we would wish them to act towards ourselves :—by faithfully adhering to this " golden rule," we shall not only be fulfilling the duty we owe to our fellow-creatures, but reaping the advantages resulting from purity of motive in our daily transactions with each other ; and a consciousness of rectitude in all our dealings will produce that inward satisfaction of mind, that lively incentive to those acts of charity and deeds of benevolence, which form a bright Halo of Glory that surrounds our highly valued and much loved Institution, and without which Odd Fellowship would be an unmeaning something, worse than nothing :—We should cherish sentiments of kindness and sympathy for the distressed wherever met with, and as much as in us lays endeavour to alleviate their distress ; protect the orphan ; and pour into the widow's heart the balm of consolation, ever keeping in view the glorious example of our Lord and Saviour, who always " went about doing good."—In short, we should be strictly honest in all our dealings ; scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of our engagements ; true to our promises ; and act strictly in accordance with our professions.

In the performance of the last part of our duty, viz: " To ourselves."—As men, and especially as Odd Fellows, we should endeavour to maintain our own characters, unblemished by vice or headstrong imprudence ;—we should labour diligently with our hands to secure a competent maintenance for ourselves and families ; and carefully abstain from all outward vices,—such as profane swearing, lying, dishonesty, intemperance, &c. &c.,—as nothing so much degrades a man as his descending to such a line of conduct ; and the mind, accustomed to such evil habits, becomes entirely impervious to those high, and I would say, divine motives which ought to actuate the breast of every true Odd Fellow, and will always raise him to a rank in society that will insure for him the esteem of the good and virtuous, and that peace of mind which results from a conscience void of offence ;—it will enable him to pass on in his journey through life with inward settled peace ; and when he approaches its close, his mind will be cheered on looking back upon a life of rectitude and benevolence, spent in the promotion of his Saviour's glory, and the furtherance of his fellow-creatures' welfare.

Having briefly gone over some of the primary duties devolving upon us as brethren,

allow me, in conclusion, to state a very few more of the advantages which will be the result of a steady and persevering performance of them.

The individual who makes these his rule of conduct, not only secures the esteem and praise of the good and virtuous, but his example is held up for imitation by his brethren, and his conduct procures for him that respect and deference, from even the unthinking world, which it were vain for the immoral and vicious to look for: whilst he raises himself in the scale of society, he confers an incalculable benefit on the community to which he belongs; and in proportion as the brethren of our Order adhere to those principles, and act up to them, in the same proportion will our beloved Institution rise in the esteem of all around us, and men will, as it were, be constrained to become united with us. Thus may be brought about the happy time, when what has often been toasted round our social board, shall no more be thought of as a thing to be longed for, but shall be actually and bona fide in our full possession and operation, viz:—"May the tree of Independent Odd Fellowship be firmly rooted in the centre of 'the Globe, and its branches extend from pole to pole.'" Then will our much loved Institution appear in its proper colours, and excite the admiration it deserves;—then will it be held up to public view as a perfect pattern,—a just example,—and ever bear testimony to these important truths;—that in every state or community "the bad are 'public curses, and the good are public blessings.'" Vice is the dangerous rock which threatens every Institution with shipwreck; and Virtue the faithful beacon that guides through storms and tempests to the "desired haven" of Peace, Prosperity, and Happiness.

THOMAS GREENHOW.

Nelson Lodge, Kendal, Oct. 1825.

TIME.

If aged men earth's vale about to leave,
Tell us with care the web of time to weave;
If the expiring sinner, to his cost,
Owns, Time's a treasure he has basely lost.
His hope of heaven,—loud he doth deplore,
When flown for ever, to be known no more.
If the bright orbs that deck the spangled sky,
From their high stations make but this reply,—
Time is a meteor while you watch its glare,
Points to the tomb, and cries, "My loss beware."
If days, and years, and seasons plainly shew,
That man must to the grave's dark cavern go;
If time itself will not a moment stay,
But on swift pinions quickly hies away,—
If doomed spirits deeds of guilt repent,
And vainly o'er their sad estate lament,—
If death's dread angel waits to close the day,
And bear the wicked to their doom away;
Why stand we careless on the awful brink
Of endless woe, as if intent to sink?
Why not improve our moments as they fly,
And live as beings that are born to die?
See how the drunkard quaffs the damning bowl,
Careless of death, and his immortal soul;
Dethroning reason, revelling in his lust,
Defacing beauty to become accurst;
He sinks below the level of the brutes,
And spends his Time in trifling vain pursuits.
Brother, awake,—bid every vice depart,
Virtue embrace, and bind her to your heart.

Her lovely features will your soul delight,
 Your peace promote, and all your love requite;
 Your hours employ, and all your wants provide,—
 Your thoughts direct, and all your actions guide.
 Let not blind malice e'er disturb your rest,
 Nor little envy steal into your breast.
 May truth adorn and round your soul entwine,
 And may your light in every circle shine;
 Then shall we see our beauteous order thrive,
 And Love and Friendship from its fount derive.

JOHN ELLIS.

Bradford, November, 1835.

THE WIFE.

(*A domestic Tale, from the World of Fashion.*)

"Feel'st thou no joy, no quiet happiness,
 No soothing sense of satisfaction, in
 Loving, and being loved? Is there no weight
 Removed from the heart, in knowing there is one
 To share all, bear all with thee? To soothe grief,—
 Yea, to so soften away its human pain
 By a superior love, the cup to temper
 With words of consolation and sweet hope,
 That even its very bitterness shall seem sweet,
 Forgotten in the love that offers it!"—E. L. READE.

Woman's love, like the rose blooming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is blank and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm. In no situation does the love of woman appear more beautiful, than in that of *wife*, parents, brethren, and friends have claims upon the affections; but the love of a wife is of a distinct and different nature. A daughter may yield her life to the preservation of a parent, a sister may devote herself to a suffering brother, but the feelings which induce her to this conduct, are not such as those which lead a *wife* to follow the husband of her choice through every pain and peril that can befall him, to watch over him in danger, to cheer him in adversity, and even to remain unalterable at his side in the depths of ignominy and shame. It is an heroic devotion which a woman displays in her adherence to the fortunes of a hapless husband; when we behold her in domestic scenes, a mere passive creature of enjoyment, an intellectual toy, brightening the family circle with her endearments, and prized for the extreme joy which that presence, and those endearments are calculated to impart, we scarcely credit that the fragile being, who seems to hold her existence by a thread, is capable of supporting the extreme of human suffering; nay, when the heart of man sinks beneath the weight of agony, that *she* should maintain her pristine powers of delight, and by her words of comfort and patience, lead the distracted murmur to peace and resignation.

The union of Frederick Mandeville with his fair cousin Louisa, was hallowed and consecrated by mutual affection, while Prudence yielded her acquiescence in the nuptials, and every thing seemed to promise a perpetuity of human happiness. Blessed with affluence, no troubled thoughts occurred to disturb their felicity, and they enjoyed the pure transports of virtuous affection. The character of Louisa was, however, unsettled, the only and the spoiled child of doating parents, her pleasures had been bountifully administered unto, and every succeeding day had proved but a repetition of the joyful past; thus she knew little of the world, little of those agitating and conflict-

ing feelings which were now about to break suddenly upon her, and open a new and variegated field, rife with sorrows as with joys, and wherein the blossoms of hope and love were to be choked by the weeds of care. Innocent herself, she made a world in her imagination, and pictured it a faithful semblance of existing nature: she knew no guile herself, nor dreamed of it in others. She loved Frederick, and he was worthy of her love; honourable, and noble in sentiment, he perceived the virtues of Louisa,—and that their brightness was clouded and partially obscured by those false ideas, and erroneous feelings, which her previous life of secluded felicity had inspired; but he imagined himself possessed of the power of awakening the spirit that lay slumbering in her soul, beneath whose power the mind would brighten and expand, and the fair girl become the joy and solace of his life.

But people argued ill of Louisa: they anticipated jarring discontent, perplexity, and all that poignant anguish which too frequently characterize married people, because Louisa was a spoiled child; they argued falsely, who argued thus. The mind of Louisa was superior to the wayward passions, and she became all, and more, than Frederick in his fondest hopes had pictured.

The new scene that opened upon Louisa's heart was strange and unexpected; still she directed her energies against each difficulty as it presented itself, and as she surmounted it,—the smiles and tender approbation of her husband were rewards, great as her heart could wish. It may have been that the very secluded nature of the previous life of Louisa, induced ideas that others more connected with the world would deem fallacious, but which romantic as they are, in fact, form links of the chain of happiness.

Man profits by connection with the world; but woman never: their constituents of mind are different,—the principles of thought and action are moulded variously, and where the character of man is dignified and ennobled, that of woman becomes reduced and degraded. The one is raised and exalted by mingled associations, the purity of the other is maintained in silence and seclusion. Woman was created by the great giver of all good, as the help-mate of man;—formed in a superior, though more fragile and delicate mould,—endowed with purer and better feelings,—stronger and more exalted affections, to play a distinct character in the great drama of the created world; in fact, to reward the toil and labours of man. God made her not *man's slave*, neither to buffet the billows of the troubled sea of life,—the jarring elements of public duties; but to share his pleasures,—to console his troubled thoughts,—to joy with him in his joy, and exalt his happiness by her participation, and to ameliorate his griefs by kindness and endearments. Connection with the world destroys those finer traits of feeling.—She beholds man in all his aspects stalking abroad,—the creature of evil—the slave of debased thoughts,—the destroyer of innocence,—the despoiler of all that is bright and beautiful,—and the scenes of guile, of fraud, and villainy that meet the eyes' glances at every turn, gradually stifle the kindly feelings of woman, and at length destroy that unsophisticated purity of soul, or if you will, those feelings of romance, which, after all, are the best, and the most productive of happiness in the sex, which

“Heaven made to temper man.”

From these desultory reflections may be conceived the character of Louisa, not blameless, nor free from fault, yet viewing her husband not merely as the object of her love, but as a being to be looked up to with veneration as the Mentor and Director of her life. Thus, truths from his lips came with resistless power upon her heart, and she would sit listening to his reproof, urged in a voice of tenderest affection, gazing upon his face, and within her heart resolving to provoke no more her husband's anger,—for anger it was, although disguised in tenderness and mercy. And then she would fall upon his neck and weep, and the fond pressure of his hand,—the heaving of her breast—and the very silence of her sorrow, evinced her contrition, and ensured her a reward, great as it was pure and holy. In this manner were the errors of Louisa's disposition put to shame forever,—and Frederick built up a temple of gratitude in her heart, from whence in after-days he was to derive a source of supreme delight.

Thus passed on the first few years of the lives of the wedded pair,—but fate, envious of their happiness, then stretched forth his withering arm before them, and scenes

of distress and misery superseded the gay brightness of their previous lives. The health of Louisa rendered a change of air and scene essentially necessary, the death of a beloved parent had prayed upon her spirits, and she was recommended by her medical attendants to sojourn for a time upon the sea shore. Frederick was unable to accompany her, having to adjust the affairs of his lamented relative, and, therefore, Louisa and her mother departed from the scene where so much happiness had been experienced, but which she was to enter again in misery and suspected shame.

Two months had elapsed since the departure of Louisa, and Frederick having arranged the domestic affairs that had detained him in the metropolis, prepared to join his wife, when a mysterious note was conveyed to him by the post, which excited strange and agonizing feelings. His first impulse was to set off immediately, and lay the note before Louisa: happy had it been for them both, had he acted according to that resolution,—had he obeyed the first and greatest duty of married life, that of avoiding all concealment; but suspicion triumphed over the better feelings of the husband, and he determined upon not revealing the circumstance of the letter, but to watch the proceedings of his wife,—to become a spy over the actions of the woman whom he loved.

Louisa received her husband with the tenderest demonstration of affection: yet he imagined that a cloud hung upon her brow, and that she sunk from his steadfast gaze. It was true, Frederick was not deceived. Louisa seemed struggling with conscious shame, her looks were no longer open and sincere; but when the eyes of her husband met hers, she would instantly cast them down, and a blush spread itself over her whole countenance. Frederick became restless and uneasy, afraid to hint his suspicions lest they might prove false, yet inclined to believe them, reasoning from the unusual behaviour of his wife; his heart was racked by conflicting feelings, and he quitted his house and wandered about the streets, musing upon strange appearances, and the probable misery that one little day had inspired. He visited the public places of resort, and at one of the libraries was accosted by a Captain Belton, whom he remembered having once seen, some time before his marriage, at the house of his wife's father; the Captain appeared anxious to renew the acquaintance, and stating that he had frequently visited the family since they had been residing in Brighton, kindly inquired after their healths. Mandeville replied almost mechanically, his thoughts were engrossed by other subjects, but he requested the stranger to dine with him, an invitation which he, to the surprise of Frederick, accepted. Accordingly the two friends returned together; and when the husband announced that he had brought with him an old acquaintance to honour their domestic entertainment, at the same time introducing Captain Belton, the mother and daughter gazed at them in astonishment, the latter scarcely able to return the necessary courtesy.

It may be here proper to explain, that Captain Belton had, some years previously, been an admirer of Louisa; he had offered his hand, but it had been rejected, and Louisa saw nothing more of him until her arrival at Brighton, where he renewed his acquaintance with her mother and herself, and for some weeks conducted himself with the most friendly propriety. His attentions to Louisa, however, at length became too pointed for endurance, and she requested her mother to beg of him either to behave with more decorum, or to discontinue his visits at their residence. He apologized, and promised to give no farther cause of complaint; but he was regarded with suspicion, and nothing farther than ordinary civilities passed between them. At length, however, finding as he thought an opportunity of triumph, he displayed at once his desires; but the villain was foiled and baffled, and he retreated from the house amid the execrations of its virtuous inmates. Louisa wished to reveal the whole affair to Frederick, but her mother aware of his impetuous disposition, and that he would immediately demand reparation from the aggressor, dreaded the collision of the parties, and in tears urged Louisa to conceal the circumstance, which, after much persuasion and entreaty, she consented to do. A servant, in the confidence of Belton, made him aware of this resolve, and, meditating schemes of farther villany, he presumed upon that forbearance, and again obtained admission to the house, under cover of the friendship of the husband.

Louisa was silent, but confused: her mother gazed with astonishment; but the Captain was successful in securing the esteem of Frederick. An invitation followed to

dine with him upon the succeeding day, which Frederick accepted. But even then the mother would not allow Louisa to disclose the villany of Belton;—she dreaded the results, and begged of her to be silent, conceiving that an immediate removal to the metropolis would do away with all fears of any scheme of the Captain. But the friendship of Belton and Mandeville increased: in the society of the former, the husband drowned those distressing thoughts which his suspicions excited; and when they returned to the metropolis, thither Belton followed. At length the society of home became forsaken, and, day after day, the neglected wife remained alone and in solitude, a prey to distracting thoughts. Love for her husband urged her to disclose the villany of his companion, but, again, fears for his safety besought her silence.

At last one whole night passed, and Mandeville was absent; then Louisa resolved, notwithstanding the continued entreaties of her fearful parent, at all hazards, to disclose every thing to her husband; he had never before remained so long from his home, and she trembled for the probable consequences. She counted the hours as they passed, and at every additional chime her fears increased; she sent repeatedly to all his accustomed resorts, but learnt no tidings of him; and when the morning broke, and day progressed in its course, she became agonized in soul, and tears were her only comfort—for to weep was comfort then. At length, however, footsteps were heard upon the stairs,—she knew the tread,—it was his,—her husband's—she flew to meet him, 'ere she could reach the door, it suddenly opened, and Mandeville, in a wild and incoherent manner, rushed into the room, and threw himself violently upon a sofa.

"Frederick!" exclaimed Louisa, as she fell weeping upon his neck, "Frederick, you have been indeed unkind to me!"

"Leave me—leave me to my thoughts, I beseech you," replied he. Louisa heeded him not; she took his hand within her own, and seating herself beside him, disclosed every circumstance relative to the affair of Belton. Frederick listened attentively as Louisa proceeded, but then, starting wildly from the sofa, he clenched his hands in agony, and exclaimed "God of Heaven! Why was I not told all this before! It would have saved me from utter ruin!"

"Ruin!" echoed Louisa.

"The villian!" shouted Mandeville,—*"abhorred villian: he has entrapped me!* Oh, Louisa, your misguided feeling has been our ruin!"

Belton had drawn him into play, and become master of all he was worth in the world! In a few days afterwards Frederick Mandeville, from the height of affluence, was reduced to poverty and despair. But then were displayed the noble qualities of the wife; she shrunk not from the blow of fate, but met it boldly;—the spirit of Frederick was broken, but Louisa seemed inspired with additional energies. After the effects had been sold off, there was a small surplus, which with her mother's limited property, would enable them to live in some respectability; but Mandeville was too proud to submit to live upon another's means, and he refused to abide under a roof that was not his own. "Go with your mother Louisa," exclaimed he, "and God be with you; as for myself, I mean to brave my fate."

"Does Frederick suppose he has no *wife*?" rejoined Louisa, in a mingled tone of tenderness and reproof.

"No—no!" replied he, "but yet we dare not live together *now*."

"God has united us Frederick,—and ~~he~~ *he* has said that those whom he has united, no one shall separate. Who then shall separate us?"

Frederick gazed upon the fair face of his wife; there was an unusual degree of grandeur in its expression, mingling with its accustomed love and tenderness; an expression that seemed as if another spirit had taken its abode within her soul, whose brightness was reflected in her face.

"Whatever your lot may be," she continued, "that lot will I share; I have as yet shown but half a wife's devotion, shall my heart fail when its powers are demanded? No, Frederick; we have dwelt together in affluence, together we will taste the bitter-

ness of poverty : we are thrown into the lap of sorrow, thence will we rise together, or together we will die. Like as our joys, our sorrows shall be mutual."

"Poor girl!" ejaculated Frederick with a sigh, at the same time pressing his lips to her white cheek, "you know not what you would do; you have no idea of misery, Louisa."

"I owe a wife's obedience, and where my husband is, there also is my station. I know not of distinctions; my home is my husband's heart, therein I dwell, and so I there abide, it matters little if a palace cover our heads, or the roof of the lowliest habitation."

The resolution of Louisa was put to the trial, but she stood it bravely and undimmed: though poor and destitute, her humble home was to her replete with joys, for it was a home which affection consecrated; and the purest feelings of human nature, mutually interchanged, rendered even that state of suffering enviable. But the spirit of Frederick cowered, and sunk beneath the blow of fate; he beheld himself shut out for ever from the scenes in which he once mingled, and he could not bear the reflection that he had brought such destitution upon his angel wife, who still clung to him in the midst of want and suffering. Still the same bright eyes smiled upon him, still the same kind voice welcomed his return to his mean abode; still the same fond lips were pressed to his pale cheek; it was the same Louisa that now, as ever, clung to him with all a wife's devotion.

"Were I to die," said he one evening, while they were partaking of their homely meal, "then Louisa, you would be more happy, for you would enjoy your mother's home."

"More happy, Frederick!" exclaimed she, and tears trembled upon the lashes of her soft blue eyes.

"Forgive me—forgive me, dearest," rejoined he, falling upon Louisa's neck, and tenderly embracing her; "I should be more happy—it was that I meant."

"Frederick, my husband! those feelings ill become you. Believe me, Heaven has better days in store for us."

"I hope so too;" murmured Frederick, "I hope it has for me."

"Come—come," rejoined Louisa, smiling upon him, "banish this despondency, and I will tell you something that will surely make you happier."

"Never in this world, Louisa,—never!"

"Nay, nay,—you make me angry, Frederick, you don't deserve to know the tidings I've to tell you."

"Of what—of what?"

"Of Belton!—Alas! he is no more!"

"What!" exclaimed Frederick, impatiently.

"Driven to desperation by his own reflections, he has done one act of justice by restoring to us the fortune of which he had despoiled us ere he became a *suicide*!"

"Good God! Good God!" screamed Frederick convulsively; then starting from his seat, he struck his hands against his forehead, and stood for a moment horror stricken, gazing upon his affrighted wife—but the powers of nature failing him, he sunk upon the chair.

"Pray for me—pray for me, Louisa!" murmured he, and clasping her hand, ejaculated, "God bless you, dearest,—and reward you as you deserve,—alas! I cannot."

"Frederick," cried the wife, "you are dying!"

He silently drew a small bottle from his pocket, and threw it upon the floor;—the label was around it, upon which was inscribed "*Poison*."

In a moment Louisa quitted the apartment, she rushed from the house, flew with the swiftness of lightning for medical assistance, and when arrived at her destination,

terror and agony of grief had paralysed her power of utterance; there she stood gazing upon the surgeon, wholly unable to articulate. Seizing a pen, however, she hastily wrote upon a scrap of paper "poison," and motioned the person addressed to accompany her. In a few moments she was again at the side of her husband, who had fallen senseless upon the ground, and apparently beyond the reach of surgery. The agony of Louisa was too great for tears, her brain was burning, and her heart almost burst with throbbing, but tears came not to her relief; she busied herself in assisting in her husband's recovery:—she chafed his temples, placed his hands within her bosom, called upon him; and when the poisonous ingredients had been removed from his stomach, and the restoratives that were administered began to take effect, and Frederick again opened his eyes upon the world, she burst into a fit of extravagant laughter;—she sat enjoying her wild merriment, her eyes flashing fire, her lips parched, while the room echoed again with her frantic laughter; until she fell into a calm fit, and then she was carefully and gently removed to her bed.

Frederick rapidly recovered, but alas, the agony of the wife had been too great; reason had left its throne, and she became an idiot! It is needless to describe the husband's sufferings, or the upbraidings of his own heart; he was suddenly and most miraculously restored to affluence, but she who could alone make his existence peaceful, seemed lost to him for ever. She would sit, day after day, silent and mournful, gazing upon vacancy, and occasionally breathing deep and poignant sighs; then she would murmur words, the very indistinctness of which was terrible. Frederick would sit beside her for hours, holding her hand within his, but she knew him not, neither seemed to be aware of the presence of any one; she was a spectre walking the earth, but having no communion with earthly things.

One evening, as Frederick was, as usual, sitting by her side, and while she was in a profound sleep, he perceived her features gather into a smile, a roseate hue flushed her white cheek, her lips quivered, and she seemed to be under the impression of a pleasant dream. Tears fell from Frederick's eyes as he gazed upon the lovely but agonizing appearance of his wife, and pressing her to his bosom, he kissed her pale forehead, and sighed. The action waked Louisa—she arose quickly from Frederick's neck, and gazing upon him for a moment, parted her hair upon her forehead—passed her hands rapidly before her eyes, and again gazing upon her husband, she fell weeping upon his neck.

"Louisa!" exclaimed the enraptured Frederick, perceiving her gradual return to reason—"Louisa—my dear—dear wife!"

"Oh, I have had a fearful dream!" replied she, still clinging to his neck. "I dread to look around me lest it may prove true."

"Fear not, my Louisa, kindest and best of women; our perils now are past, and happiness assuredly awaits us. I have been indeed unkind to you."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louisa, beholding her husband stedfastly, "I do remember _____."

"Can you forgive me, Louisa?"

The steadfast gaze of the lovely one relaxed into a look of tenderness and pity, and placing her hand within that of Frederick's, she replied in her usual affectionate tone, "Frederick—you are still *my husband*!"

"And, Louisa," exclaimed he, "is still my beloved and angel wife!"

It was a scene of happiness—of purity—of virtuous love. The felicity of Frederick and Louisa may be imagined by the reader.

The husband and the wife were happy; they offered their mutual thanksgivings to Heaven, and their after-days were blest with the perfection of human bliss.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND ATTACK
OF THE
COMBINED FORCES OF FRANCE AND SPAIN,
UPON THE
FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR, THE 13TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1782.
(From Drinkwater's Account of the Siege.)

In the evening, about dusk, a number of men were observed to embark from the Orange-grove, on board the Battering-ships, which, with the presence of the fleet and the wind blowing favourably, induced us to conclude that the important attack was not long to be deferred.

The Enemy's cannonade was continued, almost on the same scale as the preceding days, during the night of the 12th. The next morning, we observed the Combined Fleet had made some new arrangements in their position, or moorings, and that the remaining two Battering-ships had joined the others at the Orange-grove, where their WHOLE force seemed to be assembled. About a quarter before seven o'clock some motions were observed amongst their shipping; and soon after, the BATTERING-SHIPS got underway, with a gentle breeze from the north-west, standing to the southward, to clear the men of war; and were attended by a number of boats. As our Navy were constantly of opinion that the Ships would be brought before the Garrison in the night, few suspected that the present manœuvres were preparatory to their finally entering on the interesting enterprise; but observing a crowd of spectators on the beach, near Point Mala, and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the Garrison, the Governor thought it would be imprudent any longer to doubt it. The Town-batteries were accordingly manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot ordered to be lighted.

Thus prepared for their reception, we had leisure to notice the Enemy's evolutions. The ten Battering-ships, after leaving the men of war, wore to the north; and a little past nine o'clock bore down in admirable order for their several stations; the Admiral in a two decker, mooring about nine hundred yards off the King's bastion; the others successively taking their places to the right and left of the flag-ship, in a masterly manner; the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the Garrison. Our Artillery allowed the Enemy every reasonable advantage, in permitting them, without molestation, to choose their distance; but as soon as the first ship dropped her anchors, (which was about a quarter before ten o'clock,) that instant our firing commenced. The Enemy were completely moored in little more than ten minutes.—The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous. The showers of shot and shells which were directed from their Land-batteries, the Battering-ships, and, on the other hand, from the various works of the Garrison, exhibited a scene, of which, perhaps, neither the pen nor the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say, that FOUR HUNDRED PIECES of the heaviest Artillery were playing at the same moment; an instance which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines of destruction.

After some hours' cannonade, the Battering-ships were found to be no less formidable than they had been represented. Our heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, whilst the thirty-two-pound shot seemed incapable of making any visible impression upon their hulls. Frequently we flattered ourselves they were on fire; but no sooner did the smoke appear, than, with the most persevering intrepidity, men were observed applying water, from their engines within, to those places whence the smoke issued. These circumstances, with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine, that the attack would not be so soon decided, as, from our recent successes against their Land-batteries, we had fondly expected. Even the Artillery themselves, at this period, had their doubts of the effect of the red-hot shot, which began to be used about twelve, but were not general till between one and two o'clock.

During the hottest period of the Enemy's cannonade, General Elliott was on the King's bastion, whilst Lieutenant General Boyd* took his station up south bastion, animating the Garrison by their presence, and encouraging emulation. The exertions and activity of the brave ARTILLERY, in this well-contest, deserve the highest commendation. To their skill, perseverance, and with the zealous assistance of the Line, (particularly the corps in town, the 39 72nd regiments,) was Gibraltar indebted for its safety against the Combined by sea and land, of France and Spain; and the Marine Brigade, though they had so considerable a share in the duties of the Batteries, yet merit the warmest praise for their generous intrepidity in rescuing their devoted enemies from amidst the flank.

The Enemy, in this action, had more than three hundred pieces of heavy artillery in play; whilst the Garrison had only eighty cannon, seven mortars, and howitzers in opposition. Upwards of eight thousand three hundred rounds, more than half of which were *red-hot shot* and SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIX barrels of gunpowder were expended by our Artillery. What quantity of ammunition was used by the Enemy could never be ascertained.

ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, like a blooming flower,
Is evanescent, and an hour
May steal its sweets away;
The charms which to the enraptur'd eye
It oft presents, ne'er can defy
Time's most destructive sway.

But mental beauty cannot fade,
Though age and poverty invade,
To bow the spirit down;
For its mild and heavenly form
Triumphant rides through every storm,
Nor heeds misfortune's frown.

Peaceful through life, serene in death,
She tranquilly resigns her breath,
And quits this earthly sphere;
Whose mind's endow'd with beauty's charms,
While heaven's pure joys her bosom warms,
And angels guard her there.

E. C

. Cumberland Lodge, October, 1835.

*It will not be improper in this place to notice, that General Boyd was the first on the King's bastion, as it will be an apology for introducing a remarkable speech General's on that occasion. In 1773, General Boyd, attended by Colonel Greville, Chief Engineer, and many Field Officers of the Garrison, laid the foundation stone of that work, with the ceremony usual on such occasions. Upon placing the stone, "This," said the General, "is the first stone of a work which I name the Bastion: may it be as gallantly defended, as I know it will be ably executed; and I live to see it resist THE UNITED EFFORTS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN."

(SELECTED.)

WINTER.

THOU hast thy beauties ; sterner ones I own,
 Than those of thy precursors ; yet to thee
 Belong the charms of solemn majesty
 And naked grandeur : awful is the tone
 Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
 By hurrying winds across the troubled sky.
 Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
 Through leafless boughs, —with ivy overgrown.
 Thou hast thy decorations too ; although
 Thou art austere ; thy studded mantle gay
 With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
 As erst Golcondas ; and thy pure array
 Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
 Envelopes nature, till her features seem
 Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MY WIFE.

Dear is the mem'ry of that delicious hour
 When first I met thee—Mary ; O, thou lovely one,
 How beautiful thou wert, how like a fresh young flower,
 In all its native purity—blooming alone !
 I love to think upon those happy, happy days,
 When we first lov'd ; time—time then glided smoothly by,
 When first thy youthful charms with love inspired my lays,
 And all our life was one sweet dream of hope and joy.
 Since then, years have roll'd on, and love's young dream is o'er,
 The spell is broken—life's realities we know ;
 On fancy's fond imaginings we live no more,
 But greater joys are ours than fancy can bestow.
 Together we have buffeted life's stormy sea,
 Rejoiced together, when kind heaven hath sent us peace ;
 Content and happy still, whatever fate's decree,
 Our love, midst all our trials, time does but increase.
 And so 'twill be, my love, till time shall be no more,
 Our cup of joy 'tis true death may awhile remove ;
 Till happily we meet again on that blest shore,
 Where storms nor tempests are—where all is peace and love.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The very able manner in which the subject of the Widow and Orphans' Fund has been already treated, and the apparently universal acknowledgment of its practicability and usefulness, may, perhaps, have rendered the following remarks unnecessary. But, as there is evidently a difference of opinion existing, as to the plan to be adopted, by which that great benevolent undertaking is most likely to become permanently successful ; and, as I believe it will be granted, that the best way of

coming to a right conclusion, is by the promulgation of opinion preparatory to its final arrangement, I trust I shall not be accused of being actuated by ostentatious motives in addressing you on the subject.

I am opposed to the opinion of many of my Welch brothers, whose argument against P. G. Myers' plan is, that the Magazine being exclusively an English publication, they cannot participate in the advantages to be derived from a perusal of its contents. This argues no more than that no *immediate* benefit would accrue to them in the event of their becoming subscribers; but might not the same objection be offered against the proposed plan of raising the necessary sum by a fixed subscription? The good to be derived from *such* arrangement must, of course, be *entirely* in the perspective.

In order to further the wishes of our Cambrian friends would it not be advisable to allow (occasionally) the insertion of a Welch article in the Magazine? We have men, Gentlemen, amongst us, whose lucubrations, if given in the spirit of their native language, although they might not tend to amuse the great majority of your readers, would not detract from the genuine value of the publication, either on the score of literary worth or practical utility. Let their productions of course, be subject to the censorship of competent persons, previously to their transmission for insertion.

Among the reasons which may be advanced in favour of the voluntary system of devoting the profits of the Magazine to the promotion of the proposed object is, the important consequence of the immense increased circulation it would receive; for, if the moral condition of the members of the Order is improved by the social instruction and friendly admonition it disseminates; and if their minds be enlarged, and their intellectual capacities improved by its converse, then must it be a matter of the first import, that we endeavour to enlarge the sphere of its influence.

When time, the ripener of all things, shall have brought our embryo into a state of maturity, there will doubtless, be many whose appeals for relief will be deemed not of sufficient weight in the scale of importance. Will not then the consideration act as a solace to the minds of the abiders, by whom such cases may be adjudicated, that although perhaps reluctantly compelled to withhold the desired boon, the brothers, on whose behalf the applications are tendered, have already received an equivalent for the sums they have subscribed?

For these and other reasons, which to avoid prolixity, I decline stating, I advocate (with deference to the opinions of those who entertain different views) the originally projected plan.

Yet, let me not be accused of stubbornness: for although it may be a source of regret, that an unobjectionable rule cannot at once be laid down and acted upon, so in (the absence of such *desideratum*; and feeling, as I do, an anxiety to put a shoulder although a weak one) to the wheel, I suggest, if eventually it should be found necessary, that non-subscribers to the Magazine contribute in such sums, and at such periods, as hereafter may be thought advisable.

With best wishes for the success of this, and every other undertaking, which has a tendency to ameliorate the distress of mankind for its basis, I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, obediently,

T. VAUGHAN, PROV. C. S.

LETTERS FROM A RAMBLER.

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS.

No. I.

DEAR L—,

Jersey, July, 183—.

AFTER a constant residence in the same place, it is pleasing to know the ways and doings of other people; to observe the variety of customs among different nations, and to trace the characteristics of humanity through all the variety of tribe and lineage. Surely, then, not the least pleasing part of this knowledge must be that of those people who are, in one sense, our fellow-countrymen; in another, foreigners; who join with us in nominal fealty to the same Sovereign, but neither recognise the same laws, nor even share our language, our customs, and our burthens.

It is not, I believe, generally known, that a portion of the British dominions, within twelve hours' sail from the coast of England, differs from the parent land in all the particulars before mentioned;—yet such is the case. The cluster of islands in the English channel,—of which Jersey is the principal,—is the portion to which I allude; and, as I now find myself with a little spare time, I hasten to redeem my promise to you, by giving such an outline of my ramblings as may serve, though in humble style, to illustrate the country in which they are taken. So off I start,—and as I have been myself a ramblor of late, you must not grumble if my pen should be, at times, similarly inclined.

The usual mode of conveyance is by steam packet, on board which I embarked at Southampton, about seven o'clock in the evening: the weather was wet, and, for the season, sufficiently gloomy and cold to have been in perfect unison with the temper of the veriest misanthropist; so uninviting, indeed, was the aspect of affairs on deck, that, after we had passed the Isle of Wight, with its huge chalky cliffs and lofty light-house, I repaired to the cabin. But even there appearances were not much mended: the frigidity of the atmosphere seemed to have infused itself into the passengers, and the only change was from gloomy elements to equally gloomy company; for, in the whole number, no two were found having anything like sympathy for each other.—Sociability seemed entirely out of the question, so I contented myself with taking a silent survey of the scene before me. The cabin was large and handsomely fitted-up; along each side were three tiers of births or beds, just large enough for one person to lie down in each, but by no means allowing the luxury of a stretch, or even of sitting in anything like an upright position. The uppermost tier is the most difficult of access, but the most desirable for a dormitory, for several reasons, one of which was soon shown in the following incidents, which caused more merriment to some of the spectators than perhaps could have been done by any other occurrence in existing circumstances. Several passengers, who had a dread of sea-sickness, took to their births, as soon as the vessel got out to sea,—imagining, that so doing is the best preventative against it; though, for my own part, I can scarcely see how shutting one's self up in a cage not much larger than a coffin, and almost as close, is likely to act as a tranquilizer of the stomach, especially when that cage is, with about forty others, in an equally close and almost stifling cabin. Among others, a gentleman had quietly laid himself in one of the lowest tier, and most incautiously, and in despite of numerous sounds, betokening, like distant thunder, a coming storm, had ventured to stretch his head and shoulders out of the front of his birth, and was gently reposing in that position, when he was saluted from an upper apartment, occupied by a fat cockney dame, with a shower almost equal in quantity and effect to that which Vesuvius of old bestowed upon the unfortunate Pompeians; not certainly so hot as the suffocating ashes and burning lava, but quite sufficient to obscure the head and shoulders of the one as completely as the other were buried beneath the surface of the earth.

Finding that matters did not much mend with keeping, and feeling myself a little qualmish, out of sympathy, no doubt, with the hapless gent., I wended my way on deck, taking care, in my passage down the cabin, to keep as much in the centre as possible, lest the tenant of some upper story should feel inclined to bestow his favours in equal abundance upon me. Never, I think, did I experience a more refreshing

change than in breathing the pure air of heaven, after having so long inhaled the noxious vapours below ;—the gloom had cleared off, the clouds were dispelled, and the clear, dark, ethereal vault was displayed in all its magnificence ; the stars were glittering in their mighty array, and the moon,—the shining moon,—was

“—————hung in the deep abyss,
Like something lost from the realms of bliss :”

and then she sailed along, her gentle beams shedding a calm lustre on the heaving rest-
less ocean, and pointing out no unapt symbol of the difference between the turbulent
course of time, and the stillness and serenity of eternity.

We proceeded thus for several hours, when a light was discerned at a considerable distance. I should not have mentioned this but for the following anecdote, which shows how strongly human nature is affected by local circumstances. The light proceeded from a lighthouse, built on a long and dangerous ridge of rocks, called the Casket Rocks, which extend a great distance, and are many miles from the nearest shore. The only inhabitants of this uninviting abode are two families, who have charge of the lighthouses, and whose intercourse with strangers is of the most limited nature. One of them had a daughter, who had never been from home, not even to any of the nearest islands, until she was about fourteen years of age, when she was taken to Guernsey ; but the novelty of the scene so far from charming, proved so repugnant to her, that she would not, by any means, be content until she returned to her native rocks, declaring that she was quite disgusted with the noise and confusion of the world ! What would she have said or thought, had she, by any magic, have been transported to the modern Babel of Cheapside or Holborn ? Some philosophers might admire this, and call it innate simplicity ; others would look upon it with contempt and derision. Which would be right ?

Our course lay past the islands of Alderney, Heima, and Guernsey, at which latter place we stopped to land some passengers, and take on board others. As its extent and importance demand more than a few passing observations, I shall content myself at present with noticing that the town of St. Peters, with its castle, churches, hospital, and shipping, presents a fine bold appearance from the sea, and betokens a place of industry and commerce. We did not stay long, but bearing away passed the island of Serk, and in about three hours were alongside the coast of Jersey. The first aspect of this island promises anything but fertility and verdure. We sailed along one entire side, which presented to the view nothing but an unbroken range of rocks, without any signs of either inhabitants or culture, save a few signal posts and watch towers at short intervals along the cliffs. But if this prospect be dreary, it only renders the approaching scene more striking and grand. On rounding a promontory, at the extremity of the island, the centre bay of St. Aubins is presented to the view. In the centre stands Elizabeth Castle, uprearing its lofty battlements from the sea ; on the left hand is the town of St. Aubins, with its windmills and spire embosomed in wood of the richest luxuriance ; to the right lies the town of St. Helens, stretching its suburbs along the bay, while its pier and batteries present a lively, and, at the same time, a formidable front to the sea. The back ground of the picture consists of a long succession of heights, part in a state of excellent cultivation, and part covered with wood, while numerous villas, and two or three villages, with their spired churches, are visible in different places, and altogether form one of the most beautiful scenes that anywhere meet the eye of the traveller. This bay is about three miles from one extremity to the other, and is said to bear a great resemblance to the far-famed Bay of Naples, and I have been told, by those who have seen both, that the similitude is, in some points, very striking.

On approaching the harbour, we found the tide so low that it was not only impossible for the packet to come up to the landing place, but even for a small boat to reach it. We were accordingly packed into a boat, to be taken by it so far as the depth of water would allow, where a number of coaches, gigs, barouches, and carts, were waiting for us, some of them up to the axles in water. The moment the boat grounded, some of the vehicles backed against it with such force, that there was some danger of exchanging the ferry boat of the honest Jerseyman for that of Charon. The boat was also besieged by a number of porters, immersed to the middle, who were so

clamorous as to be scarcely restrained from seizing the luggage of the passengers, and carrying it off *et et armis*; I have no reason to believe that they had any intention of purloining a single article, but their eagerness for a job was certainly anything but agreeable, especially to one who had several articles to look after. At last, by the joint assistance of boat and cart, we were fairly landed, when one of the aforesaid porters, who had, for some distance, waded, merman-like, alongside the cart, seized my luggage, and with great politeness told me, he should be very proud to serve me, at the same time assuring me that he bore an excellent character, and if I had any doubts upon the subject, he could refer me to Dr. —, of — Terrace; to Mr. —, of — street; to Mr. —, of — place, and some half dozen others, filling up the list with wonderful rapidity, and then proceeded, dripping wet, to carry it whither I directed him. It is needless to add, that I did not trouble any of the gentlemen referred to, for the character of my obsequious porter.

Having thus taken you in idea from the shores of England to this "Isle of Beauty," I must pause awhile to notice the ways and manners of those I am among. I do not intend to give you a critical notice of the place, and all connected with it, but just to note whatever I may find in my rambles worthy of being committed to paper, and capable of affording amusement for a leisure hour to myself in the writing, and to you in the perusing, and if my scribblings are worth the trouble of the latter, I shall consider myself much indebted to good fortune, and more to your good nature.

Your's, truly,

G. P. J.

The following is extracted from a Volume of Poems, published by a gentleman, we believe a native of Manchester, entitled,

"BOWDEN."

Now standing on sweet Bowden's height,
The pure serene, with clouds bedight,
In distance fades to mock the sight,

And blends the hills with sky;
Whilst transcendent beams of light oft fall
On Rostherne's mere, on Tatton's hall,
On dingle low, or steeple tall,
On Dunham, sere and dry.

On Knutsford tower, and costly gaol,
On High Leigh, Ashley, or on Hale,
The flickering lights and shadows fail
To yield a steady view:
Likes hopes and fears of fleeting good,
On boyish plans, half understood;
Or man's, who dare not, though he would,
His highest bliss pursue.

Scarce from this lofty esplanade,
Has been you smoky town surveyed,
The wealthy capital of trade,
Ere others claim the gaze:
Stockport and Ashton half revealed
Warrington, Bolton, Macclesfield,
By rising grounds are just concealed,
Or lost amid the haze.

Lowly winds Bollin, fraught with trout,
While chains of mountains round about,
Rivington Pike, and Kinder Scout,
Alderley's beetling brow;
Cloud-end and Mow-cop bound the view,
Saddleworth's hills and Goit's moss too,
With Peckforton's of misty blue,
And Blackstone Edge I throw.

I pass the hall, the barns, the rill
The rustic bridge, and Ashley mill,
The road that winds along the hill,
The shadowy woody lane:
And at the sound of yon sweet bells,
Retrace the footpaths through the dell,
And tangled brake, yclept the Yells,
To yonder sacred fane.

* * * * *

There stands the simple gothic pile,
Where rustics crowd the gate and stile,
By yews and limes o'erreached the while:
The eastern window there
Excludes whilst it receives the ray,
That sparkles in the garish day,
And says, or rather seems to say,
"This is the House of Prayer."

'Tis not the dialled porch alone,
 'Tis not the gray and mossy stone ;
 Nor yet the pealing organ's tone ;
 Nor sacred volume placed :
 Nor seats arranged with decent care,
 Nor Flaxman's chiselled marble rare ;
 Nor dust of heroes slumb'ring there,
 By which the fabric's graced.

No !—'Tis that under this carved roof,
 The rich and poor have equal proof,
 Of equal debt in their behoof,
 By Calvary's suffering clear :
 And that the preachers do not trace,
 In life or death, worship or grace
 A different fate, a several place,
 For peasant and for peer.

LIGHTS AND SHADES,
 IN SEVEN CANTOS,
 FROM THE HEART,
 BY PETER SIMPLE.

SONG OF THE P. G.

HAIL ! meekest, sweetest, best of any
 Society, of all the many.
 Hail, purest, sweetest, best of bands,
 I sing the cause of hearts and hands.
 Hail, mighty beam of brightest ray
 Thy magic acts, who dare gainsay ?
 Hail, Queen of FRIENDSHIP, and of bliss ;
 Hail, source of LOVE, and happiness ;
 Hail, fount of TRUTH, to every breast ;
 Hail, Home of succour, place of rest ;
 Hail, pleasing temple of our joys ;
 Hail, holy palace of the wise ;
 Hail, spangled gem, of every pearl,
 All hail Odd Fellowship ! unfurl
 Thy glorious Banner, while I sing
 Of roses cull'd from many a spring,
 Of gayest flowers in that bed,
 Where sweet perfume will ever shed
 Its fragrance, o'er our hallowed theme.
 Awake ! arise ! the dullest beam !—

Awake ! arise ! Odd Fellows all ;—
 Awake ! arise ! to Virtue's call ;—
 Awake ! behold ! the happy smile
 Of tens of thousands in the toil.
 The loveliest, best, the proudest doom,
 Where May-flowers must ever bloom.
 Round *Friendship's* brow we will entwine
 The only bliss that can combine
 To gild our Lodge with cheerful light,
 With choicest prospects ever bright,—
 With sweetest joys in festive ring,—
 With social scenes that upward wing.
 Let us in *Love* now point his dart,
 While *Truth's* sweet incense we impart
 To our new made brethren, in bliss
 Transporting sweets to holiness.
 Ever,—ever,—let us unite,
 Ever,—ever,—bestow our mite ;
 Ever,—ever,—let us accord,
 Belov'd by all, by none abhorr'd.

CANTO II.

SONG OF THE N. G.

A FACT.

I saw a man worn down with toil,
 Houseless, homeless, many a mile
 Apart 'tween him and his known friends ;
 His body swept the earth, as bends
 The cypress in an eastern gale,
 His haggard countenance so pale:
 Wretched was he beyond the lot
 Of common men ; he had forgot,
 Till I did chafe his scatter'd sense,
 (Sweetest recollection !) from whence

He did originally roam ;
 Who his parents, or where his home :
 At last he spoke, but oh ! the tone
 Of his faint voice, the deadly moan
 That hung upon his words, his look
 Of anguish'd brow ; he had forsook
 The crowd, the world, and seem'd to be
 Releas'd from starving agony.
 " Mercy," were his last words, " I die,
 See,"—and expir'd without a sigh !

He was a man among the few,
 Belov'd by all ; and they who knew
 His many virtues, often said,
 A real christian's life he'd led :
 Oh ! had this lonely wanderer's fate
 Been link'd to ours, his wretched state
 Had not occur'd ; instead of which,
He died from want ! was he not rich
 In leaving behind a good name ?
 He was,—but let his ill-fate flame

The theme of every honest heart.
 "Life's a Lottery," then let's impart,
 Bless, and preserve our dear treasurer,
 Real Odd Fellowship ; what measure
 In this wide world is so replete
 With every blessing ? I repeat,
 Thou art the sun—the God of my
 Idolatry, on earth my joy ;
 And my first prayer shall ever be,
 Pure Odd Fellowship, God bless thee.

(END OF CANTO II,—TO BE CONTINUED.)

Leeds, November 21st, 1835.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
 MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The following particulars of a Procession of the members of the Leeds District, which took place on Sunday, the 8th day of November, 1835, will, I hope, be considered worthy a place in the Magazine. I have been induced to offer this contribution from your frank and generous invitation, given in your address in the last number of the Magazine.—The first part is a copy of the letter sent to the Vicar of Leeds, and inserted in the *Mercury* and the *Leeds Times* Newspapers, explaining the resolutions passed, and the particulars relative to the carrying of the resolutions into effect.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

REFUSAL OF THE VICAR TO PREACH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEEDS MERCURY.

SIR,

If you can find room in your valuable and widely circulated paper, for the following letter to the Vicar of Leeds, you will oblige me and the members of our Order.

The reason I have troubled you on this occasion, is as far as lies in my power, to set the Vicar right in the opinion he may form, or has formed, respecting the Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity. At a meeting of the District of our Order in Leeds, it was unanimously agreed to have a Procession to the Parish Church, of as many members of the District as could attend on the 8th day of November, 1835, and that the Vicar should be applied to, and requested to preach a sermon in behalf of the three charitable Institutions of the town, viz :—The Infirmary, the House of Recovery, and the public Dispensary, and, that after service, a collection should be made by the brothers present, in aid of the funds of the said charitable Institutions. Two delegates were appointed to carry the above resolutions into effect, and waited on his Reverence, and to their surprise received a decided negative ; the Vicar stating that he did not preach sermons for Odd Fellows, or anything of the kind. In consequence of such answer, I now address the worthy Vicar.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL NORTON.*

*At my request C. S. Norton generously allowed his name to be attached to this letter, to meet the public eye ; reasons connected with my situation in life, forbidding my own name to appear.—W. A.

TO THE VICAR OF LEEDS.

REVEREND SIR,

Without wishing to offend, or thinking it necessary to apologise for intruding myself on your notice, I beg of you to pay particular attention to the following facts, they being a few out of a many that I could produce of the like nature. There are, Sir, in the Leeds District alone, 4405 effective members of the Order of the Manchester Unity; these members pay on an average £500 per annum for funerals of their brethren and wives, they likewise pay £2000 per annum for their sick and distressed brothers in charitable donations. Surely, Sir, such conduct as this deserves a consideration even from you, different from closing the church door against us.—But, perhaps you have taken the members of our Order for a party of men, combined together for the purpose of forming drinking clubs, and societies for spreading vice, misery, and woe through the land. Granting it were so,—is the Vicar of Leeds, who has the cure of souls under his care, the man who ought to turn such from his church? No, Sir, you know it is your duty to seek and save such by visiting their homes, and instructing them in that truth which “leads unto salvation;” you know where it is said, “there is more rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons.” I have said, were we a society for encouraging dissolute habits, intemperance, and wickedness, you ought not to have turned us away from you with contempt; but it is with pleasure, I now inform you, that such is not the case. No, Sir, our Lodges, though they are held at public houses in general, are not places of retreat for men who neglect their homes and families—they are not suitable for men who spend their days at taverns, and commit all kinds of vice in the night, nor are they places adapted for drunkards, for this reason,—the first time any member is discovered to be intoxicated in a Lodge, he is fined five shillings, the second time ten shillings, the third time he is reported to a Committee of the District, and suffers as it thinks proper. I will not say that all our members are free from the degrading habit of inebriety out of their Lodge, but I will assure you, that such are “admonished with friendship, reprehended with mercy,” and chastened as brothers and friends. I hope, Sir, that I have convinced you, that intemperance does not form any part of the constitution of our Order. No, Sir, our Lodges form a respectable, numerous, and well-ordered fraternity, “bound together” as they are by charity, they render essential service to each other, through all the various vicissitudes of life: one feeling—to do good—emanates from the bosoms of all. THIS IS OUR GRAND SECRET; and I will assure you we are not without opportunities to exercise that feeling, for in so numerous a body, some are visited by sickness, accident, or disease, and compelled to call for the healing balm of relief.

The *object*, the *case*, and the *character* of the individual is made manifest beyond the reach of imposition, and relief is promptly afforded; every donation is voluntarily bestowed, and though the circumstances of some enable them to give more than others, all are equally acceptable,—the inclination to do good, is far more regarded than the ability without it. Such, Sir, is the compact existing amongst us, and I will assure you, that bound together as we are, by acts of charity, we, the Independent Order of the Manchester Unity, will not yield to any other benevolent institution of which our happy country can boast;—we yield to none in relieving the distressed and diseased on the bed of affliction. Our Order has relieved such until death has removed them from us, and after death we take care that their remains are decently interred, and all *Vicarage dues* paid; and not unfrequently pay over to the widow handsome subscriptions, varying from £5. to £100., and in addition have nourished, protected, and apprenticed their offspring; which, had it not been for the benevolence of our Order, must have been thrown on the world, without any one to direct their steps in the paths of morality and virtue; and, perhaps, like other unfortunate creatures, been left to imbibe, in early life, habits of idleness, vice, profligacy, and intemperance, which might have rendered them unfit for social life, and, by violating the laws of their country, rendered themselves, and all around them, unhappy; until, perhaps, hurried to the scaffold, there to end their career in ignominy and disgrace;—to snatch such “brands from the burning” is our duty, and forms part of

our excellent Institution. Yes, Sir, I have seen the sick parent of such children on the bed of death, from which some of his children have been just taken to the grave, and he expecting every day to follow them; I have seen such a man smile with gratitude for our assistance. I have been one who has assisted to cheer the otherwise cheerless heart of that man while he lived, and have seen the weary and destitute provided with a bed and nourishment, until able to pursue his journey in search of employment; yes, I have seen the tear of gratitude fall from the stranger's cheek, and contentment and happiness take their station in his bosom through our exertions. Now, Sir, if by doing such acts as these, we have incurred your displeasure, we do, indeed, rejoice in our excommunication. I hope, from what I have stated, you will now be convinced, that charity is not a stranger amongst us, and that you ought to be sorry for having closed the doors of your church against the members of a society, who are endeavouring, by every means in their power, to relieve the town and neighbourhood of a portion of the burthen of poor's rate, and to such an extent do they accomplish this object, that no other Order has the power; namely, by expending nearly £3000 per annum in this District alone, in these laudable objects. Surely, Sir, this circumstance ought to have entitled us to your respect and approbation; but, instead of receiving your praise and esteem, you have spurned us from you with contempt. How different was the conduct of that meek and lowly personage you pretend to represent? yes, so different was the conduct of our blessed Lord and Saviour, while he sojourned on this earth, that it is enough to make me think you have never carefully read the history of his life; if you had, and paid any attention to the precepts it inculcates, you would, I doubt not, have acted a different part. Happy for us, our eternal welfare does not depend on the Vicar of Leeds; no, Sir, there are other christian ministers in this town, and one of them will preach to such an Order, for the purpose that you were first requested: yes, you had the preference, but to our astonished delegates, who waited on your Reverence, your answer was as before related. After such refusal, our delegates waited upon the Rev. Thomas Scales, and requested him to preach, and he has generously complied with our request; and, dear Sir, such sermon, God willing, will be preached in Queen-street Chapel, on Sunday Afternoon, the 8th day of November, 1835, where we shall be glad to meet you, and I doubt not, you will hear the word of truth preached in such a way, that it will remove the scales from your eyes, and shew that it would not have degraded your character or church, by complying with our request, viz:—to preach a sermon in aid of charity:—*Charity* again! I am afraid you will be weary of reading so much about charity, therefore, I shall conclude, hoping that neither you nor any of your family may stand in need of our charity, but peace and plenty be your portion in this life; and when you are called into eternity, may you present your flock with confidence to your God, and may he receive them with smiles from your hands, and say unto you,—well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into everlasting rest. That such may be the case, when you are called to give an account of your stewardship before the Judge of all men, is the heartfelt wish and desire of your humble parishioner.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

SAMUEL NORTON.

THE PROCESSION.

It having been arranged that the members of the Leeds District should meet at their respective Lodge-houses at twelve at noon, and proceed thence to Hunslet, there to form in processional order; the immense mass of Odd Fellows, and some thousands of spectators completely filled that spacious section of Hunslet Moor. Previous to the main body of the Fraternity moving off, it should be stated, that twenty-four persons, amongst whom were the Prov. G. M. and D. G. M. of the District, who had been elected to effect the important business of receiving the "heart and hand" donations of this immense congregation,* moved forward to take their appointed stations in the

* The amount of members in this procession is believed to be the greatest ever seen in a provincial District, and enabled the reverend preacher to make the classical allusion to the great army of Xerxes, with an inference equally appropriate and solemn.

chapel; so that the proud distinction of leading a file of men in pairs, whose line extended nearly two miles, fell to the lot of Mr. Samuel Norton, C. S., assisted by a splendidly numerous companionship of past officers. The route was chosen down Chapel-street, (the main communication of the largest village in England,) and passing very near the Lily of the Valley Lodge-house, delighted the numerous gazers in front of host Jennings' and host Crowther's hospitable abodes. The line then marched on by the Highgate to Larchfield, near which point the road opens into a finely extended Reach, whose crescents, undulating in delightful curves, afforded the most picturesque view of the procession, from the unostentatious Lodge-house of the Good Intent.— Having now arrived at a more dense part of the town, the streets were found to be lined with an assemblage of spectators, such as is not usually afforded, except in periods of West Riding elections. The march was now continued over Leeds Bridge, up Briggate, along Commercial-street, where they were met and passed by *the Vicar of Leeds* then on to Bond-street, past the Infirmary, and down King-street, to Park Place, where the pressure of the crowd of well-dressed pedestrians, was such as totally to prevent the line from forming a moment, which had been intended, as well as to break up the line, and go individually into the commanding edifice of Queen-street Chapel, which it occupied more than half an hour to fill, although the men poured in unceasingly. Once seated, all was decorum, and one of the most impressive, eloquent, and effective services was delivered. He preached from Hebrews, 13th chap. 16th ver. "But to do good, and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

The sermon being concluded, the affairs of humanity were most actively and successfully commenced, and the announcement of a subscription amounting to £100. 8s. 6½d. was stated as a testimonial of acknowledgment of the kind attention received by Odd Fellows, when requiring the benefit of the three charities, on whose behalf their exertions were made.

The able manner in which Mr. Scales explained and illustrated his subject, gave such ample satisfaction to the assembled congregation, that it has caused the Odd Fellows who were benefited by it, to open a spirited subscription for a piece of plate, as a token of their respect to that worthy minister of the Gospel.

The day was unusually fine, and a great many attended from neighbouring and remote Districts, which swelled our numerical strength to nearly 3000; and our friends from the Districts of Addingham, Barnsley, Bradford, Bromley, Dewsbury, Halifax, Holmfirth, Horsforth, Huddersfield, Keighley, Knaresborough, Peterborough, Pontefract, Ripon, Selby, Skipton, Wakefield, and York, must here accept our brief thanks for their ample support, good conduct, and high zeal manifested on that important day, which has won for us, and them, and *charity*, an imperishable memorial in the recollection of the public of Leeds. It was truly a proud day for Odd Fellowship in Leeds, and I cannot better describe the effect, than by giving the opinion of an impartial observer, a gentleman from London, who did not know that such an Order was in existence. He exclaimed, "What a respectable body of men! What are they? What are Odd Fellows? What are their principles? I am astonished! I never saw such a numerous body of philanthropists before in my life; they are a credit to your town, and an ornament to society. This will be a topic worthy of consideration when I get to London." The same good order prevailed after service, which had characterized our proceedings throughout, and our unostentatious dispersion and peaceable return to our homes and families, left an impression on the minds of 20,000 spectators, which will remain for years to come. I cannot lay down my pen without informing you of the gratification I feel, on observing the improvements already made and intended in the Magazine, and I think it will have a powerful effect upon the Order in general. Our Lodge only used to take one number of the Magazine, until I turned canvasser for that work, and explained the change, and the object to be attained by its increased circulation, and in two Lodge-nights, I got forty-one subscribers to that valuable work; other Lodges in this District are equally active in promoting the sale, and I have no doubt, it will clear away the mists which have enveloped our Institution, and extend it to every corner of the empire. That such may be the case, and its patrons live to see their expectations realized, is the desire of your well-wisher and obedient servant,

Briton's Pride Lodge, Leeds.

P. G. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER HAS SINCE BEEN ADDRESSED
TO THE REV. MR. SCALES, MINISTER OF QUEEN-STREET CHAPEL,
LEEDS.

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

We beg leave to communicate to you, through the medium of our District Officers, a vote of thanks for your friendly and christian-like conduct to us as a body, and more especially, for the valuable sermon you so kindly delivered to us on Sunday, November 8th inst. ; hoping that the precepts and divine injunctions then imparted, will not be erased from our minds, but that the instructions "to do good and to communicate," will be held in perpetual remembrance.

We also feel grateful for the valuable assistance of the enlightened trustees, and other influential members of your chapel, for their assiduity and furtherance in this "labour of love," and cause of benevolence.

With these sentiments allow us to subscribe ourselves on behalf of the Leeds District, of the Manchester Unity of Independent Odd Fellows,

Your's, very respectfully, and very gratefully,

WILLIAM MYERS, Prov. G. M.

ROBERT KAY, Prov. D. G. M.

SAMUEL NORTON, P. Prov. G. M. and C. S.

P. G. SEWALL, AMANUENSIS PRO TEMP.

Leeds, November 21st, 1835.

THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL, KENDAL.



TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

KENDAL, though not the county town of Westmoreland, is an ancient corporation, and the most populous and flourishing place of that original boundary, and is pleasantly situated in a valley, on the banks of the river Kent; on the opposite of which, on

a beautifully rising eminence, stand the ruins of its once noble castle, the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the eight and last wife of Harry the VIII, of whom it was well-said, "that he spared not man in his anger, nor woman in his lust."

Immediately above the town, environed with trees, and directly opposite the castle, is a stone pillar, bearing the following inscription,

SACRED TO LIBERTY,

**THIS OBELISK WAS ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1788,
IN MEMORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.**

From this situation, a delightful view of the valley is obtained.

Kendal has many good buildings, the houses are principally rough-cast, and covered with blue slate, which gives the town a neat and clean appearance; the principal streets are spacious, well paved or macadamized, and lighted with gas. The church situated in Kirkland, is a spacious building of plain gothic architecture, consisting of a nave, chancel, and four side aisles, and is capable of accommodating from 2000 to 3000 persons. It boasts of a fine organ, and a peal of ten bells, generally allowed to be one of the most harmonious in the kingdom; it is also embellished with numerous marble monuments to the memory of departed worth, to

"Men by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven."

The Odd Fellows' Hall stands on the rising part of Highgate, on the very identical spot where the Nelson Lodge was opened in 1820. It is an elegant stone building, and besides the necessary accommodations of a respectable inn, contains the Lodge-room, the entrance to which from the street, is wholly unconnected with the house, and as such used on Lodge-nights and public occasions. It consists of a noble room, 46 feet long by 28 wide, and 18½ feet high, lighted by two windows of stained glass at the extreme end; and two circular domes, 27½ from the floor. At the other end is a music gallery; the room is tastefully fitted up, and adjacent, are two commodious anti-rooms, used for the purposes of the Lodge.

There is, perhaps, no District in the Unity, that has had more difficulties to contend against than Kendal, but it has with infinite labour triumphantly overcome them all. The foundation stone of the hall was laid on the 19th of February, 1833, by Edward Greenhow, Esq., (the then Secretary to the Lodge) amidst hundreds of spectators, whom the novelty of the scene, and the procession had drawn together, and several excellent speeches, explanatory of the principles of Odd Fellowship, were delivered by our friends Carter, Greenhow, and R. Wilson.

So zealous were the members in proceeding with this good work, that the hall was opened on the 21st of October, 1833, being the anniversary of the original opening of the Lodge, with a most splendid procession, consisting of upwards of 500 persons, and on which joyous occasion, the G. M. of the Order (J. R. White) and numerous visitors from the neighbouring Districts, and the more distant ones of Liverpool and Manchester added to the number, of whom 261 afterwards dined together in the hall, (besides a numerous party at the Orphans' Protection Lodge-house) and the proceedings of the day will long be held in remembrance by the "guid folk" of Kendal.

That a single Lodge should accomplish, at an outlay of nearly £3000, a work so desirable in every District, is truly astonishing, and can only be accounted for in the perseverance and unity of spirit which actuates it on all and every occasion; let other Districts but follow the example, and put their shoulders manfully to the wheel; bury trivial matters of opinion in the grave "of all the Capulets," and the day will not be far distant, when every District will possess its hall, which will not only be a lasting benefit to themselves, but a credit to the Order to which they belong. That such may be accomplished, is the sincere wish of,

Your's, fraternally,

JOHN S. MYERS.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, Dec. 1835.

BIRTHS.

September 11, 1835, the wife of brother Jesse Sherrett, of the Conciliator Lodge, Stockport, of a daughter.—November 14, 1835, the wife of P. G. Charles Sherrett, of the Conciliator Lodge, Stockport, of a son.—November 14, 1835, the wife of brother Joseph Seal, of the Conciliator Lodge, Stockport, of a daughter.—October 21, 1835, the wife of brother George Ramsden, of Aaron's Budding Rod, Stump Cross, of a son.—October 29, the wife of brother Mark Jowett, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, of a daughter.—November 8, the wife of brother John Smith, of the Peace Lodge, of a son.—June 4, the wife of brother George Lock, of Bath, of a son and heir.—October 15, the wife of N. G. Brown, of Bath, of a daughter.—On the 8th inst., the wife of P. G. James Hulse, of the Honourable George Lamb Lodge, Melbourne, of a son and heir.—On the 12th inst., the wife of brother Samuel Smith, of the Marquis of Anglessa Lodge, Burton, of a son and heir.—October 28, the wife of Mr. Nathan Charlesworth, (of Godley, near Mottram,) P. G. of the Benevolent Lodge, Hyde, of a son.—August 4, the wife of brother John Snowden, of a son.—November 19, the wife of brother Raistrick, of the Industry Lodge, of a son and heir.—September 23, the wife of brother John Dunn, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, of a daughter.—October 24, the wife of William Saul, Secretary of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, of a son.—November 15, the wife of Host Ripley, of the Friendly Lodge, Wray, of a son.—October 7, the wife of P. G. John Davies, of the Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester, of a son.—October 11, the wife of P. G. Thomas Kay, of the Earl of Oxford Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter. This is the second time that they have been confined by the same number of days from each other, and the hour.—November 19, the wife of N. G. Griffiths, of the Loyal Mona Lodge, Douglas, Isle of Man, of a daughter.—June 30, the wife of P. S. Isaac Webster, of the Friendly Mechanic Lodge, Bradford, of a son and heir.—September 5, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. William Plumpton, of the Sir William Chaytor, Sunderland, of a daughter.—October 19, the wife of brother George Dunn, of the Shakespeare Lodge, Manchester, of a son.—On the 3rd inst., the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Thomas Briscoe, of the Salopian Hope, of a daughter.—September 4, the wife of Secretary John Rice, of the Salopian Hope, of a daughter.—August 28, the wife of P. G. Thomas Onions, of the Salopian Hope, of a son.—June 15, the wife of brother William Millward, printer, of the Salopian Hope, of a daughter.—January 31, the wife of P. G. Spruce, of the Peace Lodge, Halifax District, of a son.—September 17, Ann, the wife of Luke Dearnaly, Assistant Secretary of the Key Lodge, Hadfield, of a son and heir.—October 26, Betty, the wife of Samuel Sweetman, of the Loyal Key Lodge, Hadfield, of a daughter.—December 30, 1834, the wife of P. G. Midgely, of the Dartmouth Lodge, Almondbury, Huddersfield District, of a son.—June 18, 1835, the wife of C. S. Mills, of a daughter.—July 18, the wife of N. G. Edmondson, of the Temple, of a son.—August 1, the wife of Host Joseph Wood, of the Wellington, of a son.—August 5, the wife of P. G. Townend, of the Temple, of a daughter.—May 28, the wife of N. G. Elias Cooper, of the Loyal Hand and Heart Lodge, Turton District, of a daughter.—July 4, the wife of P. Prov. C. S. Edmund Stott, of the Loyal Improvement Lodge, Turton District, of a daughter.—September 6, 1835, the wife of Thomas Grunwell, D. G. M. of the Horsforth District, of a son.—November, the wife of P. P. G. M. Robert Leach, of her twenty-first child.—July 17, the wife of brother George Rogers, of the Nelson Lodge, of a son.—September 2, the wife of brother John Smith, of the George the Fourth Lodge, Newton Heath, of a daughter.—October 19, the wife of brother Thomas Crabtree, of the Rose Lodge, Middleton and Heywood District, of a son and heir.—The wife of P. G. Jeremiah Smith, of the Hero's Glory Lodge, Halifax, of a daughter.—October 3, the wife of N. G. Thomas Hargreaves, of the Peace Lodge, Halifax, of a son.—October 24, the wife of brother John Cockcroft, of the Hero's Glory Lodge, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

November 25, 1835, P. G. Gregory, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Stockport, to Miss Plant, of Portwood.—September 1, P. G. Duncan, of the Travellers' Home

lodge, Preston, to Miss Margaret Waring.—October 27, brother W. Hand, of the Beehive lodge, Preston, to Miss Elizabeth Thornton.—January 18, 1835, V. G. James Wiseman, (late of the Earl of Warwick lodge, Warwick, but now of the Bath City lodge) to Miss Esther Yeabury, of the City of Bath.—October 27, brother Samuel Talbot, of the Marquis of Anglesea lodge, Burton, to Miss Mary Ann Shilton, of the same place.—November 22, brother Thomas Tivey, of the Honourable George Lamb, Melbourne, to Mary Matilda Witmot, of King's Newton.—May 28, 1835, at the parish church, Birstall, by the Rev. Mr. Neal, junr. Samuel Crossland, P. G. of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Elland, to Miss Mary Ann Sugden, of Cleak Heaton.—July 11th, 1835, brother John Jones, of the Loyal King Oswald lodge, Oswestry, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Richard Minshull, printer, &c. King's Arms, Oswestry.—August 6, 1835, V. G. John Lewis, of the King Oswald lodge, Oswestry, to Rebecca, daughter of Mr. Broughall, of the Llewellyn.—July 7, G. M. David Kidd, of the Belper district, to Mrs. Mary Moorley, of the Crown Inn, Duffield.—October 17, brother John Hodgson, of the Friendly lodge, Wray, to Miss Susanna Williamson.—On Sunday, October 18, 1835, at Hanley, P. V. G. Charles Ford, of the Saint John lodge, Burslem, to Miss Sophia Bradford, the only daughter of P. G. John Bradford, of the Saint Peter's Victory lodge, Hanley.—On Monday, November 16, at Wolstanton, assistant Secretary Thomas Price, of the Loyal Nelson, Goldenhill, to Miss Sophia Bromley, of Goldenhill.—On Monday, the 5th October, 1835, at the parish church, Bolton, P. V. Richard Crawshaw, of the Loyal Hearty Welcome lodge, Edgworth, to Miss Alice Howard, eldest daughter of Mr. William Howard, farrier and blacksmith, Edgworth.—June 8, P. S. John Wittam, of the Hope lodge, Stanningley, to Miss Rebecca Carter, sister to brother James Carter, of the said lodge.—October 14, Jonas Jowett, of the Good Intent lodge, Bradford, to Miss Jane Mitchell, of the said place.—Same day, John Leeming, N. G. of the Globe lodge, Bradford, to Miss Elizabeth Hudson, of the same place.—Same day, John French, N. G. of the Golden Fleece lodge, Bradford, to Miss Sarah Walker.—Same day, brother Joseph Myers, of the Evening Star lodge, Tong, to Miss Susanna Holden, of Bierley.—April 26, brother Robert Taylor, of the Hotspur lodge, Ousebourn, to Isabella Tulip.—July 3, brother George Wilkinson, of the same lodge, to Elizabeth Hailes.—October 12, brother William Turnbull, of the Sir William Chaytor lodge, to Mary, the daughter of P. G. Adamson, of the said lodge.—At the parish church of Old Swinford, brother John Paine, Warden of the Loyal Victory lodge, Bewdley, to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of the same place.—October 5, 1835, at the parish church of Glossop, brother Thomas Newton, of the Key lodge, to Miss Eliza Worthington, of Manchester.—August 10, 1835, at the parish church of Prestwich, brother James Wood, of the Key lodge, to Miss Sarah Holson, fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Hodson, of Wooley Bridge, Derbyshire.—June 24, 1835, at the parish church of Ashton-under-Line, brother Joseph Greenwood, of the above lodge, to Miss Margaret Howden, of Dinting Vale.—October 25, at Saint Mary's church, Blackburn, brother John Livsey, of the Key lodge, Hadfield, to Miss Kirkham, the eldest daughter now living of Mr. Thomas Kirkham, of Darwen in Lancashire.—On Sunday, April 26, 1835, at Llanover church, Monmouthshire, by the Rev. J. Evans, brother Thomas Watkins, Prov. D. G. M. of the Torvaen district, to Miss Mary Lewes, of Llanover court.—July 9, brother Frederick Davies, of the Loyal Cheltenham lodge, to Mrs. Potter.—October, 1835, brother Thomas Peacock, of the Loyal North Star lodge, Brompton, to Miss Mary Johnson, of Stapleton, near Darlington.—October 27, at Chelsea, P. G. R. B. Thomas, Esq., of the Loyal Saint David, Haesteg, Glamorganshire, to Harriet, daughter of the late Isaac H. Wrentmore, Esq., formerly of Boerton, Glamorganshire.—October 26, V. G. John Moore, of the Lily of the Valley lodge, Sowerby Bridge, Halifax district, to Miss Gambles, of the same place.—P. G. John Bancroft, manufacturer, of the Hero's Glory lodge, to Miss Mary Lees, only daughter of Mr. Joseph Lees, farmer, High Road, Wells, near Halifax.

DEATHS.

November 10, 1835, brother Robert Kenyon, of the Victory lodge, Stockport.—

Respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing him, brother Joseph Turner, of the Prince Regent lodge, Glossop. His end was unfortunate,—being killed on the 24th inst. by a waggon running over him: he has left a widow and three small children to deplore his loss. Who would not rejoice in the benefit derived from a Widow and Orphans' Fund in their situation? He was a tender husband, an affectionate parent, and a true and sincere Odd Fellow. On the 29th inst. his remains were attended to the grave by a vast concourse of officers and brothers to Mellor, when a most excellent Discourse was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Freem, Vicar of Mellor.—November 16, 1835, brother Abraham Marsden, of the Peace lodge, Brighouse; and P. G. John Dauber, of do. on the 27th.—September 22, 1835, P. G. Randle Westbook, of the Loyal Harvest Home lodge, Stockport, after a long and painful sickness which he bore with christian resignation: the officers and brothers of the lodge, together with a large circle of friends, assembled to pay their last respect to him, by following him to that place from whence no traveller returns,—

Where he is retir'd to rest his weary head,
'Till rocks shall rend, and graves give up their dead.

September 21, 1835, aged 29, brother William Huland, draper, of the Marquis of Anglessea lodge, Burton-upon-Trent: his death was occasioned by a pistol which accidentally exploded while in his hand, and by this melancholy event, his afflicted relations have sustained irreparable loss; society has been deprived of a worthy man, and the Order has to mourn the departure of an efficient and zealous brother.—September 13, P. G. Cook, of the Wellington lodge, Howden: He was interred on the 15th, when there was a numerous attendance of officers and brothers, and the same respect paid as if he had died in compliance with his lodge and district, and the benefit of the Fund given to his widow. [The above reflects credit on the Goolle district, and is a convincing proof,—if any was wanting,—that Odd Fellowship is more than a name, and that the cry of the fatherless and widow is not in vain.]—P. G. Isaac Overend's family, nine in number, have all (except the mother) been ill of the typhus fever, and himself and three of his children have all died in about one month; Jabez, aged seven years, died October 23; Heaton, aged four years, died October 31; Martha, aged six years, died November 21, and Isaac, their father, aged thirty-eight years, died November 22, 1835.—August 27, of the typhus fever, aged twenty-two, brother George Hickling, of the Colville lodge, highly respected by all who knew him.—Nov. 21, Hannah, the wife of P. S. Taylor, of the same lodge.—November, the infant daughter of P. G. Frederick Colwell, of the Clarence lodge, Lewes.—In the 45th year of her age, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Host Thomas Walsley, of the Haven of Rest lodge, respected by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.—September 1, C. S. William Walden, of the Gloucester district, aged 42, leaving behind him to deplore his loss, a widow far advanced in pregnancy and two children.—September 3, the wife of brother Solomon Haley, of the Hope lodge, Stanningley.—October 10, Mrs. Jane Daniel, aged 70, relict of Mr. William Daniel, of York, and the mother of P. Prov. D. G. M.s William and Samuel Daniel, of the Friendly Mechanic, and Friendly Drop lodges, Bradford district.—October 20, brother John Firth, of the Olive Branch lodge, Idle.—October 22, the wife of brother Joseph Patchett, of the Industry lodge, Bradford.—November 8, the wife of brother John Wright, of the Friendly Mechanic lodge, Bradford.—September 6, the infant son of P. G. Winwood, of the Victory lodge, Bewdley.—October 2, aged 40, P. G. David Bedford, of the Briton's lodge, East Ardsley: his death was occasioned by a rope breaking, and fell about one hundred yards down a coal pit; he has left a wife and eight children to bewail his loss: the brethren of the lodge paid their last respects to him on Sunday, the 4th inst., by following him in procession, with a numerous attendance of brothers from different lodges in the district, to the place of interment, together with a large concourse of spectators, who appeared highly gratified by the solemnity of the appearance of the officers and brothers then present, for the respect they paid to the memory of their departed brother, and the address that was delivered at the grave.—September 20, in the 28th year of his age, brother Joseph Binns, of Aaron's Budding Rod lodge, of the Halifax district, leaving a disconsolate widow then far advanced in pregnancy of her fifth child, (three of whom still survive him,) to mourn their irreparable loss: the benevolence of his temper,—the simplicity of his manners,—deservedly caused him

to be beloved by all. The melancholy circumstance that occasioned his death is truly affecting: on the morning of August 25th, from an accidental slip his left foot became entangled betwixt two wheels, and in that situation he remained until it was nearly ground off before he was discovered by any one. His medical attendant found that present amputation of the limb was necessary. In about three weeks afterwards, it became evident to himself, as well as those around him, that he was not destined long to be an inhabitant of this world. By faith and prayer,—trusting in the merits of a crucified Redeemer,—we hope he obtained a pardon for all his sins. After patiently waiting the Lord's appointed time, he was removed from his bed of affliction, we trust, to be an inhabitant of that world where neither care, pain, anxiety, nor sorrow, can find a place. On the Tuesday following, his remains were removed to the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, Sowerby Bridge, followed by a numerous company of our brethren, and from thence to the grave, where they must rest annihilate until duration shall unveil her never-ending line.—August 4, 1835, at Pontypool, after a lingering sickness of ten months, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of P. Prov. G. M. and C. S. John D. Harper, of that town.—May 1, at Blaenavon Shop, brother John Williams, of Tywysog Hywel Ddâ lodge.—August 24, brother James Bradstock, of the Loyal William the Fourth lodge, Cheltenham.—July 28, aged 48, after a short sickness of two days, brother John Fielding, of the Loyal Hand and Heart lodge, Turton; he died lamented, and has left a widow and five children to mourn his loss; he was a tender and affectionate husband, and a kind parent, and truly respected by a large circle of friends around, and was followed by a large number of brothers and friends to the grave, when Prov. D. G. M. Wood read the funeral oration. August 31, aged 62, John Ratcliffe, late Host of the Travellers' Home lodge, Tildealey.—September 23, aged 42, after a long sickness, which she bore with the most christian fortitude, Esther, the wife of Prov. G. M. William Lewis, of the Chowbent district.—October 1, aged 26, brother Henry Pilling, of the Loyal St. George lodge, Leeds.—November 7th, aged 44, brother William Lumley, Hunslet, of the Loyal St. George lodge, Leeds.—November 12, aged 41, brother William Leatham, of the Loyal St. George lodge, Leeds.—September 9, P. Prov. G. M. John Bamford, of the King lodge, Wirksworth: in him the Order has lost a useful officer; he was followed to his resting place by a numerous and well-conducted procession.—November 22, Thomas Brewerton, son of John Brewerton, of the Loyal North Star lodge, Brompton.—September 24, aged 6 years, William, son of P. G. William Davis, of the Loyal Cambrian lodge, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan-shire.—October, at his residence, Po House, Millum, near Broughton, in Furness, aged 61, William Myers, Esq. uncle to P. C. S. Myers, of the Manchester district. This the third death that has happened in this family in the course of six months.—November 6, 1835, in his 24th year, brother James Suttle, of the Britannia lodge Leeds, after a painful illness of seven months.



Thos Arnott Esq.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
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1836.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS ARMITT, C. S. OF THE ORDER.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

I was born in Rushton Spencer, in Staffordshire, in the month of August, 1774. My father dying when I was in my ninth year, and my mother being left with a large family, prevented me from receiving that education I should otherwise have done, had he been spared, and for the same reason, in the tenth year of my age, I was put to service to the farming and gardening business. At twenty I married, and my wife bringing me a son or a daughter every year, I found my wages did not increase with my family, and, as I had saved a little from my former earnings, I commenced the business of an earthenware dealer; this brought me into this part of the country, (Lancashire) and finally to settle in Salford. I have brought up a large family, (though not without my trials and difficulties,) I trust, with that degree of credit which has justly entitled me to the confidence of my neighbours and acquaintances.

In 1812 I was made a member of the Loyal Wellington Lodge, Manchester: though I was a silent observer of their manners and customs some years, yet I was, at that time, deeply considering the utility of such an Order, and viewing its progress.— In 1814 I, together with many others, saw the necessity of establishing a Funeral Fund, on a basis capable of sustaining its own weight; this was accomplished with much personal labour, and some considerable individual expence. After a labour of about two years,—and each member paying one shilling each, and sixpence added to the making-money,—the Funeral Fund took its rise, and has since that time been improving both in funds (now amounting to £1106. 12s. 2d.) and in its laws and regulations. I name this, because it has always been the bulwark of the Manchester District, and principally to this we owe our present respectability in the scale of society: indeed, I may safely say, that this Fund has been the City of Refuge to all the Lodges both in town and country, who have joined it.

At this time a Fund for the relief of travellers at Manchester was established, and a slow but gradual improvement took place in the laws and regulations of the Order.— This was met by some little bickering from the ambitious and interested, but was soon overcome by patience and perseverance.

In 1819 I lost my wife, after living together twenty-five years, who left me with a numerous family. In 1820 I married a second time, and I must say, met not only a frugal industrious wife, but a kind mother to my former children.

In 1821 I was appointed D. G. M.; and, at a Committee, it was agreed, that a letter should be printed and sent to Pimlico, London, and such other Lodges as was thought necessary, explaining our views on the necessity of establishing a head of the Order, as I thought that if we must have a Unity it must have a centre somewhere; therefore, we were willing that it should be established where it was likely to promise

the greatest benefit to the Order at large. Drake, of Rochdale, attempted to sow the seeds of discord amongst us, and succeeded in making some uneasiness, which, after great firmness on the part of the Manchester District, assisted by our country friends, the demon of discord was hushed in silence. In 1821 we granted a dispensation to the Washington Lodge, Baltimore, United States of America, and began to print the Quarterly Minutes of the Manchester District.

After printing and sending our views to London on the propriety of establishing a head of the Order somewhere, and waiting with patience for an answer, at length they forwarded a lengthy printed circular, the purport of which was merely to inform us that they had established a head of the Order in London, taking our views for their guide so far as they thought fit, and self-created and self-established a Grand Lodge in Jewen-street, London, called the Grand Lodge of England, and, *almost* with compulsory orders, requiring us to come under their standard, and subscribe to their expences, without being allowed a word previously on the subject. My brother William being G. M. we laid this circular before the next Quarterly Committee, which was numerously attended, and who unanimously agreed to raise the standard of peace and unanimity in the Manchester District, and offer the olive to all Lodges that wished to come under its branches. Our business and chief aim was to ameliorate and soothe the conflicting passions; and, in this, we wonderfully succeeded, as Lodges from all quarters not only came under our standard, but seconded our views, and became able supporters of our cause.

The first Grand Annual Moveable Committee was held at P. G. M. Lloyd's, the Manchester Arms, Manchester, on the 30th of May, 1822, and continued (by adjournment) to the first of June, when and where it was agreed that there should be held annually a General Committee of past and present officers from the various Lodges or Districts in strict compliance,—which Committee was to be moveable, and before which should be submitted for its sanction all laws proposed by the various Districts for the better government of the Order in general. At this Committee three Districts were named to stand election where the next Annual Meeting should be held, viz:—Stockport, Pottery and Newcastle, and Blackburn,—the poll closed in favour of the Pottery and Newcastle District, and was held accordingly at Mr. William Hall's, the sign of the George and Dragon, Hanley, Staffordshire, on Monday in Whitsunweek, 1823, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and adjourned from day to day, and where the Manchester Unity was firmly and finally established. I cannot here forget the attention paid to us by that friendly people, and likewise by the Authorities of the town;—and I had the honour of attending a large, respectable, and orderly procession, which, in that country, was attended with lasting good to our beloved Institution. I may say that this was a year of growing prosperity,—and we had peace in our borders,—and had a great increase of Lodges, and respectable members. At the December Committee, of this year, I was appointed, with two others, to go to Leeds, to enter into a mutual explanation with the Leeds District and Yorkshire Lodges, with power to make such arrangements as might be considered necessary by us for the general good.

Our next A. M. C. was held at Haslingden, on Whitmonday, 1824, where we had a numerous meeting of deputies, from the east, west, north and south, and ended with a procession. To the credit of our Haslingden friends it ought to be said, that they were always in the foremost ranks to support the Manchester Unity, and spent talent and money and time in the good cause, and did it with cheerfulness. In the month of August, this year, the Printing Committee began, but did little good for want of capital. About this time the Manchester District presented me with a medal, for *past services*,—after having served as D. G. M. two years, and being a second time appointed to the G. M.'s office. This year was a year of great anxiety and difficulty, owing chiefly to a few ignorant and turbulent individuals leading some respectable Lodges astray, detrimental to their own interests, and to the well-being and harmony of the Order in general; but as the walls of Jerusalem were proceeded with, and built in troublesome times, so the foundation stone of Odd Fellowship being firmly laid, the superstructure made progressively its beautiful appearance, and became attractive to all the wise and good, and much respectability and talent were added to the various Lodges.

The A. M. C. of the year 1825, was held at Huddersfield. Here I was met by *an ambitious character* who called on me to prove my right to sit as the G. M. of the

Manchester Unity at the head of that meeting. The Manchester deputies were all ordered out of the room: I was left by myself; but having truth for my shield and sincerity for my support: though I rose under some degree of diffidence, yet I found fortitude sufficient to stand up for one hour, and prove from printed documents, passed Committee after Committee, together with personal evidence in the room, so that my gainsayers made no reply. Our country friends, who were numerous and respectable, together with Le Gendre Starkie, Esq. (subsequently M. P. for Pontefract,) exulted that I had, without dispute, proved my right to preside at the head of the A. M. C., and thus settle a question of vital importance; for, had it terminated the other way, in my humble opinion there would, at this day, have been no Manchester Unity; but every one appeared so satisfied at the result, that joy seemed to sit on every countenance,—with the exception of those who were the cause, who seemed sullen at feeling ambition disappointed; but, as after a storm sometimes—according to the old proverb—comes a calm, which has generally a tendency to excite our gratitude. We now settled to business in right good humour, and made many improvements in our laws and regulations: here the Patriarchal Degree was introduced, and finally approved. At this Committee, I must say, to my great satisfaction, instead of ending with a procession, we entered into a spirited subscription, which was afterwards handsomely increased by the Huddersfield District, and presented to the Infirmary of that town.—Thus we left behind us a proof of our intentions to do good, and an example that has been followed (with a few exceptions) ever since, and I hope will continue to the end of time. Allow me here to add, that though Yorkshire in general was not then friendly to the Manchester Unity, yet we were treated with courtesy and affability by the Huddersfield District.

At the June Committee, 1825, I was succeeded in my office by my brother William, and was appointed to go on a mission with the Patriarchal Degree, and other instructions, which, at that time, were thought necessary by the general body, as the following sequel will shew.

I beg leave to remark, before I finally close this part of my narrative, that many of my old colleagues in office—who have sat in friendly counsel with me, and assisted in many important struggles to establish our Institution—may ask, why they are omitted: I answer—first, because they might awaken some unpleasant feelings in the breasts of some who were then our opponents; and secondly, for the sake of brevity.

SOUTHERN TOUR.

In consequence of a resolution passed at the Manchester Quarterly Committee in June, 1825, I was appointed to visit the Independent Lodges in the South of England, and furnish them with the copies of the new Lecture, or what is called the Patriarchal Degree, which the Annual Moveable Committee, assembled at Huddersfield, in May, 1825, had ordered to be adopted and printed.

On the morning of the 4th of July, I proceeded (as the route expressed it) to Chester. I found them few in number, and low in finances. They, however, received me with kindness and cordiality, and evinced a desire to act, in every respect, in conformity with the laws and regulations of the Manchester Unity.

On the 5th I arrived at the Newcastle and Pottery Districts. Here, it seemed, they had had no direct information of my visit; but, on the C. S. hearing of my arrival, a brother was dispatched to the various Lodges, and a meeting was held in the evening at P. G. Cooper's. Here many important questions were put to me, which were answered with frankness, at least—a good understanding soon prevailed—the new Lecture was received with great pleasure, and every one expressed his willingness and determination to forward the interests of the Independent Order.

On the 6th I reached Wolverhampton. Scarcely had the wheels of the coach stood still ere I found myself surrounded by a host of friends, who had anxiously waited my arrival. Joy beamed in every countenance, and "welcome" flew from every tongue. A numerous meeting was held on the morning of the 7th, when all communications were received with a degree of respect and attention calculated to make an impression on the mind not easily to be forgotten. After this feast of reason and Odd Fellowship I was called upon to partake of a feast of another kind—man cannot live on bread alone.

An excellent dinner was provided by the worthy host, who must have been gratified with the *heartly welcome* with which it was received. After having made a handsome contribution towards defraying the expences of my journey, a coach was provided, and I proceeded (accompanied by several friends) to Dudley. Some misunderstanding had taken place here, and a very numerous body of officers and brothers were assembled about four o'clock. After a few explanations, and an exhortation from me, praying them to act upon the spirit of our glorious Institution, and "love like brethren," the conflicting passions were hushed to peace—reason resumed her reign—the seat of friendship became more firmly fixed. After the clouds were dispersed, the sun of benevolence appeared with greater splendour, and joy and gladness sat upon the brow of every one in the crowded assembly. The new Lecture was then gone through in a solemn and impressive manner, and received by them like Odd Fellows indeed. Thanks were then given to the visitor, in a public manner, I may say, both with hand and heart; and their respect and esteem were still more substantially shewn, by a liberal present to enable the "wandering pilgrim" to pursue his journey with ease and comfort. After an excellent supper, the evening was spent in harmony and love, and the brethren separated, highly gratified with the proceedings of the assembly.

I visited Birmingham on the 9th, in company of the worthy C. S. of the Wolverhampton District, who kindly met me on the road expressly for that purpose. I found two Lodges here; but the No. 1 Lodge had been nearly overturned by the conduct of an expelled character, who had succeeded in introducing himself among them for bad purposes. No. 2 seemed to be making every effort to establish a respectable Lodge—to the N. G. of which I gave the necessary instructions, and desired him to collect the scattered sheep of No. 1 together again—to visit, and help them on in the work of love, all which he faithfully promised to perform.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, I set off for Worcester. Here I found a friendly few, with whom I spent the evening. They met me again the next morning, but finding that they belonged to the Gloucester District (of which they spoke with the greatest respect) I spent only a few hours with them, and then set off for the city of Gloucester. I had no sooner arrived here, than I was surrounded by a host of friends, all anxious to show which could pay me the greatest attention. In the evening, many officers and brothers assembled, and the time was spent in explaining, to the best of my power, the basis and leading features of our Order. In conclusion, a vote of thanks was given to me, and also to our Manchester brethren, for sending me on such a mission. On Sunday morning I was accompanied by several friends to the cathedral, and heard the bishop deliver a most impressive discourse, from those words of our blessed Saviour, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." On our return to our worthy host's, we found the table laden with all the delicacies of the season. After a sumptuous repast, we adjourned to the Lodge-room, where I was again met by a numerous band of brothers, some from Cheltenham and the surrounding Lodges. Towards evening, the windows were closed, and the room decorated as on Lodge-nights, with rich drapery, and all necessary regalia for a Lodge, of the most splendid and costly description. Our time was spent in a friendly, and I trust, useful and profitable manner. Time, however, called upon us to part; but they would not suffer me to retire, until they granted me an ample supply of cash, to render my "pilgrimage more pleasant." The next morning, though I had to rise at an early hour, several friends were in waiting to accompany me to the coach, two of whom went as far as Cheltenham, where there is a most numerous and highly respectable Lodge.

On the 12th, at three o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Brighton. Here also I had the happiness to find our friends flourishing, respected, and respectable. A meeting of past and present officers was held at two o'clock, which was attended by a P. G. from Lewes, who had come on the occasion, bringing with him the warmest thanks of that Lodge for my visit. I then delivered to them the new Lecture, and gave them instructions, to the best of my humble abilities. Their spacious and richly decorated Lodge-room was then opened, and I must say, that I do not remember having ever before spent such a night of harmony and conviviality. The honours of the Order were given me, for which I returned thanks, and exhorted them to mutual forbearance and lasting tranquility. Here, also, I had *solid and sterling* proof of their *real for Odd Fellowship*:—their generous and ardent spirits are worthy of the cause *they have espoused, and of the success they have obtained.*

On the morning of the 13th, I started for London, and arrived at the St. Olaves Lodge, in the borough, about three o'clock. Under the expectation of my arrival, they had appointed a meeting for the next morning, at the St. Thomas Lodge; but finding it was Lodge-night there, I suggested a wish to spend my evening there. A coach was instantly ordered, and some of the St. Olaves accompanied me thither. The dress of the officers, and the elegant manner in which the room was fitted up, somewhat astonished me. The steadiness of the officers, and the easy manner in which the business of the evening was conducted, did them much credit. In Lodge-business, the N. G. desired me to accept, as a token of their esteem and gratitude, an elegant gold brooch, which was presented to me in a very handsome manner, in open Lodge, with thanks to me for my visit. Next morning I was attended by a number of respectable characters, who put many important questions to me, relative to the government of the Order, which were answered to their satisfaction. The new Lecture was then received with great attention, and every other requisite information given them. As at all other places, the brothers evinced their kindness by an early attendance upon me in the morning, for the purpose of escorting me to the coach, and wishing me health and happiness on my journey.

On the 15th, in the evening, I reached Leicester, much fatigued; but every attention was shewn me; and after a good night's rest, I found myself so far refreshed as to proceed to business, and spent the forenoon of Saturday in giving instructions and wholesome advice, especially with regard to some evils that had taken place among them; when I had the satisfaction of setting the dispute at rest, I hope, for ever.—After receiving a liberal donation towards the expences of my journey, I took my leave of a most friendly and affectionate people.

I arrived at Nottingham on the 16th, and somewhat sooner than I was expected; and, for the first time during my tour, I had to employ a porter to carry my luggage, and direct me to the Lodge-house. The worthy host, judging that he saw symptoms of Odd Fellowship about me, I suppose, instantly informed me, that I was at home, and might command anything that his house afforded. Scarcely had an hour elapsed, before our friends came in, and gave me a hearty welcome. We soon assembled in the Lodge-room, and proceeded to business. They had sent a representative to Huddersfield, yet they wanted information upon many important subjects, which I communicated to the best of my humble ability. The Lodges, though comparatively young, are in a flourishing condition. The officers are respectable, steady, and active, and seem determined to pilot the vessel of Odd Fellowship with zeal and judgment. The new instructions were well received by all present, soon after which I retired to rest. On the following day (Sunday) I was accompanied to a place of divine service by our friends, whom I afterwards met in Lodge-room, in the evening, when our time was spent, profitably, I trust, in sober and interesting conversation, on the advantages and importance of our valuable Institution. Before we separated, I was presented with a *feeling* proof of their zeal for Odd Fellowship, and respect for the "wandering pilgrim." Next morning, early, the worthy host was in attendance, and a handsome breakfast prepared. Indeed, I was almost oppressed with the load of kindness heaped upon me. At six o'clock, the coach was at the door, and I took leave of our host, and other friends who had assembled on the occasion, *almost* glad to *escape* from their kindness.

I arrived at Mansfield on the 18th, at ten o'clock. A meeting was held in the afternoon, when, after some interesting inquiries and explanations, I proceeded to give the new Lecture, with all the signs, &c. belonging to the Order, with which they seemed highly gratified. Some District grievances, I am sorry to say, existed here, which I could not inquire into satisfactorily, owing to the absence of some of the parties; but I hope, ere long, something will be done for the better government of Districts, which appears to me to be much wanted. Their esteem and respect were shown me by every office of kindness and attention in their power. They not only made me comfortable with them, but contributed liberally towards the general expences of the journey.

On the 19th I reached Derby, and had a meeting the same evening, when I had the satisfaction to see some differences amicably settled. The Lodge here, I found, had much difficulty to encounter, but by the steady zeal and perseverance of some

worthy characters, to whom too much praise cannot be given, there can be no doubt of its ultimate success and prosperity. I then proceeded to give the necessary instructions, which they were very desirous to receive, and to impress upon their minds the necessity of bearing one with another, in order to the accomplishment of that great good, for which we unite ourselves together, viz :—To make our path through life more smooth and easy. We enjoyed ourselves till a late hour, when we reluctantly parted, but not before they had given the kind host orders to see my purse replenished.

I reached Uttoxeter in the afternoon of the 20th, where I found several of our brethren already assembled, with their hands stretched out to give me the friendly grip of welcome. It was a cheering sight, and restored my mind, which had been considerably depressed by fatigue and anxiety, to its proper tone. A meeting was held in the evening, in one of the largest and best rooms I had seen in all my journey, built for the express purpose of the Lodge, which was numerous and respectably attended. Here I was charged with neglect, in not sending off the Minutes, &c. in proper time. I could not, however, admit that we had been guilty of any intentional delay or neglect. All Lodges are alike, in our estimation, and none could possibly stand higher than the Uttoxeter. A great number of sensible and pertinent remarks were made by the worthy chairman, which tended to throw much light upon our system of government, and to show in what manner the heads of the Order ought to be remunerated, which proved that he had studied the subject, and that his head and heart were in the right place. The evening was afterwards spent in the most profitable manner, in giving and receiving information. The next morning the new Lecture was given to the proper officers, with all the necessary instructions connected with it. The serious and attentive way in which it was received, was another proof of their good sense and correct feeling. I must not forget to mention the almost over-anxiousness of the brothers to make me comfortable in every respect, and the very liberal and willing manner in which they contributed towards the expences of my journey.

On the 21st I set off for home, where, by the blessing of a kind Providence, I arrived safe at five o'clock the same day, after a journey of nearly seven hundred miles, and an absence of eighteen days.

Thus ends my narrative—it is a plain, unvarnished tale. It has been written at intervals, snatched from business, since my return, from memory solely, as I did not take a single note on the journey. This fact, I trust, will plead my excuse to all those kind friends who may *think* I have not done them justice. In conclusion, then, to ALL and EVERY ONE I return my most heartfelt gratitude and sincere thanks. While "memory holds her seat" THEIR kindness shall never be obliterated from the mind of

THOMAS ARMITT.

NORTHERN TOUR.

In compliance with the resolution of the June Quarterly Committee, I am now enabled to lay before the I. O. a few particulars relative to my visit to some of the northern Lodges. In this narrative I shall pursue the same line of conduct which I have hitherto pursued, and to which, I trust, I owe the confidence reposed in me by the Order—I mean, a strict adherence to the plain and simple *ταῦτα*, unawed by the malice of my enemies, and unbiassed by the affection of my friends. Should any one of either party conceive that I have injured him, I shall be sorry for it, because I do not wish to give pain, even to those who spitefully abuse me; but I must do my duty.

On Friday, the 17th February, 1826, I set off from Manchester to Huddersfield, a distance of 24 miles. On my arrival I found that the circular, which had been sent to announce the time of my visit, had not been delivered to the C. S. He lost no time, however, in calling together as many of our friends as he possibly could, when it was thought advisable, under these circumstances, to hold a meeting on the Sabbath day. To this arrangement I assented, though reluctantly, and for the first time; but understanding there had been a grant obtained, and a Dispensation sent from Manchester, for a legal Lodge to be opened at Holmfirth on the Saturday, I the more readily complied, as it left me at liberty to assist on that solemn and interesting occasion.—

Thither then, I went, accompanied by the C. S. of the Huddersfield District, and, at the time appointed, opened the Lodge with all the usual formalities, under the title of "The Loyal Yorkshireman Lodge, of the I. O. of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity."

On Sunday I returned to Huddersfield : when about to proceed to the Lodge-room, a note was put into my hand, requesting my company at the Victory Lodge-house.—To this I replied, that I could not leave my present appointment, but should be glad of their company on this occasion, adding, that the time had arrived for the meeting to take place, and that we would wait a quarter of an hour for them. They did not, however, attend in that time, and understanding that the G. M. of the District was one that absented himself, I sent a special message for them to favour us with their company. To this request they complied, the G. M. was appointed President, and the business of the meeting was gone into.

I commenced by informing them, that in conformity with the resolution of the June Committee, 1825, it was thought proper, by the heads of the Order, that I should, at this period, undertake a part of my Northern Tour, and understanding that a few of the leading characters, who were famous for party faction, had been, at the expense of the Leeds Lodges, employed in a clandestine manner, to go personally round to sow the seeds of discord among brethren, and, if it was thought proper, I would give them an outline of the conduct these *disinterested* leaders had pursued towards us. The meeting evinced an anxious desire to hear the truth. I then gave, from memory, a detail of their proceedings, and brought forward the Leeds and other circulars, to prove the facts I had stated. When I had done this, which occupied me nearly two hours, I sat down hoping, that if any officer or brother had any questions to ask, relative to the government of the Order, they would not be backward in so doing, as I should feel both pride and pleasure in satisfying the doubts of all those I had the satisfaction of seeing around me. After this, many questions were put, which I know I answered fairly, and, I hope, clearly, and out of an assembly of upwards of one hundred, there were but two individuals who did not seem perfectly satisfied. I then told them, I was not come there to form parties—that I had laid before them facts that could not be denied—that all had been told them, and just caution given, and closed the labours of the evening, by reference to the case of Abraham and Lot, wherein Abraham expostulates with his nephew thus :—Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdmen, and my herdmen ; for we be BRETHREN—and to abide by the motto of our Order, according to our various and solemn promises.—The frankness and cordiality with which I was received among these people, and the truly hearty welcome they gave me, sufficiently prove, that Odd Fellowship is not a name without a meaning.

On Monday I set out, by coach, for the Wakefield district. On my journey, near Horbury Bridge, a gentleman came running down to meet the coach, before we entered the village, and asked if such a passenger was on the coach—to which I replied—he requested me to alight—I went to his house, which stood at a little distance from the road—he put a letter into my hand, by which I was informed, that the District meeting was called, by due summons, that evening, at Ossett, as being about the centre of the District. I was met on the road by the kind host and C. S. Burton, whose attention and kindness shall always be gratefully remembered by me. The meeting was appointed for six o'clock. I soon found here, that the enemy had been striving to sow tares among the wheat, but had succeeded only with a few individuals of the Lodge, held at the Coach and Horses, Wakefield. I felt a concern, on my own mind, as the time of meeting approached, that our Wakefield friends were not there ; but was soon relieved from my anxiety, by a party of them entering the room. Yet I thought there was not that free, open countenance which I was wont to see in some of them on former occasions. Conscious, however, of the goodness of the cause I had espoused, I neither felt fear nor shame. When the meeting was opened, they thought it necessary, as the company was numerous, that I should give a faithful detail of the causes of the difference between the Leeds leaders and the Manchester Unity. I went through the whole proceedings, which occupied a long time ; but they gave the most minute and patient attention, and expressed their entire satisfaction with the explanation given. One old past officer, in particular, to whom I had given the first instructions for the Wakefield District, came and eagerly gave me his hand, and confessed his

heart, told me that he had been deceived and led astray, but now he was truly satisfied with regard to the justice of our cause.

The G. M. likewise said, he had been so weak as to give some degree of credit to their unfounded slanders; but hoped, as he had misunderstood the case, that he might be forgiven, and he gave his word, as a man, that he would do all he could to restore that tranquility which had been so long and so happily established under the Manchester Unity. I gave the new signs, pass-words, &c. &c. to a few who had not previously received them. A good understanding now prevailed, and we spent the remainder of the evening with the greatest harmony and hilarity. Doubt, shyness, and prejudice gave way to the conciliating spirit of F. L. & T., as dark fogs and noisome vapours disperse before the morning's sun, and it appeared that the time was come, when we could only discern in each other a friend and brother. Let me not here forget the kind attention of the worthy host and our Ossett friends, to make me welcome and comfortable. I was met by a worthy P. G. from Barnsley, who informed us, that the Leeds gentry had introduced themselves into their District; but he was happy to add, they could not get a hand held up in their favour, though the Leeds worthies were so far lost to every sense of honour, as to have the audacity to state to our Wakefield friends that Barnsley had declared in favour of Leeds.

On Tuesday morning, I set out for Pontefract, accompanied by some of our worthy friends. We called on some brothers at Horbury, from whom it was not easy to part. They went with me to within one mile of Wakefield, for which favour I felt much obliged. I there took coach for Pontefract, where I met with a respectable and intelligent, though not numerous, band of brothers. Here little explanation was needful. They informed me, that the Leeds deputies had paid them a visit, and with their usual serpent-like insinuations, informed them that ALL the Districts they had visited had declared in their favour. When they had told their tale, though untrue, they were ordered to withdraw, until the sense of the meeting was taken on the subject. On their re-admission, they were told, that though what they had stated might be true, they had been tolerably well satisfied, so far, with the Manchester Unity, and provided what they said was correct, that all the Lodges in Yorkshire were cleaving unto them, yet, they had come to a unanimous resolution to stand by themselves for one year.—This answer, though full of good sense, and much to the praise of our Pontefract friends, by no means satisfied the expectations of the ambitious. They withdrew, like a foiled enemy, and again, in a clandestine manner, made an unsuccessful attack on two weak Lodges in the skirts of the District. Here, as at other places, I was gratuitously entertained, and received with joy and gladness. After an evening spent in giving and receiving information, we took a friendly leave of each other, and I retired to rest, with feelings of deep gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the prosperous state in which I had hitherto found our beloved Order.

Wednesday, I set off for Yeadon. As my way lay through Leeds, I was inclined to spend my evening at the newly opened Lodge, in that place; but not expecting, when I set out, that I should pass through Leeds, I had no direction to that Lodge in my possession. While walking in the streets, I was accosted by name, by one who, notwithstanding he was a member, of the Platoff Lodge, accompanied me as a brother the whole of the day—said he had taken no part in the existing differences, and expressed his wish that things might be again settled. Here, though not intentionally, I met with Mr. Hewitt—He seemed a man of good behaviour, and asked if I would spend an hour with him in the evening. I told him our interview could not be of any service, as my present mission was on business of a different nature, and, as things stood at this time, I could not converse on Odd Fellowship. He pressed his invitation, however, very earnestly, and rather than I should be thought ashamed of any man, or body of men, I consented to meet him. I then found N. G. Whittaker, of the new Lodge, and desired him to meet me at the Bank Inn, at seven o'clock, where I had promised to see the aforementioned character. I had been there some time, when a number of people came in. About eight, Mr. Hewitt came, apologized for being late, and wished me to give him leave, in civility, to ask me a few questions relative to the differences that at present, he was sorry to say, existed. I refused; but on being pressed, with much apparent good humour, I consented, telling him I could not stop *above an hour*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT AND EDITOR OF THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I was surprised to find on the covers of your last number a complaint of the paucity of original communications, and could not avoid thinking that some of the members of our Order were not acting up to its principles. What I said I, are we a body of people nearly 80,000 strong, and cannot furnish matter sufficient for a quarterly Magazine, the profits of which are intended to form a fund for the relief of our bereaved wives and orphan children, and will any one refuse to devote a small portion of his time and talent to so good a cause? Does each conceive himself bound to contribute his share, proportionate to his abilities, towards the general fund of enjoyment? * I hope that every member who possesses a moderate share of literary information will seriously ask himself these questions.

I then turned to the Magazine, and found four or five pieces of poetry, which might be considered as belonging to general literature, but they were all very short; and there was only one original prose article ("The Letter from a Rambler") which could be placed in the same class. Do not misunderstand me: I do not think that you have too many communications on subjects connected with the Order, but you have too few on general ones, consequently the Magazine must be filled up with selections, and however great may be their merit, still a periodical like ours ought to possess a large share of originality; and though we cannot hope to equal those works in which liberal remuneration concentrates a focus of genius which diffuses its rays all around, yet by endeavouring to write with simplicity and correctness, we cannot fail to secure the approbation of the brethren of the Order.

The result of these considerations was, that I determined to send you, with this letter, a long poetical article, and a shorter one for the next number, also an extract from an eloquent sermon, preached before the members of the Howden Lodge of Odd Fellows at their last anniversary, and since published at their request: and though I do not often attempt to write prose, I will endeavour, in time for another number, to write an original tale on a subject which has lately struck me, if you think it will be acceptable. I trust, Gentlemen, that you will not impute what I have here said to ostentation, but to the wish that I feel to excite a spirit of emulation amongst your contributors, and to my anxious desire for the prosperity of our Order; for, I assure you, that if you could procure the warm support of the talent and genius which *must* exist in such a body, I would gladly submit for my own contributions to be rejected.

In conclusion, permit me to express my pleasure at the insertion in your pages, of the letter to the Vicar of Leeds. At the time of its publication in the newspapers it was read to the Lodge to which I belong, and a resolution was passed unanimously, directing our Secretary to convey the thanks of the Lodge to the author, for his spirited defence of Odd Fellowship.

I have always admired that beautiful remnant of early Hebrew poetry, the "Song of Moses." The images are so natural, the language so simple, and the sentiments so exalted, that it has filled my mind with reverence whenever I have read it. There is throughout this divine Ode a continual recurrence to the destruction of the Egyptian Host, but no sameness; and strongly shews too, the nature of the Israelites' belief in Divine Providence. From the dreadful overthrow of their enemies, they take occasion to express their confidence in the Lord, that he will destroy all who shall dare to oppose them, and bring them in safety to the promised land; and we cannot but lament that they should so soon forget the deliverance which he had wrought out for them. In this attempt to convey somewhat of the spirit of the Divine Original in English verse, I have generally followed the authorised version, and where I have in-

* General Law Book—page 8.

roduced a sentiment of my own, I hope it will be found to be scriptural, a cordance with the scope of the whole. In the 2nd verse I have followed English versions, which, instead of "He is my God, and I will prepare him a tion," read "He is my God, and I will glorify him;" and in the 11th verse taken the marginal reading, "mighty," instead of "Gods," as being less liable to be misunderstood.

THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

A SACRED POEM.

RECITATIVE.

HIGH unto God your voices raise,
For He hath triumph'd gloriously;
For he hath thrown (O give Him praise)
Rider and horse into the sea.

Jehovah is our strength and song,
And our salvation is become;
Glory and praise to Him belong,
But who his noble acts can sum.

Exalt Him high who brought from far,
Our fathers, and their God became;
Jehovah is a man of war,
Jehovah is his awful name.

King Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Our God hath cast into the sea;
His captain's proud, the army's boast,
The depths have covered silently.

CHORUS.

Who dar'd, O Lord! Thy will withstand
Our eyes have seen their overthrow:
In glorious might thine own right hand,
Hath dash'd in pieces this our foe.

Thou sentest forth thy wrath like flame,
The foe as stubble to consume;
And clouds which brought him death and shame,
Did sweetly Israel's path illumine.

Forth from thy nostrils came a blast,
The gather'd waters upright stood;
The depths congeal'd, thy people pass'd,
Triumphant through the mighty flood.

RECITATIVE.

The foe had said, "I will pursue,
Will overtake, the spoil divide,
My hand and sword in blood imbrue,
Until my lust be satisfied."

A rushing wind from God did blow,
And filled the Egyptian hosts with dread;
The ocean covered them, and lo!
They in the waters sunk as lead.

CHORUS.

Who is like Thee of fearful praise ?
 Amongst the mighty, who like Thee ?
 Thy glorious truth, and wond'rous ways
 Are seen, O Lord ! from sea to sea.

Thy mercy still doth Israel lead,
 Thy outstretch'd arm defends our cause ;
 Thy vengeance he that runs may read,
 For ocean swallows up our foes.

Thy people Thou wilt surely bring,
 In safety to the promis'd land ;
 Thy praises Thy redeem'd shall sing,
 And all their days before Thee stand.

RECITATIVE.

The people of the land shall hear,
 And sorrow on their hearts shall seize ;
 The sons of Palestina fear,
 And Edom's dukes be ill at ease.

Yea, Moab's mighty men shall say,
 With trembling, " We are all undone ;"
 And Canaan's children melt away,
 Until its utmost bounds are won.

CHORUS.

Thy dread, O Lord ! shall on them fall,
 And by the greatness of Thy arm ;
 Shall stone-like stillness chain them all,
 While we pass over, free from harm.

Thy purchas'd people Thou wilt plant,
 And fix thy dwelling on our shore ;
 In love supply our every want,
 And reign our King for evermore.

For Pharaoh's host with all its pride
 The mighty waters swept away ;
 But Thou alone didst Israel guide,
 And was their only hope and stay.

G. CARR.

Good Hope Lodge, Thorn, February, 1836.

ANECDOTIANA.

WHEN Professor Leslie was one day walking along the Canongate at Edinburgh, three wags thinking to show their wit as they passed him,—“ Good morning, Father Abraham,” said the first. “ Good morning, Father Isaac,” said the second. “ Good morning, Father Jacob,” said the third. “ I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob, out,” replied the Professor, “ I am Saul, the son of Gish, looking for my father's asses, and behold, I have found three of them.”

LETTERS FROM A RAMBLER.

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS,
Of the Cumberland Ledge.

No. 2.

DEAR L—,

Jersey, July, 183—.

As I have had some time to make my observations since I scrawled my former epistle to you, I now resume "the mighty instrument of little men," in order to fulfil my promises on that score. You would not, I am certain, thank me, if I were to lead you through the extent of the town, noting the length, breadth, and height of every street, with all the minutia of topographic accuracy; suffice it then to say, that the town of St. Heliers is large and well-built, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, and is much the same in appearance as a genteel English town of the same size; the principal difference consists in the numerous fortifications which surround it on the sides adjoining the sea; the harbour is spacious, and a good deal of trade seems to be carried on. That part of the town inhabited by English families is mostly new, and elegantly built; here are three churches belonging to the Church of England, one dedicated to St. Helier, erected in the year 1341, the others are of modern date. The Royal Square is a large area, composed of handsome buildings and genteel shops; in the centre stands a bronze statue of George II, though for what reason he is honored with this distinction, save for being the legitimate possessor of the "right divine," I could not learn; but the stranger will look in vain for a memento of the brave Major Pierson, and his companions in arms, who were offered up on the altar of liberty within one hundred yards of this very spot. In the year 1781, a large detachment of French troops, under the command of Baron de Rullecourt landed, and took possession of the lower part of the town; and having captured the governor, and the greater part of the garrison, marched up the town to carry the conquest into the interior of the island. They were, however, met in this square, by the troops from the various stations, aided by the militia, who had been hastily assembled under the command of Major Pierson; and here took place one of the most fierce and determined encounters, which happened throughout the whole war; the loss was (for the numbers engaged) great on both sides, but the British were victorious. The French General was killed, and the greater part of his troops either shared his fate, or were obliged to surrender themselves as prisoners. Major Pierson also fell in the action, and was interred in the Old Church, where a plain tablet is erected to his memory; but the only memorial of the action on the spot where it happened, is a board bearing the words "Pierson's Place," which name it gives to a small street, leading out of the Square, at the end of which it is fixed.—This is the event which a recent writer in Blackwood's Magazine, has thought proper to designate a *little skirmish*; perchance his apathy proceeded from unwillingness to record the capture of the governor, the reigning monarch of the place, as it certainly added no wreath to his brow to be made prisoner without any skirmish at all: however, for the sake of preventing the recurrence of such a disaster, I would recommend all future governors to follow the prudent example of the nobleman, Lord Beresford, who at present holds the office, who, since his appointment, has not been on the island more than one week in the year, and consequently in no danger of a *skirmage*, unless the "untoward event," should provokingly happen at the very time when his *Excellency* honors his subjects with his presence.

On one side of the Royal Square stands the Court House, in which all the judicial business of the island is transacted; the government, or the states, as it is called, consists of the governor, lieutenant governor, or baillie, who is president of the court, twelve jurats chosen for life by the twelve parishes into which the island is divided, the clergy of the parish churches, twelve constables, and a variety of others.

I one day looked into the Court while a trial was going on which appeared to excite much interest; but, as the proceedings were all conducted in French, and I not being sufficiently master of that language, to enter into the merits of the case, I did not

prolong my stay. The interior is fitted up similarly to an English Court; one thing struck me as rather singular in appearance to those who are only accustomed to English formalities, that was, the counsellors did not wear wigs, though they retained the gown; why this distinction is made, I cannot say, perhaps the wig is considered as an unnecessary appendage to the head, and savours too much of aristocratic regalia, to accord with the sentiments of a half-republican people. As we are now on legal ground, it is as well to mention that Jersey has her own laws on all subjects, some of them differing in almost every respect from those of England; neither is she affected by any act of Parliament, except expressly mentioned in it.

The market is large and convenient, and is well supplied with all usual articles; the fish is particularly fine, and the display of vegetables and flowers excels what is generally seen in an English market; the fruit, which is very plentiful and fine, is partly brought from France, and partly grown on the island. One of the principal articles of traffic is cyder, which is made in vast quantities both for home consumption and exportation, about 2000 hogsheds are annually sent to England.

But let us leave the confines of brick and mortar, with the accompaniments of dust and noise, and "away, away," not to the "mountain's brow," for here is no eminence which can be called by that name, but to the shady lanes which intersect the country in every direction, descending into ravines, and mounting the acclivities; trees, covered with ivy, over-arching the road, and forming a natural canopy of the most delightful foliage.

The sun was high in heaven, yet not a ray
Through the thick foliage of the branches shone;
But all without was bright, and fair, and gay:—
Green spots of beauty 'neath the sunshine lay,—
And where the trees stood lighter or alone,
Oh! it was sweet to see the checkered shade
The sun-beams falling through the foliage made;—
To mark the graceful bending of the trees
And stirless leaves,—for not the lightest breeze
Came in the air, save only what might bring
The odour of the sweet flowers blossoming.

About a mile and a half from the town, is the romantic village and church of St. Saviours; the view from the church yard is one of the finest and most extensive in the island. The church was erected in 1154, and though presenting nothing worth notice in the interior, its situation is highly beautiful; its plain steeple, and ancient architecture are in excellent keeping with the closely wooded scenery that surround it, and which has itself somewhat of an antique character, from the age and richness of the foliage that surrounds it. After proceeding a short distance further, Mount Orgueil Castle rises on the view, in a style of imposing grandeur, perfectly in unison with its name (in English, "The Pride of the Island.") On a nearer approach, its grey time-worn massive walls increase, rather than diminish, the admiration of the traveller; my space will not permit me to enter into historical research, and the history of this building is so lost in fable, that no satisfactory information can be obtained. The building, however, which in many parts is in a ruinous state, is well worthy of a visit, and an ascent to the top, will amply repay the labour. The view embraces the whole of Grouville, and St. Catherine's Bay, with the ancient churches of Grouville and St. Clements, the former erected in 1322, the latter in 1117; the sea which washes the base of the castle, and the distant coast of France. The curved line of the sea beach on the French coast is distinctly visible, and the cathedral of Constance may be seen on any clear day. This castle is not only built on a rock, but round it, so that on arriving at the summit, the visitor is astonished to see the top of the solid rock, which rises in a conical form through the centre of the building.*

Gorey, which lies close to the castle, although apparently an inconsiderable village,

*Here William Prynne, the famous political writer, was confined three years, as a state prisoner, in the reign of Charles I.

is of great importance to the island, being the seat of the oyster fishery, which supplies the English market to a large extent; but, although oysters are so cheap here, (generally one shilling per hundred) they are large and coarse, the choicest being always sent to England. There are many picturesque rambles among the rocks in the neighbourhood, particularly a path along the coast, by which a pedestrian may reach the lovely Bay of Rozel, the favourite *locale* of pic-nics; and its great seclusion and romantic features may recommend it to the solitary lover of nature, as well as to parties of pleasure that frequent it. A range of barracks, now untenanted, are beautifully situated a short way behind, and in a vacant room in them, I experienced (with a large party) the conjoined refreshment of shelter from the noon-day heat, and of the enjoyment of some excellent viands, with which, as customary, we had provided ourselves. Between Mount Orgueil Castle, and Rozel Bay, is St. Martin's Church, built in 1116.

Keeping still along the coast, the next point of observation is Prouley Bay, which has a convenient pier and landing place, but has no peculiar recommendation. About a mile from hence is the Church of Trinity, built in 1163. There is nothing hereabouts to interest the stranger, so we will pass rapidly on to the extreme point of the land, passing, at a short distance, the churches of St. John and St. Mary,—the former erected in 1204, the latter in 1320. We are now verging on the rocky coast, mentioned in my last; and, upon reaching within about a mile of the sea, a marked change is visible in the appearance of nature; the trees are fewer, and stunted in their growth, stone walls take the place of hedges, and fern and heath begin to be substituted for grass. This change is agreeable to a person who has spent three or four days in rambling among the beautiful scenery I have been describing; and no one, I am sure,—who can gaze with delight on the matchless varieties of creation,—will fail being highly gratified with the transition. Plemont Point is a rocky promontory, of considerable height, separated from the mainland by a narrow ravine; but a bridge across it gives easy access. It contains, near the base, several caves, and the bold rugged rocks, and deep inlets, present an interesting marine view. From this point Guernsey and the French coast are distinctly visible.

Returning from the rocks, the road lies through the villages of St. Owen and St. Peter. They each contain a church, the respective dates of their erection being 1130 and 1167. The stranger now enters upon St. Peter's Valley, which is considered the most rich and luxuriant part of the island; and has certainly deservedly obtained its high reputation, having all the characteristics of picturesque beauty. Proceeding on, we soon arrive at the environs of St. Heliers, where I shall beg leave to pause, as we are entering on the scenes already described.

There is now left us but one excursion, and that is to the town of St. Aubins, situated at one extremity of the bay of that name, about four miles from St. Heliers. The road from the latter place runs close to the sea, and the traveller has the choice of either following the road, or going over the fine hard sand, which, when the tide is down, stretches almost the whole length of the bay. A walk, or ride, along the sea coast in Jersey presents attractions that are scarcely to be found in any part of England;—for while in the latter, the vicinity of the sea is almost invariably distinguished by sterility, by open downs, and sand hillocks; in the former, the most luxuriant vegetation descends almost to high-water mark. The whole of this road is skirted by a range of beautiful heights, covered with wood and meadows, and everywhere presenting the aspect of perfect fertility. The situation of the town is singularly beautiful;—partly lying on the sea shore, partly on the rocky and wooded eminence that rises abruptly from the sea, and backed by a most fertile and picturesque country.—St. Aubins is, on the whole, a perfect picture of a quiet, and somewhat decayed, town. It has a good harbour, and had formerly extensive trade; but the superior advantages of St. Heliers have changed its direction, and left but a small share remaining. A charming road now tempts the stranger to the Bay of St. Brolade, and in about a mile and a half he will descend upon it; it is a perfect picture of a retired island bay, and flanked as it is by picturesque wooded scenery, and several fishing huts, it leaves nothing to desire. The ancient church, which stands almost close to the water's edge, is the oldest in the island, having been built in 1111. Here is also a lover's

leap, shewing that amatory hydrophobia is not confined to people or country; for I dare venture to say, it is the twentieth I have seen in different parts, (all the rest in England,) and it certainly is so pretty a place for the purpose, that were I affected with the mania, I would as soon terminate my career at this spot as at any other. The poet says,

“Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.”

I hope he excepts all who have ever made, or supposed to have made, so forlorn an experiment as to try the strength of their heels or heads against the solid rock at the depth of 200 or 300 feet.

By way of varying the scene, the pleasantest way of returning to St. Heliers is to take a boat across the Bay, and by so doing the visitor may stop at Elizabeth Castle, and survey that commanding fortress, which is now esteemed one of the strongest in Britain: it stands in the bay between the two towns, upon an immense ridge of rocks, and at low water is accessible on foot from the shore, by means of a causeway of stone and sand. In one part of the rock are the remains of a hermitage, said to have been inhabited by a recluse some time in the seventh century, who was murdered by the Normans on their invasion of France. The castle takes its name from its founder, Queen Elizabeth: it was the last fortress that held out for the unfortunate Charles I. The antiquary might be delighted by the sight of a variety of relics, among which, the boot of Oliver Cromwell seems to take precedence—as genuine, no doubt, as the thumb of St. Thomas, or the vial of Egyptian darkness.

A few days since the annual races were held—not on a course of turf, or in the precincts of a lordly park, but on these very sands over which our little bark has just been borne by the waves;—the banks on the shore supplied the place of stands, and were covered with spectators;—the starting-post was erected in the sand, and the course lay in a straight line, about three quarters of a mile along the sands; the horses going down it, and then, turning round a post, returned the same way; the running, you may easily imagine, was not first-rate, and what with the wetness of the sand, and the sharpness of the turn, not more than one out of every three horses that started returned to the winning-post. Horse-racing, as well as all other field sports, are at a very low ebb: hunting does not exist at all, and shooting is very limited, the only game found on the island being a species of partridge, though the market is well supplied with game both from England and France. The cheapness of living in Jersey—owing to the absence of all taxation, and the low price of all excisable commodities*—causes it to be the residence of numbers of retired English families, of limited income; especially half-pay officers, who resort here to spend the evening of their days, and drink wine at half-price; generally showing their strict regard to economy by consuming just double quantity. They thus form a circle of society, quite *exclusive* to the native inhabitants, as well as the English trades-people, and pass their time in walking, riding, sailing, playing at billiards, and decrying that naughty, economic radical, Mr. Hume. The native inhabitants are Normans by descent, and retain both the dress and language of their ancestors,—the latter is a corrupt mixture of French and English, and the only language used in the interior parts of the island: in the town it is getting gradually superseded by English: the service in the country churches is also performed in French. As regards the literature of Jersey, but little can be said: the libraries and news rooms are plentifully supplied with all the English and French publications of the day; and six newspapers are published and respectably supported, two of them are in French, the others in English; and two or three are published twice a week, as they are quite free from either stamp or advertisement duty,—the price is 2½d. Here is a fact well worthy of observation: this island, with its population of 30,000,

*The average price of all kinds of groceries, is, at least, 30 per cent less than in England. The best Cogniac brandy 7s. per gallon: Hollands 3s. 6d.: Jamaica rum 4s. 6d.: inferior qualities may be had at far less. Wines:—Port, from 15s. to 25s.: Sherry, 18s. to 30s.: Claret, 15s. to 40s. per dozen; and all others in like proportion. Grapes, melons, &c. extremely low; and another inducement is the small cost at which a horse or gig may be kept, there being no taxes upon either, and no toll bars, though every road in the island is kept in excellent condition.

supports no less than six weekly Journals, (and three of them being published twice a week makes it equal to *nine*;) while a town of the same population, in England, is barely able to maintain *one*: and, at the same time, the London daily and other papers are circulated in the island to a considerable extent;—now were you to take a district in England which supports nine weekly Journals, I dare venture to say that you would have to include at least a quarter of a million of inhabitants. From what cause does this vast difference arise? It cannot be from a superiority of wealth, intelligence, or commercial importance, for in these respects the ratio will be in favour of England, at least fifty to one. I submit it as the most probable conjecture, that it is attributable principally, if not entirely, to the incubus which is fixed as a dead weight on the energies of the British press, by the paralyzing hand of the stamp office. On the one hand the Journal is left to fight its way free and unencumbered, and on the other it is shackled with a tax of 200 per cent. It were as reasonable to suppose that a dray horse could compete with the speed of a racer, as to imagine that the extent of newspaper circulation could be the same in both the above cases. This, I am aware, is a digression from my subject, and I therefore pursue it no further.

I have already mentioned that Jersey and the neighbouring islands are entirely exempt from the imposts which exist in England on all exciseable articles; their privileges also extend to all import and export duties. They import all articles from France and elsewhere, without any obligation to government whatever; and they also can send to England, on the same terms, anything that is *bona fide* the produce of the island; but if one single ingredient in any article so offered, is proved to have come from any other port, it is not allowed to pass the English custom-house. This licence is doubtless necessary to keep the islands under the small allegiance they acknowledge; for it could be no very difficult matter for them to reject the British yoke. But there is much policy in their retaining it under existing circumstances; situated as they are between two powerful nations, an entire independence is out of the question; but still I am inclined to think that neither party could retain them in possession, were they to exert their energies in favour of the other; and, garrisoned as the island is along every coast, and surrounded by such an accumulation of rocks as to render the navigation perilous in the extreme. An hostile invasion would be an hazardous attempt, else why has this island enjoyed an uninterrupted state of tranquility ever since the year 1781, through all the course of the exterminating war which has since then so often ravaged Europe? Is it probable that France has never wished for the possession, or felt the gall of suffering it lie, under the very skirts of her robe, one of the fairest gems of her regalia, for so many centuries in the undisputed power of her formidable rival? Jersey has formed part of the British dominions ever since the Norman conquest, and all attempts to wrest it from her have proved totally ineffective. The island is not at all rich in the relics of antiquity; the only objects that have been discovered being the remains of some monuments regarded as Druidical; and in 1785 a stone circle was discovered, buried on the top of a large hill, which had, doubtless, formed part of a building or temple, used by them in exercising their mystic rites. The stones composing this circle were removed by General Conway, who was then governor, and placed in his park in Berkshire. There were also here, in ancient days, five priories, and more than twenty chapels, which are now all utterly destroyed, with the exception of some very trifling ruins.

I must now, dear L—, bid you adieu. I have finished my sojourn here; and tomorrow I commit myself once more to the winds and waves; and when I have found another resting place, I shall not fail to greet you again.

Your's truly,

G. P. J.

TO MY BIBLE.

Holy Bible, book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine:
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am;
Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
Mine to comfort in distress;
Mine thou font of happiness;

Mine to show the sinner's doom;
Mine to teach that doom to shun;
Mine to show the living faith;
Mine to triumph over death;
Mine to tell of joys to come;
Mine to shew the christian's home;
Mine to point me to the road;
Mine to lead my heart to God.
Oh! thou precious book divine,
Heav'nly treasure, thou art mine.

W. J.

Bolton-le-Moors, February, 1836.

STANZA.

Oh! can you hear the widow sigh,
For the death of him most dear;
Or listen to the orphan's cry,
And not remove the crystal tear?

Will you refuse a brother's child
Our best protection, love, and care?
Can you behold the widow wild,
Yet free her not from deep despair?

Forsake them not for mercy's sake,
Pray give them shelter from the storm;
Ah! brothers, do some pity take,
Nor leave them friendless and forlorn.

No longer then this scene endure,
Or tamely view their piteous case;
But make our Order still more pure,
By granting them a resting place.

JOHN BOWEN.

*Loyal Surrey Lodge, Mitcham, February, 1836.*TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
MAGAZINE.

WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

"Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves."

THE cause of "*The Widow and Orphans' Fund*" progresses in the Unity beyond the most sanguine expectations of its best wishers. *All* the communications on the subject (and they have been not a few, and from different parts of the country) express a desire for its formation; the only point on which there is any difference of opinion is, from what source the necessary funds should be raised.

I had not intended to have written on the subject this quarter, but having been personally called upon to do so, I offer the following observations, premising I am in favour of a *voluntary* rather than a *compulsory* payment: the initiation shillings is a warning beacon.

I suggest that the profits of the Magazine should be appropriated to the formation of a fund to be called "*The Widow and Orphans' Fund*," and to be at the control and management of the A. M. Cs.

That no person should be entitled to any assistance from this fund, unless he has been a regular subscriber to the Magazine for the space of

Vol. 4—No. 2—K.

That a certificate of the party being a subscriber, and of the state of his widow and family should be given by his Lodge, and confirmed by the decision of a Quarterly or Special Committee of the District to which the deceased member belonged, recommending the party as fit objects for the benefit of the Fund.

That the A. M. C. at its next meeting appoint a sub-committee to frame a code of laws for the government of the Fund, and to report to the following A. M. C. thereon.

Such is a brief outline of my plan; and on which subject I find several valuable communications have already appeared in the Magazine. To many the above may appear vague and unconnected; but I flatter myself they contain the fundamental ground-work. Let us but lay the foundation stone, and I have no fears for the superstructure. I urge its friends, to increased and unceasing activity. Canvass your members, your Lodges, and your Districts on the subject. I hope a proposition will come in from more than one District on the subject; and like Cato of old, whose concluding sentence to every speech was, "Carthage must be destroyed." Let ours be "*A Widow and Orphans' Fund ought to be and must be raised.*" If established, and which I have no doubt the Derby A. M. C. will sanction, it will strengthen

"The sympathetic chain
Which binds the Order all in one,
The boast of thousands yet unborn,
The pride of ages yet to come."

Grateful for the favourable notice taken of my humble endeavours to promote so desirable an object,

Believe me to be the Order's well-wisher,

JOHN S. MYERS.

Board Room, Manchester, 26th November, 1835.

On the necessity there is for, and the Advantages that would result from, Odd Fellows holding their Meetings in TEMPERANCE HOTELS, or other places apart from Public Houses.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT AND EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

At the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons in 1834, to inquire into the causes, extent, and consequences of the prevailing vice of intoxication among the labouring classes of the United Kingdom, in order to ascertain whether any legislative measures could be devised to prevent the further spreading so great a national evil. It was there given in evidence that one great cause of drunkenness was the vast number of meetings held by the working classes in public houses on a Sunday, by Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, and other secret Orders. The Select Committee recommended the prohibiting such societies from holding their meetings at public-houses or places where intoxicating drinks are sold, as such institutions can, with far more economy and much greater efficacy, rent or occupy for their periodical meetings equally appropriate rooms in other places. I will not attempt to prove or refute the above charge, but leave the Order to draw its own inferences. The opening, however, presents itself for addressing the suggestions of the above-named Committee, by opening Lodges and transacting their business at Temperance Hotels, where Lodge property would be equally as secure as at public houses, the rents which (if any) being paid out of the Lodge funds, would fall equally upon all, and not as is now the case, for those to pay them who do all the work and look after the welfare of those who never attend, and who receive equal benefits. In assembling in such

places there would be no inducement for the members to squander their money, waste their precious time, and keep untimely hours, as is now too often done, to the injury of themselves and families, and bring the Order into disrepute.

Our Brethren in America enjoy this privilege, and are greatly benefited thereby. If they are allowed to do so, why not we? virtue and vice are everywhere the same, and the same means will have the same effect, or nearly so, throughout the world. There is no law to prevent them from being opened or old ones removed to such places; but custom has got the precedence, and which cannot be deviated from until the subject has been before an A. M. C., and it issues an edict to allow it, which in common courtesy to thousands of our members, who crave the boon, and who would deem it one of the greatest blessings and wisest acts our legislature could do, by making this overture. At all events the plan is plausible and worthy of trial, since if carried into effect the most inestimable benefits would be immediately derived from it. Take, for instance, the beneficial effects produced through the medium of Temperance Societies. An Order has already been founded embracing all the privileges that O. Fs. enjoy, without their disadvantages, so that it would be bad policy not to allow this to be done among O. Fs., which if not done at the next A. M. C. (before which this subject will be brought), circumstances in a few years will press it upon the notice of future A. M. C.s to its final adoption. Our Annual Moveable Committees are composed of men of talent, discernment, benevolence, and humanity, and labouring men too, consequently will coincide with such measures as will ease the burdens of their fellow probationers. I feel persuaded that it would have been adopted long since had the subject been laid before them, if it had gone through its preparatory channel. In a few years the saving would be immense to labouring men, which ought to preponderate in their favour. In this one simple matter is seen, the necessity for the act and its advantages. With these few remarks I must close this letter, and hope the suggestions here thrown out will meet with the attention of those whose chief duty it is to watch over and protect our interests.

I remain, Gentlemen, your's in friendship's bonds,

DANIEL HADFIELD.

Victory Lodge, Manchester, January, 1836.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

BY A LADY.

Dear mother, now my father's dead,
And you are all that's left to me;
These hands shall work to gain you bread,
And ease our painful destiny.
Then, oh! my mother, cease those tears,
And let us hope for brighter years.

'Tis true, indeed, the former pleasure
We both did feel, alas! has fled
With him, who was our greatest treasure,
And now is numbered with the dead.
But since it is the will of heaven,
Why should you to despair be driven?

And, think, dear mother, if 'tis thus
You weep, because my father's gone;
How I should feel, if to the dust,
My mother parent too was borne.
Then, dearest mother, seek a balm,
That sorrowing heart of yours to calm.

Brompton, January, 1836.

Ah! no, my child, it cannot be,
I ne'er shall feel that rapt'rous joy,
As when I was used to see
My husband's form, and held my boy
To meet the dear expected kiss,
And taste the sweets of human bliss.

And though a many years have sped
Since first I knew thy father dear;
I find no pleasure, but instead,
The path of life is lone and drear.
To mourn his loss has been my care,
And in the deepest grief to share.

Then do not talk of brighter years,
Since all thy fondest hopes are vain;
For while within this vale of tears,
I still must walk in sorrow's train.
For all that's left of former joy,
Is my belov'd orphan boy.

STANZAS.

'Twas he, 'twas he, I saw him fall
Amidst the deaf'ning shouts of all;
His spirit sought a peaceful shore,
In deeds of arms to shine no more.

'Twas he, 'twas he, whom I heard say,
That triumph would soon crown the day;
And as he stemm'd the battle's wave,
In its wild rush he found his grave.

'Twas he, 'twas he, his sailors cried,
And to his succour quickly hied;

But as he drew his latest breath,
All vowed to avenge his death.

Then each anew began the strife,
Where the dread work of death was rife;
And soon they gave a loud huzza,
For 'twas the hour of victory.

They bore their chief to his last home,
The dreamless, silent, shadowy tomb;
There to repose from mortal care,
No more in battle's toils to share.

ANN BLACKBURN.

Manchester, February, 1836.

BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

(From "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.")

As soon as the first shot was fired, Sir Ralph Abercrombie sprang into the saddle and rode with all haste to the redoubt. He found the right of his army fiercely engaged; for the enemy, after driving in the pickets, assaulted with indescribable fury, at the same instant, the redoubt, the ruins, and one wing of the 42nd, which General Moore, with great judgment, had drawn up in continuation from the redoubt along an open space, whence a portion of the 28th had been removed. On all points they were successfully resisted. The 28th poured in a fire, against which no bravery could bear up; the 58th, scarcely manning the breaches in the ruined wall, received their assailants with equal gallantry, while the 42nd repelled a very superior force, which endeavoured to overwhelm them with their weight of numbers. Nor were other regiments idle. The 40th, moving briskly to support the 58th, rendered more complete the victory which the latter corps had already won; and by a well-directed fire cut down whole sections of the now-broken and disorderly assailants.

It was still profoundly dark; and the smoke, curling over the heads of the combatants, rendered all objects at arm's-length from the eye totally invisible. Favoured by the gloom, a fresh column of French infantry—a corps designated, on account of its former exploits, the *Invincibles*—silently penetrated through a hollow way between the right of the Guards and the left of the 42nd, and, gaining unperceived the rear of the latter corps, took it in reverse. The enemy then wheeled to their left, and pushed upon the redoubt in total ignorance that they had thrown themselves into a situation of the utmost peril. We have explained that the ground on the left of the redoubt was taken up by one wing only of the 42nd regiment. The other wing had formed a second and a parallel line in the rear; and the route pursued by the *Invincibles* carried them at this moment into the interval between these two bodies. For a short time their progress remained unobserved; but Lieut.-colonel Stewart, who commanded the right wing of the 42nd, suddenly becoming aware of the state of the case, rushed forward with fixed bayonets, while the rear rank of the left wing, facing about, charged fiercely to its new front. Maddened by this two-fold attack, the enemy rushed on, in the face of a murderous discharge from the 28th regiment; and dashing at the ruins, made good their entrance, closely followed by the 42nd. A desperate struggle with the bayonet and butt-end took place within these walls; for the 40th and 58th received the French in front, while the Highlanders hung upon their rear; but it was not of long continuance. After three-fourths of their comrades had fallen, the wreck of the French *Invincibles*, to the number of 200, laid down their arms.

While this was going on, fresh columns of infantry endeavoured to force back the left wing of the 42nd, which was now weakened by the departure of its rear-rank in the pursuit of the *Invincibles*. General Moore made haste to support them by bring-

ing up rapidly the remainder of the regiment ; and Sir Ralph Abercrombie being likewise on the spot, the enthusiasm of the men was wound up to the highest pitch.—“My brave Highlanders,” exclaimed he, “remember your country, remember your fathers!” A shout followed this brief address, a single volley, and then a rush with the bayonet, before which the enemy fled in great confusion. But another and a severer trial was at hand. Several squadrons of horse were seen, amid the glimmering of dawn, to be in motion ; and ere the 42nd could recover their order, the cavalry passed through their ranks. Still the regiment, though broken, was far from defeated. Nor did that gallant band of cavaliers escape the fate which, but a few minutes previously, had overtaken the Invincibles. Wheeling also to the left, and floundering amid a number of little holes which the troops had dug in the sand for the purpose of containing their camp kettles, they exposed themselves to a murderous fire from the redoubt, beneath which men and horses came to the ground in whole sections. Nevertheless, the attack in this quarter was renewed, again and again, with unceasing fury. First a column of infantry advanced to support the cavalry, then a second body of cavalry bore in as the infantry retired, till the whole space was strewn with the bodies of the slain : and the 42nd died, almost to a man, where it stood.

Throughout this dreadful contest, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, unattended by a single aide-de-camp, moved about, cheering the men, and exerting himself to restore order. He was thus employed when two French dragoons rode furiously at him, and endeavoured to lead him away prisoner. The brave veteran would not yield, upon which one of the troopers made a lunge at his breast, and passed his sword with great force under the General’s arm ; though severely bruised by a blow from the sword guard, Abercrombie seized the Frenchman’s weapon, and, after a brief struggle, wrested it from his hand ; he then turned with equal judgment and magnanimity, to oppose his remaining adversary, but that man was already harmless ; a corporal of the 42nd, observing the perilous situation of his chief, sprang forward, and applying the muzzle of his piece to the Frenchman’s side, shot him dead. During the continuance of the struggle on the right, the centre had not been without employment, though the left remained free from other molestation than a distant and not very fatal cannonade. The Guards, the Royals, and the 54th, were successively attacked, and with equal valour drove back the enemy, who gradually bore away so as to bring almost the whole of their weight upon the space between the left of the centre and the right of the left wing. Not for an instant, however, did they penetrate the line, which stood compact and firm, not only while the ammunition which the men carried in their pouches held out, but even after the last cartridge had been expended. For it constitutes a remarkable feature in this sanguinary action, that while the enemy still hung on their front, the British troops stood on the defensive with their bayonets alone—an act of cool and manly courage, such as no soldiers belonging to any other nation have ever been known to perform.

It was now eight o’clock, and the French, repulsed in all quarters, sustained the combat with their cannon and skirmishers alone. Occasionally, indeed, a swarm of tirailleurs would approach the English line, which brought their muskets to the level, though they gave no fire, till a supply of ammunition at length coming up, the guns began to open. The French, who stood aloof, as if confounded by the cessation of shot from their opponents now retreated in all haste ; and, as they were not pursued, effected their escape to Alexandria.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymons letter is ungentlemanly ; of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved ! But what could I do ?—Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook——

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least ; it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps ; and yet when Colonel Plinta was going to marry his cook——

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back ; and he a man of nice

honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend ! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—*my* conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well ; but *the* conviction fell upon me like an avalanche, that not a moment was to be lost. Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook—

Rebecca Moggs ! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my *sainted* sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the *Golden Fleece*—a man who had received the thanks of Parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes !—a man who, had he nobly fell on *the* ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in *St. Paul's*.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye, and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match with what—?

A blowsy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm, the wounded ancle of his partly efficient leg ;—*the* illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull ;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in *the* jungle)—one whom Avadne had brought up, with maternal care, in the kitchen,—a scullion !—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne ! Good God !

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting ; much may be said against it ; it is one's *dernier resort* ; still it has its advantages—and why neglect them ? Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance, or a mere friend—then indeed—

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really—

But he was hot as curry ;—yet not deficient in sense : but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd ; he would have cut me down with his crutch ;—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing ; but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my *sainted* sister ?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity ?

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanors—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—and one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver : the end sanctified the means ; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations ?

Evadne had never been a mother : the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe ; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—inately vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his *ci-devant* cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken; the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the-way post office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out:—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended:—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Cæsar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned:—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think; in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally verocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock; it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair.—Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*—rufous—the red sea in a storm; now it was stony—pale—implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye—usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge—was cold—clear—icy; his look froze me—I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet:—where could Plinth have picked him up?

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances.—Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology:—with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but, at its conclusion, some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card :—nothing further could be done :—he hoped the friend whom I might honor on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he, in that tremendous tone, which, for a moment, had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo—"A mistake, Major Mocassin? There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own handwriting?"

So saying, he threw the letter in my face, and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms :—"Your's, ever,

"JOHN MOCASSIN."

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky, by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following :—" 'Tis now midnight—Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled everything with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction : we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall——"

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints, which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal, published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

"Yesterday, at his own residence in Wimpole-street, by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B., to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin."

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird, in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer, who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may, perhaps, have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion, to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Some time ago you kindly solicited my opinions relative to the formation of a Fund for Widows and Orphans; and as there is some degree of pleasure succeeds any endeavour to do good, although, perhaps one's desires may not be preferred, I shall, without further introduction, proceed with my subject.

In my humble estimation, the widows and orphans of Odd Fellows are closely allied to our institution, and provision ought to be made whereby the indigent amongst them might draw liberally upon our beneficence; some of your previous numbers contained able arguments, shewing the benefits resulting from such an establishment, arguments which I trust nearly every member of the Order recognizes as concurrent with their own sentiments, and will, if *duty* responded to, lead to the adoption of a system, reflecting the highest commendation on our profession far beyond all other earthly considerations.

There will not, I think, be any very wide digression, to dwell awhile here upon our consistency. When the general fund of the Order was first organized for "benevolent purposes," its projectors had in view the increase of its revenues, inasmuch as it might

occasion a wider distribution of good, in a manner more commensurate with our pretensions, and if the payment of initiation shillings into that fund had continued as directed by the Dudley A. M. C., in all probability it would now furnish a great part of the fund necessary for the relief of widows and orphans, in full conformity with our "benevolent purposes." I know not exactly what motives preponderated, and occasioned the relinquishment of such an excellent medium for augmenting our usefulness; I presume it could not be concluded our resources were sufficiently accumulated to answer the end for which they were designed; surely then regression was impolitic and inconsistent, especially after the announcement of congratulation in the Liverpool A. M. C. Minutes, wherein also was stated that the fund had realized during the previous year the sum of £312 16s. 7d., thus giving an illustration that the Order was approaching a climax under which its pecuniary benefits would have become so judiciously apportioned as thenceforward to illumine its destinies, and truly characterize the object for which it was established.

But, Gentlemen, from whence arose such circumscribed notions relative to an accumulating general fund for "benevolent purposes?" not by reason I infer, that either its application was likely to be perverted, or that its amount would become expedient in point of appropriation, most probably then such interception proceeded from a desire, on the part of some, to abandon altogether supporting a general fund, considering it as too onerous on its previous construction; and on the part of others, from a belief that a similar sort of scheme might be exercised under the more immediate and limited control of their respective districts, although such management has some consequent good, and might not be intended to gainsay our worth; yet I think many will view it as a mere transient vapour, when compared with the extended capability which was, and ought again to be more decisively unveiled by Odd Fellowship.

I would not be thought as casting any reproach upon the Order for its tardiness in this respect, but let us recollect, a fund for "benevolent purposes," nearly implies as much as "a widows' and orphans' fund," and will it not be crude policy to anticipate now, upon a scale of unexceptionable contribution, what could not be yielded in less proportion from a more indirect source only three years hence? I merely suggest this with a view to prevent the adoption of any speculative theory, however excellent in its principle, without a sufficient interest prevails throughout the fraternity, steadily to maintain its continuance; as with an individual, so it is with a community, we ought not to be too sanguine about our intrinsic value, but question our faithfulness and integrity lest we be led to entertain more exalted estimates than the physical and moral energies of the most zealous amongst us can demonstrate and render practicable.

Hence arises the question, whether there be a sufficient consistency of character existing throughout the Order, to warrant the future maintenance of an allowance to widows and orphans, if concluded upon at the next A. M. C.? Let every brother ponder well, whilst thus viewing his responsible connexion in society as an Odd Fellow, nor exult too prematurely lest a negative be the result of the discussion of this important question. Let us consider the permanence and utility of any charitable undertaking, dependent chiefly upon the actual and consistent inclinations of those who are answerable for its resources, whether they will engage generally in calculations and arrangements, such as may eventually tend to the adoption of our proposed object, hence we may learn the necessity of being steadfast, and that preliminary steps should be taken before momentous questions are decided upon, which involves the character and interests of such a numerous class of men as the Independent Order.

With reference to the project now under consideration, supposing every district inclined to sanction it, be required at the next A. M. C. to send to the Board of Directors a list of all cases which have transpired amongst them during the last four or five years, and which they consider would have required the purposed aid, could it have been supplied? By this mode will be evinced how far the Order is awakened by the importance of the scheme, and as the pecuniary demands will subsequently be fixed in proportion to the probable number of cases which may occur, I suggest this course as essential to future requirements, considering that far more perspicuous calculations can be formed from an aggregate than by a faint abstracted view of the matter.

In order to improve, we should proceed with carefulness, and not by any speculative and random measures risk the safety of our present establishment, conceiving that the
Vol. 4—No. 1—L.

Laws of the Order are now arranged upon a strictly comprehensive plan, and sufficient for our present government, it is desirable they should undergo but few alterations,—we having arrived at *uniformity*, let us now adhere to *permanency* in our general policy, and how happily, in the cause of widows and orphans, is some more laudable employment suggested for A. M. C.s, than the derangement of our code of laws,—because, perhaps, some particular law appears abstruse, and not entirely adapted to the convenience of every District: it is undeniable, that the general and philanthropic features in our system are, and can be rendered productive of immense good amongst the fraternity, and demand promulgation; but, as regards our penal enactments, let not abrogation, or an over-strained wish for change, be cherished, inasmuch as it involves the Order in uncertainty, and tends to blunt that confidence which might otherwise be more auspiciously commanded under a steady and unvaried government. These facts render it tolerably clear, that whatever alterations or additions may be made in the laws in future, they should abound in the extension of benevolence,—to arouse that latent sympathy in our members which apparently has hitherto been *partly* lulled into forgetfulness, and which, being defined and brought into action, may be exercised at little sacrifice in sustaining the cause of “the fatherless and widows in their affliction,” a consummation worth striving for, *and probably approaches nearer perfection than any other moral excellence inculcated by humanity!* If, however, at the next A. M. C. our purpose be only fixed,—and the source of its being endowed with partial signs of a prolific harvest,—a vigilant cultivation amidst fertility of soil will soon enhance its growth, whereby to furnish a permanent refuge for bereaved indigence;—and oh, what felicity! what solace and peaceful contemplation for the mind of a brother, whose latter moments amongst us are at hand, to know, that “although his hand can no more extend its wonted benevolence” here, yet he has lived to promote, and will die to realize blessings which will benefit him even in eternity!

I had rather not urge, peremptorily, the final adoption of this question, until its soul-stirring influence becomes so revealed and understood, as fully to inspire the members throughout the Unity with a lively sense of its necessity. Will they labour together generally in bringing about its maturation? If so, the surest indemnity will thereby be offered for upholding the plan with *advantage* and *certainly*, without the risk of any succeeding A. M. C. annihilating its provisions. As regards the principle and pecuniary nature of supporting the Institution, I am favourable to a voluntary plan, as being most in accordance with the true spirit of charity, and least exposed to *interested* opposition;—the genial glow of charity is most warmly disposed when either supplicated or bestowed through the medium of unrestrained generosity and conscious rectitude;—and if, perchance, there should be any who for a while refuse to participate in the good designed, a sense of their indifference, and culpable apathy, will constrain them not to interdict the exertions of others.

I apprehend there can be no substantial argument advanced in favour of a separate fund for this purpose, rather let the general fund be augmented by the sale of Magazines, &c. to the utmost, and casual cases of distress applied for, and relieved therefrom, as heretofore at the A. M. C.s; and, to render that fund further answerable for the relief of widows and orphans, I advise that donations be solicited from every District and Lodge inclined to engage in the undertaking, and that subscriptions of two guineas and upwards be received, with a provision for each District thus subscribing; to recommend a limited number of cases for relief, equivalent to the amount of their subscriptions: every possible accommodation ought to be afforded in the method of collecting such moneys, which, doubtless, will be the most agreeable mode, as well as for Districts to make their own arrangements in that respect, as the plan suited to the local circumstances of an extensive and old-established District might not be convenient or practicable in one of minor dimensions.

From the foregoing frame of things, several distinct and important ideas are propounded. I anticipate, by allowing the resources to be unrestrained and voluntary, a vast degree of emulation will be created throughout the Order; benevolent emotions will reciprocally invite our brethren to strive to excel, proportionate to their means and numbers, and few (if any) Lodges will be found incumbered by such ice-bound fetters as to remain unmoved and unsusceptible of those kindred desires, without which, the cause of the widows and orphans must remain hopeless, and the most pre-eminent features of our Institution woefully dejected.

Upon a voluntary principle of payment, it will also be easier to prescribe a suitable line of distinction, and definitely class the various cases which will be submitted for the benefits anticipated,—the widow with three children, and in tolerably easy circumstances, will not require that aid and support, as one who may be left with six children, and perhaps bordering on a state of destitution;—these are circumstances which will require disquisition, and materially involve the regulation of whatever axiom upon which the scheme is founded. I reason thus from an impression, that the boon will be available to none but cases of want and pitiable indigence, irrespective of those who are bereft, yet in competence, therefore to render the task less difficult; for, whoever may hereafter be called upon to adjust the claims, and define the various classes to which applicants belong, it is desirable to recognize such principles only as will prevent distrust, and repudiate envious feelings, compatible therewith, I see no path so clear and straight-forward as that which leads to a pure and unconfined development of voluntary munificence.

You can, Gentlemen, by this time, nearly understand my views, which, I fear, will scarcely compensate for the trouble of perusal—however with a hearty wish for the arrival of that crisis which shall manifest a due regard for widows and orphans, and indelibly stamp our important plan with success,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your's, fraternally,

JOHN ELSOM, P. Prov. G. M.

Nottingham, February 8th, 1836.

(ORIGINAL.)

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I said to sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! thou may'st destroy this form,
And send it to its rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With stedfast eye."

I said to penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last poor life's-drop you may drain,
And hurl me to the grave;
Yet, still the spirit that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
Without recoil."

I said to cold neglect and scorn,
"Pass on, I heed you not:
You may pursue me 'till my form
And being are forgot;

Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility,
Its high-born smiles."

I said to friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou can'st but add one bitter woe
To those already there—
Yet, still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! oh! why delay,
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant in its destiny,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

Duke of Sussex Lodge, Manchester.

CHARITY.

Zaccher and Esroff begged Mora, their tutor, to permit them to visit the curiosities of Aleppo. He gave them a few aspers to expend as they thought proper, and, on their return, he inquired how they had bestowed the money. "I," said Zaccher.

"bought some of the finest dates Syria ever produced,—the taste was exquisite."—"And I," said Esroff, "met a poor woman with an infant at her breast—her child pierced me—I gave her my aspers, and grieved that I had not more." "The dates," said Mera to Zaccher, "are gone, but Esroff's charity will be a lasting blessing, and contributes to his happiness not only in this life, but in that which is to come."

• SONNET.

(DESCRIPTIVE.)

(Written on a tempestuous night.)

"The thunder rolls,—the world is hush'd in sleep."—YOUNG.

There's solemn grandeur in the midnight storm ;
 As the murky clouds upon the tempest move
 In heap'd disorder, and gigantic form !
 The hollow winds rave loud, as if they strove
 Against the thunder's deep and awful roar,—
 Or like huge surges rolling to the shore !
 Anon, the moon emits her fitting beams,—
 And now, the vollied light'ning's vivid glare
 Darts thro' the sky, and in the water gleams :
 Again, the thunder rends the gloomy air !
 Pavilion'd on "Mercy's Seat," Thou pow'r divine !
 Preserve the seamen in this dreadful hour ;
 Steaming, with frail bark, the storm's dread power !
 Or 'mid the fear of death, their drooping hearts resign.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

Chorlton-upon-Medlock, near Manchester, Feb. 1836.

A VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

Having sent for a Bedouin to be my guide, and made him eat with me to be assured of his fidelity, I committed myself to his care, left my servant at the convent, and set out at midnight. The monks provided me with a long Arab gun, which I slung across my shoulder; and thus accoutred, we marched through the bed of the Cedron, along the horrible ravine which I entered the day before. At length we got into the plain: and after three hours' march, we observed a Bedouin camp, about a mile before us. To avoid encountering the Arabs, we stretched about two miles to the south, and were lucky enough to reach the barren mountains which bound the west coast of the lake, without meeting a single Arab. The summit of the sterile rock, on which I stood, was about three hundred feet above the level of the gloomy lake below, and the towering mountains on the opposite coast appeared to be about ten miles distant. The moon was shining in all her oriental splendour, on the desecrated scene; the shadows of the rugged promontories around me were reflected on the lake; but on its surface not a ripple was to be seen; the silence of death was there, and the malediction of Heaven was written on the soil! for miles around me there was life in neither air, earth, nor water. I sickened at the prospect, my spirits were completely overpowered.

I reposed on the bare rock for half an hour; my feet were cut in many places with the sharp flints which abound here, and it was with difficulty I could descend the mountain. About six in the morning I reached the shore, and much against the advice

of my excellent guide, I resolved on having a bath. I was desirous of ascertaining the truth of the assertion, that "nothing sinks in the Dead Sea." I swam a considerable distance from the shore; and about four yards from the beach I was beyond my depth: the water was the coldest I ever felt, and the taste of it most detestable; it was that of a solution of nitre, mixed with an infusion of quassia. Its buoyancy I found to be far greater than that of any sea I ever swam in, not excepting the Euxine, which is extremely salt. I could lie like a log of wood on the surface, without stirring hand or foot, as long as I chose; but with a good deal of exertion I could just dive sufficiently deep to cover all my body, but I was again thrown on the surface, in spite of my endeavours to descend lower. On coming out, the wounds in my feet pained me excessively; the poisonous quality of the water irritated the abraded skin, and ultimately made an ulcer of every wound, which confined me fifteen days in Jerusalem; and became so troublesome in Alexandria, that my medical attendant was apprehensive of gangrene.

I proceeded for three hours, as well as I could, along the iron-bound coast towards Jericho. I found several fresh-water shells on the beach, such as I before noticed on the Lake of Tiberias; and also the putrid remains of two small fish, of the size of mullet; which, no doubt, had been carried down from the Jordan, as well as the shells; for I am well convinced, both from my own observation and from the accounts of the Arabs, that no living creature is to be found in the Dead Sea. I provided myself with a fishing-hook and line in Tiberias, and with some dried fish from St. Saba for a bait. I spent two hours in catching bitumen, for that was the only thing that came in contact with my line all the time.

Chateaubriand says, he heard a noise on the lake occasioned by the jumping of "legions of little fishes," as the Arabs informed him. I believe the credulity of the author of "The Martyrs," was equal to his eloquence; and that he has described many things in Palestine with great beauty, which he believed with too much readiness. The water has been analyzed, and found to contain about one-fourth of its weight of various salts; these Chateaubriand states, on the authority of Malte Brun, to be

Muriate of Lime.....	3,920
Muriate of Magnesia.....	10,246
Muriate of Soda.....	10,360
Sulphate of Lime	0,054

24,580*

The far-famed fruit of the tree of Sodom, "which tempts the eye, and turns to ashes on the lips," is no where to be found on the western shore; and Burckhardt appears to favour the opinion of its having only an imaginary existence, but it does exist in the vicinity of *El Ghor*. I saw one of the apples at Mar Saba; and, perhaps, the only plant in Egypt producing this fruit I discovered at *Koum Ombos*, in Upper Egypt, growing in a corner of the small temple of Isis, facing the Nile; the plant was quite the height of the Palma Christi, the fruit was the size of the pomegranate; indeed, from the similarity of the fruit and leaves, I consider the Dead Sea apple as a spurious pomegranate. It was, indeed, tempting to the eye, but deceitful to the sense; on opening it it was quite empty, the surface of the rind having only a light foculent sort of cotton attached to it, which was destroyed by the lightest touch; this was the true Dead Sea apple which I saw in Egypt, and which I also found in Mar Saba; albeit Shaw and Pococke doubt its existence.

*I brought home a bottle of the water of the Dead Sea, which Dr. Wm. Gregory had the kindness to give me the following accurate analysis of:—

Chloride of Sodium, with a trace of Bromine.	9,58
Chloride of Magnesium.....	5,28
Chloride of Calcium	3,05
Sulphate of Lime	1,34

19,25

That is to say, 19,25 per cent of saline matter. The occurrence of the new body bromine is very interesting; it was only discovered by M. Balard, in the water of the Mediterranean, and has been lately detected by Dr. Turner, in that of the Frith of Forth.

There is not a boat on the lake, and, in all probability, never has been. The oldest Arabs have no recollection of ever having seen a boat there. Pliny speaks of cane rafts which the Arabs used to gather the bitumen; but for three centuries, the fact of no boat being on the lake, has been alluded to by travellers. Ali Bey alone, a few years ago, describing the Dead Sea from the summit of a mountain four-and-twenty miles distant, declares that he distinctly saw the vessels on the lake so agitated by the motion of the waters, that he considers the name of Dead Sea as inappropriately applied. The telescope of this traveller must have been furnished with a very *magnifying* lens.

The most extraordinary circumstance, perhaps, to be remarked is, that there is no visible outlet to the lake, notwithstanding that the Jordan is continually flowing into it. Dr. Shaw calculates that the Jordan daily sends into the Dead Sea, six millions and ninety thousand tons of water, and yet there is never any visible increase or diminution in the height of the water, though Chateaubriand erroneously states that it varies at different periods. Its greatest breadth does not exceed ten miles, and its extreme length about seventy.

(From *Madden's Travels in Turkey*.)

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.

A correspondent of the Bengal Hurkaru says, that, being on a visit at the quarantine station at Edmonstone Island, he was informed that a rhinoceros had several times made his appearance close to the residence at Middleton Point, on Saugor Island. I was requested (says he) being a killer, to go over and try my luck. I did so, and made preparation for a regular set-to. A stage being erected on a tree close to a tank at which my customer was in the habit of drinking every night, I there, in company with the resident at the Point, took my seat at eight o'clock in the evening, it being then quite dark. My first cheeroot had not been quite burnt out, when a noise from the jungle in the rear warned us of an approach. From the noise I thought it was an elephant. Our anxiety, you may be sure, was very intense; however, in a very few minutes a very large animal showed his back within thirty yards of us. I saw it, and immediately pointed it out to my companion through the gloom, and we both agreed that it was our friend. His approach was slow, grazing as he came along, until almost immediately under us, and then we fired. He seemed a little astonished, but did not move. The second volley (for we were well armed, having two double barrels each) disturbed him; he turned sharp round, and made off with a curious snorting noise like an overgrown hog. He had the benefit of eight balls, which were, at the distance of fifteen yards, poured upon his impenetrable hide; but he seemed to mind them no more than so many peas. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed before he came again, but not on the same ground; he strolled along rather cautiously towards the tank. We had another beautiful view of him, and again fired together as before, when, I am sorry to say, the gun of my friend burst, blowing off two of his fingers on the left hand, and slightly wounding me in the arm. Nothing was now left for us but to go home; and at that time of night, and in such a place, with such an animal in our neighbourhood was no joke. My friend took a cutlass, and I took two of my guns. We cautiously descended the tree, and made good our retreat.

A month and a half passed before the hand of my friend had healed, when we determined upon another attack, but in a different manner. The artillery of the station (two six-pounders) were placed in his path, and there we agreed to watch his approach. Every thing was got in readiness. The moon was favourable, and we took our station at the old look-out tree in the evening. The first start which we made was ominous, a tiger springing almost from under our feet as I was levelling the guns. One was pointed to sweep the corner of the tank, and the other to take him if he came in a different direction. A long tedious night passed, and no rhinoceros. The tiger above mentioned prowled about the tree all night, but we could not get a shot at him.—Another night passed in like manner, but the third night at ten o'clock, our old friend

once more showed himself. Down I jumped to my post at the gun, but he saw my movements, and vanished. Nearly an hour passed before he again made his appearance: but when he did come, I got him right before my gun, and as I was raising the match to fire, he charged full at me: but he was too late, the fatal spark had done its duty, and the canister met him half way. I lost no time in getting up the tree, for you may be sure the idea of his ugly horn being near me was not at all comfortable, it gave me, however, surprising agility, and I stumbled over my friend, who was coming down to assist me. In the midst of the confusion, a terrible groan proclaimed our victory. The next morning we found he had run nearly fifty yards, and there fell to rise no more. Many of the shot had taken effect. One (the fatal one) in the left eye, three in the shoulder, one in the flank, passing through his kidney and the hind quarter. His dimensions were twelve feet in length, without the tail, which made two more, seven feet high, and thirteen in circumference. Altogether he is a perfect monster. On opening him, one of the leaden balls of our first attack was found in his stomach, and appeared to be mortifying the flesh all round. I had a tough job to skin him, &c. Five of our balls were cut out. The flesh of the animal was greedily devoured by the famished crew of a Burmese boat, which arrived at the Point in distress.

(Alexander's East India Magazine.)

(SELECTED.)

AN AFFECTING STORY.

'Have the goodness to buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!' said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing the Haymarket: I turned, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have chosen for a youthful Venus—her neck, without covering, was of the purest white—and her features, though not perfectly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion—her dark and intelligent eyes were shaded by loose ringlets of raven black, which shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket of roses,—the other was stretched towards me with a bud. I drew from my pocket some money: 'Take this, sweet innocent,' said I, putting it into her hand, 'and may thy existence and thy virtues be long preserved!' I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears. Her look touched my soul. I was melted by the gratitude of this poor girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to console her, when she added as follows,—'Your's, Sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth!'—A sob interrupted her discourse.—'Oh, Sir,' she continued, 'I have no father—no mother—no relation: alas! I have no friend in the world!' She was silent for a moment before she could proceed:—'my only friend is God! on him, therefore, will I rely—O, may I support, with fortitude, the miseries I am born to experience,—and may that God ever protect you.' She dropped a courtsey, full of humility and native grace—I returned her benediction, and went on.

"And can I thus leave thee, poor creature?" said I, as I walked pensively on—'Can I leave thee for ever—without emotion? What have I done that can entitle me to thy prayers? Preserved thee, for a few days, from death—that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair blossom, to see thee no more? Leave thee to be destroyed by the rude blast of adversity;—to be cropped by some cruel spoiler;—to drop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow?—No! thou hast budded under the sweet sunshine of domestic content, and under it thou shalt bloom.' I returned to her,—my heart beating with its newly-formed purpose. The beautiful flower girl was again before me—I took her by the hand—the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips,—'Come, lovely forlorn! come, and add one more to that happy group that call me—father. Their home shall be thine—thou shalt share their comforts—thou shalt be taught with them, that virtue alone constitutes true happiness.' Her eyes flashed with frantic joy—she flung herself upon her knees before me, and burst into rapturous tears—I raised her in my arms—I hushed her eloquent gratitude, and led her to a home of peace and tranquility. She loves my children—she loves their father—and the orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my son.

ELEGY

On the Death of the late much-esteemed brother RICHARD PARKS, near Marple, Derbyshire, who died August, 1835.

And can it be, that thou my friend art dead ?
So early called from life, so sad a doom ;
But vain and fruitless are the tears we shed,
These pangs of woe can never reach the tomb.

Yet, blest spirit, " the broken minded sigh,"
Which my soul pays, do thou in bliss receive ;
" 'Twas e'er the lot of excellence to die,"
And must be nature's mystery to grieve.

What must the anguish of thy parents be,
That thou didst die from home, resign thy breath
'Mongst strangers ;—alas ! thy mother could not see
Her darling son in sickness or in death.

Time, time, rush'd furiously o'er thy form,
" Disease play'd havoc," and did dis sever
Thee from this life ;—a sigh, and the rude storm
Had ceas'd, and thou wert gone for ever.

But here reflection easily may find,
The spider web of every human state ;
Since all the noblest virtues of the mind
Could not exempt thee from the stroke of fate.

Then while my God prolongs this fleeting breath,
Blest soul, thy bright example let me see,
That I may learn with joy to welcome death,
And share eternal happiness with thee.

PETER SIMPLE.

Manchester, November, 1835.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Allow me to assure you that the " Black Diamond" perfectly concurs in the propriety of your remark, that communications of a similar nature to the one he last transmitted to you, would wear a better appearance were the real signature of the writer appended.

In palliation of this breach of propriety, the " Black Diamond" would urge, that the letter he forwarded to you was his maiden communication to a work like yours, and he was consequently impressed with that certain nervous fearfulness which generally associates itself with the first attempt of a young writer, and which, in this instance, induced him to take shelter under the convenient masque of a fictitious signature. The " Black Diamond" has carefully read the last number of the Magazine, and feels great pleasure in acknowledging, that the remarks in his letter were uncalled for. In this district and neighbourhood the new series of our periodical has given the highest satisfaction, and I doubt not its circulation will progressively increase.

As you complain of a dearth of matter for the Magazine, I am tempted to send you herewith, a sample of my success with the Muses, which, should you consider worthy of insertion in your next number, I should feel great pride in seeing admitted there the two following Sonnets.

SONNET.

On seeing a Hyacinth in blossom in Winter.

NE’ER can I gaze on thee, sweet blushing flower,
 But through this trembling heart a rushing tide
 Of mem’ry’s varied flood will sweetly glide,
 With soothing visions rife of life’s young hour,
 When Nature’s simplest charms to please had power ;
 And nought my youthful spirit more enjoy’d,
 Than careless rambles ta’en at even-tide,
 When clad in Spring’s bright guise lay field and bower :
 The sunny mead bestrew’d with laughing eyes
 Of modest daisy bright ;—the leafy dell,
 Where trembling hangs thy sister’s azure bell,
 At sight of thee with grateful freshness rise :
 Thus secret sympathy a charm supplies,
 Which link’d but with a stone, that stone we prize.

SONNET.

On hearing the Wind at Midnight.

THE howling midnight winds around my door
 Their ceaseless awful vigils vigorous keep,
 With dismal chaunt affrighting peaceful sleep,
 Who startled, flies the deep unearthly roar
 That down the smoky void doth thund’ring pour.
 Commix’d with whistlings wild, that piercing creep
 Each tiny crevice through, and gusts that sweep,
 With hollow cadence sad, the tall trees o’er.
 Our skill, how vain ! to shew the hidden source
 Whence flow those ærial streams wide o’er this earth ;
 Or all-unerring trace their trackless source
 Since haply zephyrs bland they first had birth,
 Till now, like voice of youth, hoarse, changed with age,
 Their infant sighs have gain’d the storm’s loud rage !

Your’s, in F. L. & T.

BLACK DIAMOND.

Stanhope Lodge, Horseley Woodhouse, Jan. 1836.

A GOLDEN RULE.

INDUSTRY will make a man a purse, and FRUGALITY will find him string for it. Neither the purse nor the string will cost him anything. He who has it should only raw the strings as Frugality directs, and he will be sure to find a useful penny at the bottom of it, at any time, to help a brother in distress. The servants of Industry are known by their livery, it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the ragged slaves of Idleness, and judge which is the best master to serve—*Industry* or *Idleness*.

Vol. 4—No. 2—M.

BUTTERFLIES.

"Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!"—*T. Haynes Bayly.*

"*Anima, vagula, blandula.*"—*Adrian's Address to his Soul.*

THESE beautiful insects possess charms both for laughing infancy and sober age; the earliest instruction a child receives in Natural History is a delightful *huring* lesson,—it catches a butterfly!—and this characteristic exploit is performed almost as soon as it is out of leading-strings. Buttercups and butterflies are the first objects of infantine notice and ambition, and the taste thus early acquired is seldom eradicated by the succeeding cares of life. The ancient man tottering on the verge of existence,—when his dim vision can perceive little besides,—seldom fails to observe their fitting beauties; and, as his depressed eyeballs endeavour to trace their devious course, past joys irradiate his capacious memory, and future solemnities chasten his retrospective pleasures. With the glimpse of youthful days,—which the passing ephemeral unveils,—he also partially penetrates the deep obscurity of an approaching eternity, and beholds a fair and impressive emblem of the resurrection. The butterfly has always been universally regarded as a striking image of the final triumph of the just over their last terrific enemy—"the pale monarch of the tomb;"—born from the grovelling insignificant caterpillar: at its great change it seems to burst from its confinement like the soaring of the human spirit to a more felicitous and enduring destination. The classic Rogers, in his elegant address to the "*Papillon*," has embodied this idea:—

"Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
"On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
"And such is man,—soon from his cell of clay,
"To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!"*

The ancients, unaided by the blessed and glorious dawn of christian revelation, were evidently of this opinion: they placed the semblance of a butterfly at the head of their gravestones, as an image of their *Psyche*—the everlasting soul!—thereby doubly intimating the transientness of mortality, and that it would again appear "to flourish in immortal youth"† with greater effulgence in a new and sinless region. This happy thought has, in some measure, been followed by our modern inscription of "*Resurgam*" on escutcheons, monuments, &c.

Nothing returns inwardly, but rather everything strives outwardly into the pure, free air;—the rosy apple blossoms from its narrow bud, and gurgling notes issue from the tiny breast of the lark;—the germs burst open the folding-doors of the seed vessels, and break through the heavy pressure of the earth, in order to obtain *light*;—the grasses tear asunder their bands, and slender blades spring upward;—even rocks become, as it were, gentle, and (though unmoved by Orpheus,) allow small mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that *they* will not remain impenetrably closed for ever;—little insects burst their narrow cells, and creeping out slowly and half dormant, unfold and shake their tender wings, and gaining strength, sport in the sunbeams, and fly off to *untried* delights;—and as these last, and *butterflies* come forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendour,—even so, on the bright but awful morning of the final consummation of all things, shall the christian's every humble and suppressed aspiration or hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and vast flowing sea of Eternal Spring! *The body*, which was feeble, sensual, and gross, shall be then refined from its earthly nature, and assuming the "*robe of righteousness*,"—the dress of immortality,—be clothed with perfection. *The mind*, which, at best, was *here* so limited in its faculties, and confined in its powers—subject to degrading passions and

*Vide also Kirby and Spence, Introduction to Entomology, vol. 1, p. 78.

† Addison's Cato.

‡ Carove.

emotions, and so contracted, weak, and blind, that it could neither dispel prejudice, nor perceive truth—*then* pure as light, heavenly in its essence, and boundless as infinity, shall adoringly view the vast extent of nature.—shall commune with angels,—and, oh, bliss ineffable! shall ardently expand to the infinite God—the source of all power, wisdom and glory!*

We must now, for the sake of observation, (as far as regards the image,) reverse the order of nature; for, though the following reflection is somewhat inferior in beauty, it is, perhaps, not so in truth. It has been remarked, in reference to the *induring* effects of long intercourse with the world, that men begin life as the butterfly, and retire from its busy scenes like the chrysalis:—i. e. their entry is a flitting in all the freedom and freshness of unsuspecting generosity and uncalculating confidence,—un-guardedly open to every varying impulse,—nicely susceptible of each impression; but alas! in a short time, the flush, the open-heartedness of youth and inexperience, are in some extent, banished, and the coolness and timidity of cautious age creep almost insensibly upon the spirit, freezing up the generous sentiments, and making callous the finer feelings of our nature, until nearly all genuine, unsophisticated emotions are concealed beneath the artificial superstratum of frigid indifference, or suspicious reserve.

Almost every bard,—who sings of rural life, or delineates orientalism,—has introduced this pre-eminently beautiful insect in his effusions. The noble *Childe*, in one of his “glorious imaginings,”† faithfully assimilates a butterfly-chase, and its after fate, to the alluringness of beauty for “children of a larger growth,” who, alas! too often desert the unfortunate victims of their previous unhallowed gratification. The pious Watts reminds us, in a moral song against vanity, that the most costly and splendid habiliments, (the production of an howsoever fashionable and experienced *modiste*) are inferior to the dresses in which the all-profuse mistress, Nature, has clothed the silkworm and the butterfly. The ingenious fabulist, Gay, in a certain mythic illustration,‡ compares the vulgar arrogance of the prosperous upstart towards his less fortunate fellows, with the seeming pride of the newly-born butterfly, when it bovers in its magnificent apparel over the as newly-blown rosebud or tulip—(its parallel's among flowers.) Again, the popular lyrist, Haynes Bayly, (last, though not least,) in one of his elegant ballad trifles, (from which we have selected our motto,) considers the life of this insectological wonder, though evanescent, almost as the perfection of happiness, unclouded as it appears to be by care or want, and unabridged its liberty in the pursuit of pleasure. But, though a bare tithe of such notices could not here be quoted, yet, *en passant*, we will just smile at old Burton's *origin of the species*:—

“When Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnized of old, the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noblemen besides. Among the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestic presence,—but otherwise an ass. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving that he was a light, fantastic, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies; and so they continue still—for aught I know to the contrary—roving about in pied coats, and are called chrysalides by the wiser sort of men,—that is, golden outsides; drones, flies, and things of no worth.”

Apart from such associations, butterflies excite our curiosity, and command our admiration, by their consummate beauty, fragile form, delicate habits, and light ærial motion. Mrs. Trollope, speaking of the summer charms of North America, remarks: “In a bright day, during any of the summer months, your walk is through an atmosphere of butterflies, so gaudy in hue, and so varied in form, that I often thought they looked like *flowers on the wing*. Some of them are very large, measuring three or four inches across the wings; some have pinions of the most dainty lavender colour and bodies of black; others, are fawn and rose-coloured; and others again, orange and bright blue: their gay and noiseless movement as they glance through the air, crossing each other in checkered maze, is very beautiful.” It is in sweet accordance with such real charms that these “insect queens”§ seem to be the mildest creatures in existence; gentle, but not insipid; they interest the better feelings of the

* See Sturm's Reflections, vol. 2.
terfly and Snail.”

† The Giaour.

‡ The Fable of “The butterfly and Snail.”
§ Byron.

heart, and these are still further heightened, when we watch them with silent rapture alternately expanding and closing their sylph-like pinions of gossamer, quietly and luxuriously sipping the pure nectar of odorous spring-flowers. But, lo! the shadow of a passing cloud disturbs the ecstatic banquet, and they instantaneously vanish from the regretting sight, with the swiftness of the departing sunbeam!

Revised, and considerably enlarged from "the Mirror," No. 704, expressly for this Magazine, by the author,

GEORGE HODGKINSON.

Good Hope Lodge, Thorne, February, 1836.

ADDRESS SENT TO AN ODD FELLOW'S WIFE ON ENTERING THE MARRIAGE STATE.

Let not my sister, though a wife,
Bid all her fears adieu;
Comforts there are in married life,
But there are crosses too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth,
With an ungrateful sound;
But yet remember, bliss on earth,
No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great,
May God your hopes fulfil;
But you will find in every state,
Some difficulties still.

The rites which lately join'd your hand,
Cannot ensure content;
Religion forms the strongest band,
And love's the best cement.

A friendship founded on esteem,
Life's flattering blast endures;
It will not vanish as a dream,
And such I hope is yours.

Though you have left a parent's wing,
Nor longer ask its care;
For it's seldom husbands bring,
A lighter yoke to wear.

They have their humours and their faults—
So mutable is man;
Excuse his failings in your thoughts,
And hide them if you can.

No anger nor resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss;
Be reconcil'd before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss.

When there's cause to reprimand,
Do it with mild address;
Remember he's your dearest friend,
And love him ne'er the less.

'Tis not the way to scold at large,
Whate'er prond reason boasts;
They do their duty best discharge,
Who condescend the most.

But yet God's blessing daily crave,
Nor trust your faithful heart;
You must divine assistance have,
To act a prudent part.

Mutual attempts to serve and please,
Each other will endear;
So may you spend your life with ease,
Nor discord interfere.

WILLIAM GAUNT, PROV. C. S.

February, 1836.

Kendal, February 8th, 1836.

TO THE COMMITTEE AND EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Perceiving that you are desirous of having the opinion of your correspondents, respecting the formation of a Widow and Orphans' Fund, and having seen the good resulting from a similar Fund belonging to our Lodge, which has been in operation about five years, I have taken the liberty of sending you a few observations, which, I hope, will merit a place in the Magazine.

I have carefully perused all the letters which have appeared in the Magazine touching the subject of a Widow and Orphans' Fund, since the original proposition by Mr. John S. Myers, and I perfectly agree with the writers of those letters, respecting the usefulness of such a Fund, and the practicability of its being established; but I do not exactly agree with any plan that has hitherto been laid down for attaining this desirable object.

With respect to the original proposition of Mr. Myers, it would be unjust in my opinion to compel every member of our Order to take a copy of the Magazine, as many of the members cannot read, and many who have families find it a very difficult matter to pay their contributions; neither do I think that the profits arising from its sale would be sufficient to effect the end in view. The proposition of Mr. George Cooke comes much nearer my ideas, but it is also subject to the objection mentioned by Mr. Alfred Smith; the voluntary contribution system suggested by that gentleman, I am afraid would fall away, or diminish as the widows and orphans increased. I would, therefore, beg to lay before you a few remarks, which, I think, are worthy of being taken into consideration, previously to establishing a Widow and Orphans' Fund.

You are all well aware that our meetings are both numerous and expensive, much more so than, in my opinion, is necessary. This arises chiefly from their being held in public houses; and if we ought to rejoice, as is suggested by some writers in the Magazine, at witnessing our Order emerging from the form of a mere smoking and drinking club, and rearing its towering head, and shedding abroad its beams of usefulness and goodness among thousands and tens of thousands of its members,—and if we are to look upon drunkenness in the light in which it has been pictured by Mr. Smith, of the Ripon Lodge, in his excellent discourse, (see page 55 of the Magazine for December, 1834), then, surely, we ought to feel it our duty to set our faces as a body against the pernicious practice of drinking, as much as lays in our power. If we can by any means lessen the number and expence of our meetings, we shall thus put it in the power of our members not only to subscribe one shilling per annum for a Widow and Orphans' Fund, but also to do more for themselves and families than, I am sorry to say, is done at the present by many. Much has been said of our good works in the Magazine, and but little of our evil deeds; I am persuaded, that if a calculation could be made, it would appear, that as much money is spent annually by the members of our Order, in a manner calculated to bring discredit upon themselves and the Society, as is spent in charities. If our object be the dissemination of the principles of benevolence and charity, and of assisting each other in cases of affliction and distress, of soothing each other's sorrows and cheering the drooping heart,—cannot these desirable objects be obtained without making such an enormous sacrifice, and incurring the awful responsibility of leading our members into temptation?

I think it would not be amiss to take the sense of each Lodge throughout the Order, respecting such an important affair as establishing a Widow and Orphans' Fund, and thus give every member an opportunity of placing his vote for or against it; the returns to be made out by the C. S. of each District, and forwarded to the G. M. and Board of Directors; also, that the returns should be printed, and a copy sent to each Lodge in the Unity. Hoping these remarks may be thought worthy of your notice,

I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,
Nelson Lodge, Kendal.

W. DODD, P. G.

ON THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF THE O. F.s' MAGAZINE.

The great Bacon said, "Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done," and this seems to apply to the formation of a Widow and Orphans' Fund; but

"The surest way not to fail, is to determine to succeed."

I wish I could adopt the latter quotation and say, I am "determined to succeed;"—not one helping hand stimulates me, nor is a pen employed to urge me on, therefore I am almost content to resign the task. My endeavours are somewhat checked by the good reasoning of your very able and talented correspondent, brother Alfred Smith, and by a very excellent letter from Prov. C. S. Vaughan, advocating the originally projected plan. I have powerful opponents to contend with, but I feel much pleased that abler advocates have, with so much candour and good feeling, come forward upon the present occasion, not to condemn me, but in support of that which, perhaps, I too presumptuously attempted to amend. I looked with much anxiety through the pages of the last Magazine for some remarks from C. S. Myers,* but, perhaps, he was not called upon to say aught upon my amendment.

I shall not here attempt to answer my friendly opponents, or urge my reasons for the course I have taken, further than to state, that my object is to leave the present useful Fund of the Order (of which the profits of the Magazine form a part) for the purposes to which it is now devoted.

Procrastination is the thief of time, and that a year may not be lost in establishing this Fund, propositions similar to those contained in my letter, published in the September Magazine, will be submitted to the next A. M. C.

I am very sanguine in anticipating the formation of a Fund this year; nothing can be urged against its objects, the difficulty is how to establish it.

If time and circumstances will allow, I shall endeavour to be at Derby personally to support the immediate adoption of the propositions sent from our Lodge; but it will be a serious inconvenience. If I thought our excellent friend Smith spoke the sentiments of the Order, when he used these words,—“it must be done neither hurriedly nor thoughtlessly,” that is, if there was not time before the next A. M. C. to consider and digest a plan, and that it would be better to postpone it for another year, I should at once forego all thought of pressing the matter now, and thus avoid the sacrifice I must make in ‘undertaking’ the journey. I trust, however, that upon reflection, he will not think the *immediate* accomplishment of the object impracticable, or even problematical.

It is now before the Order, and its adoption or rejection is with the A. M. C.

Believe me to be, your's,

In the good old bonds,

GEORGE COOKE, Prov. C. S.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE LATTER PART OF A SERMON

Preached before the Members of the Howden Wellington Lodge, of Independent Odd Fellows, on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1835,

BY THE REV. WM. CUTHBERT, OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

“When a man shall make a singular vow, the persons shall be for the Lord.”
LEVITICUS, CHAP. 27, VER. 2.

PERMIT me now to advert to another part of that vow into which you have entered, to the motto of your fraternity—"Friendship, Love, and Truth,"—"a threefold cord which is not quickly broken,"—a triune voice from the unimagined God, "felt through all time, and working in all space."

Let us notice those peerless jewels in the costly diadem of your Order, as proposed to our view, in your inestimable Introduction, "Truth ought to reign on the lips,—

* C. S. Myers' letter in the present No. was written for the December No. but sent too late for insertion;—he is not yet wearied in the good cause.

Love in the affections,—and Friendship in the heart of every Odd Fellow.” Would that our water-bulwarked island were ramped round with an impregnable fortress like this! Let *Truth*, the basis of all societies, and the ligament of all associations, be scrupulously observed among you: for, if there be a character invariably and universally despised, abandoned and neglected, as unfit for mixing with society, the very nerve of which he destroys and violates, it is the man who indulges in falsehoods, which, in their consequences, are in the highest degree, detrimental to social happiness. A lie has been represented, by a man of great mind, to be “a breach of promise; for whoever seriously addresses his discourse to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth, because he knows that the truth is expected.”* Offend not in this point, my brethren, but “putting away lying, speak every man the truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another;” be especially careful to guard against those faithful concomitants of lying, fraud and deceit, whatever temptations you may have to practice them in your intercourse with the world; for the wise son of Sirach has aptly remarked, “as a nail sticketh fast between the joining of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling.” Let honesty and integrity mark all your actions through life, and never have recourse to those evil artifices, by which one neighbour endeavours to deceive and overreach another.

The *second* particular in connexion with the motto is, “*Love* should reign in the affections.” The purest source of social duties, the most solid foundation of moral justice, and the strongest bond by which a community can be united, is mutual affection, proceeding from Him whose love is “longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.” By embodying in your actions, this section of your motto, by considering yourselves as deriving your existence from one common parent, as connected to the whole species by a lasting relation, and by treating every fellow-creature, not absolutely, but relatively, as a brother, you will most emphatically fulfil the second great commandment of the law; and prove, that to love as brethren implies, as a necessary consequence, that you act as brethren. What peace and harmony would pervade the system of life, were all mankind to have “love in their affections,” thereby practically exemplifying the apostolic advice, “love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.”

Oh! that all who name the name of Christ, were “rooted and grounded in this love, which passeth knowledge,” then, the heart of man, which, when cold, is like iron, hard and of firm resistance, would, when warmed by this sacred and invigorating power, become malleable and ductile.

The *third* characteristic of your motto now claims my attention. “Let *Friendship* reign in the heart of every Odd Fellow.” Friendship, based upon christian motives and christian principles, is a rare jewel, and of such untold value, that if you possess and retain it in all the beautiful and watery lustre of its excellence, you are *Odd Fellows* indeed.

Friendship has been defined by a poet † to be “sympathy of soul, thought meeting thought, and will preventing will with boundless confidence.” If from the poet we refer to the philosopher, we find him expressing himself with his peculiar animation on this interesting topic. “You may take sarga to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or communion. The communicating of a man’s self to his friend, worketh two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.”‡ Turn we to the light afforded on this subject by Revelation’s “heaven-directed beam,” and there we read, “a friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity. Faithful are wounds of a friend. A faithful friend is the medicine of life, and a strong defence: and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure.” Be it, then, the unceasing care, and the undeviating aim of you, who, like the rest of your brother pilgrims, are sinners by nature, and practice to secure an interest in the blood-bought righteousness of that “friend who sticketh closer than a brother,” and who hath benevolently proclaimed to you, great and endless comfort. “Ye are my friends, if you do whatsoever I command you.”

*Paley.

†Thomson.

‡ Bacon’s Works, vol. 1.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

LOUISA AND ROBERT ARTHUR MARTIN,

*Children of P. V. Robert Martin, of the Clarence Lodge, Salford, the first of
died on the 12th, and the other on the 14th of January last.*

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

Oh! cruel death, and has thy savage power
Nipp'd the sweet blossoms in their early bloom;
Clasp'd to thine iron breast the lovely flower,
And borne its fragrant branches to the tomb?

Insatiate king! in one un pitying hour,
On two sweet smiling babes to pass thy doom;
Joy saw the deed, and bade his roseate bower,
No longer spread around its rich perfume.

Could not the tears affection fondly shed,
Bid thy dread hand compassion's balsam pour?
Ah no! thy form to pity's voice was dead,
And vain for mercy might a saint implore.
Thy hate to man the frequent tear can prove,
And the last sighs of unavailing love.

A FAREWELL TO THE ABOVE.

Sweet innocents adieu, adieu,
I rest in hopes your bliss to share;
Like you to gain a heavenly home,
And live with our Redeemer there.

ON DETRACTION.

"'Tis Slander, whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile."

Of what materials must that man's mind be made, who, after a day spent in "lying, slandering, and evil speaking," can coolly and deliberately lay his head on his pillow and expect repose! Let us hope there are not many such. But, alas, know more than one, and that among Odd Fellows too, whose existence seems dependant on the practice of the vile principles of calumny and detraction. A set of men who not only profess to be christians, but *something more*, its existence a double evil—for, independently of their duties as followers of HIM who could err, they are pledged, and that solemnly too, not only not to wrong a *brother*, nor him wronged, but to apprise him of approaching danger—to shield him from the attacks of others, and not to throw the bolt himself—to support, not oppress—to silence the busy tongue of slander in others, and not himself become the slanderer—to reward modest merit, and put down impudent mental imbecility,—in short, to mutually

and support each other, and thereby render our Unity, what its Founders intended it to be, a blessing and a gift from Heaven.

That many individuals are guilty of this crime, without knowing it, I am well aware. Thoughtlessness, and a consciousness of not *intending* harm, have caused much mischief. It is to such men I would address myself—the hardened and confirmed are out of my reach—they are not readers of the Magazine.

To the careless then, I would say, be cautious—sport not one moment with the reputation of another—you are sure to injure it. By one trifling and even insignificant insinuation, you may sow the seeds of misery for ever! Not only will the wound fester in the bosom of your victim, but your own conscience will tell you, in language not to be misunderstood, how far you have erred and strayed from the paths of Odd Fellowship. Think not, my friends, that that monitor can be silenced by the excuse of not *intending* harm. The deed is done, and you cannot shake off the penalty. The more respectable your character and standing in society, the greater the calamity you inflict, and the more certain is the misery of your victim. The poison has entered the system, and no “chemic power” can eradicate it. The vice is a heartless one, and ought to be more shunned than any in the whole catalogue of crime. I have been several years in the Order, Sir, but am not much known to its members, though perfectly alive to its usefulness. Often have I sat in company with brothers (?) who little dreamt a chiel was near them “taking notes.” To hear them canvassing, somewhat vociferously, especially for a mixed company, the merits and demerits of past and present officers, it is lamentable to think how the vice of DETRACTION preponderated. “What, he—I never could bear to sit in his company, he is as proud as Lucifer. And then, there’s —, and —, and two or three others, who are no better than they should be, even as Odd Fellows, high as they stand in their own estimation; but look at their private character—I could if I would,” &c. &c. and thus would the tongue of the slanderer wag on for hours, assisted, occasionally, by a few significant insinuations from his companions. Such characters ought to reflect, that the eye and the ear of the Order are everywhere, or in other language, Omnipresent,—if they did, they would, at least, be more cautious, and consequently less criminal. The practice of this vice, is one of the greatest blemishes of the Order, especially in public, and ought, on detection, to have a severe punishment awarded it.

I am not a perfect stranger to your readers, though I am personally to you. I congratulate you, and the Order, on the extension of the size and sale, and consequently increased usefulness of the Magazine. Nothing, I hope, can now impede its progress, and my mite, if acceptable, shall never be withheld. In the mean time, should this paper silence the tongue of one slanderer, it will have amply recompensed

AN ENGLISHMAN.

SONG.

I have won thee at last,
And my spirit is free
From the harrowing thought,
That another's thoult be.

Yes, I've won thee at last,
For the net that I spread
Was wove by affection,
Which thy virtues have fed.

No, love, never shalt thou
Have cause to deplore,
The loss of thy freedom,
Nor to sigh for it more.

ANN BLACKBURN.

Manchester, February, 1836.

Vol. 4—No. 2—N.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

IN SEVEN CANTOS,

FROM THE HEART,—BY PETER SIMPLE,

(Continued from the December Magazine.)

CANTO III.

SONG OF THE V. G.

Oh ! Callipe, Euterpe, Clio,
 Melpomne, Thalia, Erato,
 Polyhmnia, and a thousand more,
 With great Urana, Terpsichore;
 And all the gods of sacred fire
 Inspire my lays ; but touch the lyre,—
 Direct the strain,—say which the key,—
 Oh guide, do guide, my harmony.
 Grant me but a Vulcan's power,—
 Oh ! grant, do grant me but an hour,
 To work such thunder in the mind,
 That never, never leaves behind
 A doubt on land,—or pause on sea,
 Of the Almighty's majesty.
 Then would I swell my music high,
 Then, then, I'd sing in ecstasy ;
 The unmatched sweetness of that flower,
 Our blessed cause, its mighty power ;—
 Its shield, its banner, strength and stay,
 'Gainst "death through want"* adversity.
 Did e'er thy wanderers houseless roam ?
 Did e'er they fall for want of home ?

* 'Gainst death through want see II Canto.

O no ! their home's their country round,
 Where'er a house, where'er a sound ;
 Thy family, sweet hope and joy,
 And here I now the world defy.
 Kingdoms, nations, tongues, and even
 The aërial space from earth to heaven.
 If aught e'er equall'd smiles like thine,—
 A sun that must for ever shine—
 A sky so cloudless ever bright—
 A starry space with heaven's light,—
 A sea of pearls of every kind—
 A world of bliss to every mind !
 Come with me to the fountain's brim,
 Come, come with me, and thou shalt skim
 O'er our sea, our sea of gems,—
 Yes, worthy, worthy diadems.
 Come with me to our starry space,
 Come, come with me, and I will place
 Thy name 'mongst eighty thousand more,
 Whose praise resounds from shore to shore,
 Whose greatest pleasure is to bless,—
 Their prayer, The world in happiness.

CANTO IV.

SONG OF THE SECRETARY.

Now coward darkness flies away,
 Now, now the "sun of golden day,"
 Comes patrol from the bright red sky;
 See, see it rises, now descry
 The influence of its majesty.
 It faintly lits a gurgling stream,
 That dimly glitters 'neath its beam ;
 Faintly, faintly rising higher,
 Now, now I'll strike my feeble lyre.
 Saw ye, saw ye, that blooming child,
 Its garments cleanly, aspect mild ;
 'Twas left an orphan years ago,
 Midst direst scenes of sin and woe,—
 Midst rags and filth, with none to bless,
 Till snatch'd by thee from wretchedness,—
 Till snatch'd by thee thou fund intent,
 To bless the poorest tenement.
 Yes, thou hast got a powerful charm,
 To raise the fallen with an arm,
 As wherewith the mighty are endu'd
 Or fancy's countless multitude.

Saw ye that blooming child now grown
 A man, with all the honest tone
 Of thought, and mind, with noble will,
 A well stor'd soul 'gainst every ill.
 Now hear his vivid sweet day song,
 Now hear the world his strain prolong.
 Bless, bless, oh ! bless the means by which
 My childish, boyish days, and such
 Were shelter'd from the world's keen blast.
 Yes, yes, my fondest, latest sigh,
 Shall be to thee thou deity
 Of moral worth, to such as I ;
 What are the sweets of Asphodel,—
 What though they spread a graceful smell,
 Or Araby's perfumed air ?
 Can these, can these with thee compare ?
 Oh no ! they cannot, never will.
 Rise, rise ye thousands, now fulfil
 This cheering project, heavenly joy,
 And let it all your thoughts employ.

(END OF CANTO IV,—TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It must be highly gratifying to every one, possessing the better feelings of humanity, to observe the rapid advance which the proposal for establishing a *Widow and Orphans' Fund* is making in favour with the members of our Order: it seems strange, indeed, that a plan, embracing at once so wide a range of utility,—of such great *apparent* utility, with such a trifling personal exertion to carry it into effect,—should have lingered for so many years without being brought forward, and, when brought forward, it should not be met by one general response. Still it is evident that great difficulty is yet to be overcome, and, for the plan to succeed, that great care must be taken to place it on a popular footing; and this popularity I do not think will be easily obtained, if any compulsory payment (however small) is exacted individually from the members. The question then is,—How is the requisite fund to be raised? and, in reply to this query, I beg most respectfully to submit the following remarks to our brethren in unity, if I have not previously too far intruded on your space.

In the first place, the rapidly increasing circulation of the Magazine bids fair to raise an amount of profit to the Order which would go far towards establishing the Institution; and, if we may judge by the increasing numbers and intelligence of our members, it is yet very far from having reached its maximum, and surely the knowledge of its being the support of so noble an Institution must greatly add to the pleasure of perusing its contents, and be an additional stimulus to the desire of obtaining it, and consequently be the means of very considerably increasing its circulation;—and, in the second place, I can scarcely think that men, who have come forward so liberally on behalf of various general charities, would remain deaf to an appeal on behalf of such a cause as this. Let any one examine the records of our Order, and note the acts of philanthropy there recorded, and then say, if such a design, when once fairly brought forward, would be suffered to prove abortive, for the lack of that charity which has been so freely shown to many Institutions in which we have had but the chance of a partial benefit.

The reason of my advocating the voluntary, in preference to the compulsory, system, is the knowledge that such compulsion would be looked upon by members of the Order as an unjust invasion of their privileges; even the small sum of one penny per month would not be paid without great opposition; and I must agree with your correspondent—Alfred Smith—in depreciating this method of raising a Fund, though for however good a purpose it may be intended; and I cannot possibly think that any loss of revenue would be sustained by allowing every one his free option of subscribing or not, as best suited his inclination; for there can be no doubt that, were a voluntary subscription established, the contributors of more than one shilling per annum would far outnumber those who did not contribute at all; and surely no man, possessing even the smallest particle of sympathetic charity, but would find means to spare his mite—however small—to an Institution, the existence of which will give him the assurance that, when his toils are for ever over, there will be one place, at least, for those who are now dependant on his exertions, to turn to in the season of distress; and the bitter thought will be taken from his last hour, that his fatherless children, and their helpless parent, will not have one hand to look to for comfort in their solitude—for assistance in their bereavement.

If there is any one who can calmly review the past and present state of our Order, and not say that the establishment of this Fund is laudable—that it is necessary—may, that its non-existence is a foul stain upon our principles, I would refer him to the petitions which are constantly pouring in upon us, and to the sums which are granted upon them, and ask him, if it would not be far more likely to be beneficial to the petitioners to have a Fund set apart for such purposes, than to have petitions carried about from Lodge to Lodge, and to have the management of it vested in persons whose duty it would be to inquire into the circumstances of the case, and administer relief accordingly.

In conclusion, I would call upon every brother to unite heart and hand in this work: there may be many differences of opinion respecting some details, but none as

to the great object to be attained. I would remind them of the difficulties they have overcome—of the obstacles they have surmounted—and to the proud eminence on which our Order is now raised. I would call upon them to come at once forward, and not retrace a step till the design is fulfilled: by it they will cast a halo round the name of Odd Fellowship, brighter than that of which the warrior boasts; for the wreath bedewed with the orphan's tear, blooms with a richer fragrance than that which is steeped in blood, and is the reward of carnage and destruction. It is a cause which can excite no feelings of envy or rancour, and gratify no paltry ambition or motives of self-interest, but must bring into action the best feelings of our nature, and place our Order among the first and best of the philanthropic Institutions of the land,—and will, in fine, nobly bring into active utility our watchwords—F. L. and T.

I remain, Gentlemen, most respectfully your's,

In the bonds of unity,

GEO. P. JENNINGS.

Cumberland Lodge, Feb. 1836.

ENGLAND

Was originally inhabited by the Britons, a branch of the ancient Gauls or Celtæ,—the western part, in the time of the Romans, was inhabited by the Belgæ,—the northern by the Brigantes; South Wales by the Silures, and Norfolk and Suffolk by the Iceni: was invaded by Julius Cæsar 54 years before Christ, who says, that the inhabitants on the sea coast, from their correspondence with Gaul, were clothed; those who lived in the inland countries were entirely wild and naked;—though they had horses and chariots armed with scythes, their towns were only a parcel of huts on an eminence, fortified with trees laid cross-wise, like the Indians in America; only that they had plenty of corn and cattle. Their money consisted of iron and brass plates and rings of determined weight. In A. D. 44 it was subdued by Claudius, and completely so by Agricola in 85. The Romans kept possession till 410. In 440 it was ravaged by the Picts and Scots. In 446 the Saxons were invited over to expel them, who soon began to establish themselves by taking possession of various parts of the kingdom on the south side of the Severn, and in 455 it was conquered by them, who then divided it into seven kingdoms, called the Heptarchy. In 448 it was again ravaged by the Picts and Scots, and in 827 was erected into a kingdom by Egbert, by a union of all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, being near 400 years after the arrival of the Saxons—Egbert was the first king of England, by a decree at a general Council, held at Winchester, in 829. The name of England and Englishman had been used so far back as 688, but had never before been ratified in any assembly of the nation. Conquered by the Danes in 877, recovered by Alfred in 880, and in 886 was divided into counties and hundreds. In 896 a general survey was made of the kingdom, and the rolls deposited at Winchester. In 921 it was again invaded by the Scots, who were defeated by Athelstan, and in 984 by the Welsh. In 995 an inglorious peace was made with the Danes and tribute agreed to be paid annually, beside £16000. in money, provided they retired and discontinued their invasions, but in 1002 the Danes broke their agreement, and committed horrid cruelties and devastations, and the timid Ethelred II paid them a larger sum, no less than £24000. for peace, which sum was levied by a tax on all the lands in England for Danegelt, by which ignominious name this first land tax was known, and collected in England till it was suppressed by Edward, the Confessor. In 1051 William 1st, revived it as a Crown revenue. In 1012 Swein totally conquered England, and, obliging Ethelred to retire to Normandy, was proclaimed king;—it remained in the possession of the Danes till 1042, and in 1066 William, Duke of Normandy, claimed the Crown, invaded England, defeated the reigning king Harold the Second, and the English were next governed by the Norman line. In 1080 a new survey was taken of England, and the Register called the Domesday Book, being, however, only an alteration and improvement of Alfred's;—the taxes were levied according to this survey till 13th Henry VIII, 1552, when a more accurate survey was taken, and was called by the people the New Domesday Book. In 1206 the kingdom

was put under an interdict by the Pope, for John's opposing his nomination to the See of Canterbury, which, on John's submission, was taken off in 1214. In 1215 the kingdom was in arms, and underwent a reformation in government in 1258. In 1535 it was again put under an interdict, on Henry VIII. shaking off the Pope's supremacy. In 1603 the Crowns of England and Scotland were united in the person of James Stuart, the sixth of that name, king of Scotland, who, in 1603, succeeded to the throne of England, by the title of James I. In 1707 the two kingdoms were united by the consent of both nations, and thenceforth named Great Britain. In 1544 land let in general for one shilling an acre throughout England. About the year 1600 the rental of England—including land, houses, and mines—was computed at six millions, and twelve years' purchase was then the value of land. About 1690 the rental amounted to 14 millions, and land was worth 18 years' purchase. In 1778 it rose to 35 years' purchase, but in 1779 fell to 24 years. In 1788 its rental was estimated at 24 millions per annum, and to contain 39 millions of acres. At that time the revenue of the Clergy was,

By Dr. Watson's computation	£1,490,000
„ Dr. Warner's do.	1,680,000
„ Dr. Burn's do.	1,500,000
„ Dr. Young's do.	1,660,000

To be continued.

ACROSTIC.

Justice demands for merit firm and true,
A tribute of respect, to him how due?
Merit, so unpretending, would refuse
Each word of praise, as though I meant to abuse
Sincerity and truth, by what I write.

Many his virtues, some I will endite,
And shew his brethren of his worth a part:
Nature has blest him with an upright heart,—
Sound understanding, and a liberal mind,
Free from party strife,—generous and kind;
In all his dealings honest, true, and just.
E'en in such men we place unbounded trust—
Lov'd by the fair, respected by the brave—
Dreaded by none—he'll live when in the grave.

HAMLET.

Lily of the Valley Lodge, Manchester.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Imagine my astonishment on perusing the September number of the Magazine, to find not only a well written leading article, but also that it was subscribed with the name of so important a personage as the G. M. of the Order, as Chairman of the Committee of Management.—Committee of Management! I mentally exclaimed; and can it be that these men—like so many pitying angels—have descended to snatch the work from obscurity; to infuse new life and vigour into its columns; to earn for it reputation, and put in force one of the mightiest engines of power any Institution ever had at command. I pondered on the important duties you had laid out for yourselves, and trembled for the consequences; but, on a re-perusal of the article in question, I took courage—I thought, at the least, there was room for hope, and I hugged the sweet anticipation. The article itself beamed with intelligence—its object was praiseworthy, and its argument unanswerable—except in a way that a celebrated

and accomplished writer observes, when speaking of Criticism, "as the Devil can quote Scripture for his purposes, so can the practiced critic, by severing passages from their context, and placing them in a ridiculous or distorting light, make the most praiseworthy work appear to condemn itself. A book, thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel, of which there is honor in the leaves, but poison in the extract." How you had been appointed—from whence derived your authority to become the censors of the literature of the Order—to preserve its character in the work—to correct all communications sent for insertion—and generally to do that which, if accomplished, would redound to your lasting praise—next became the theme of wonder. I looked in vain, in the Minutes of the last A. M. C., for a resolution of your appointments—I had never heard of such a Committee before, and therefore was pleased and surprised at the auspicious dawn, which promises a brighter day than the Order has ever witnessed.

Really, Gentlemen, I am entranced—since writing the above, I have perused the last number, and find—nay, what do I not find that is not talented, beautiful, and gratifying—

Away all doubt, away all boding fear,
This happy omen does my spirits cheer.

You have justified my early opinion, and realized my fondest and dearest hope, in thus nobly redeeming your promise, and placing the work on a basis that cannot fail to realize to the Order immense advantages, both moral and pecuniary. It is not three years ago that the Magazine profited the Order not more than after the rate of £30. per annum in the extreme, and now I am led to presume that it realizes £300. or thereabouts—at least, I should so conclude, the issue being 8000, and a great reduction in the price of printing must have been the natural consequence. Let me pause to consider the reason of this great and sudden increase:—In 1833 the Magazine contained 32 pages, and was sold at 5d. ; in 1834, 40 pages, and was sold at 6d., since which time its circulation slowly increased until last June, when it stood at 3000, but how many of them are still on hand, I cannot exactly tell, but, from what I can learn, I should think not less than 1000—yet, in the short space of six months, the sale has increased to 8000, and the supply is still scarcely adequate to the demand—in fact, when it was announced in the Lodge, to which I have the honor to belong, that the last number was received, there was a general rush to the Secretary's desk. I was so lucky as to procure one, and carried it home, and, in my domestic circle, enjoyed in its perusal—an intellectual treat I was not prepared for. My wife added her meed of praise—my two boys inquired how soon they could be made Odd Fellows, and my little daughter is to have a new Bible when she has committed "The Exile from Home" to memory.

When we take your resources into the account, the work is, in truth, a gem.—Original communications on the Order—history, science, poetry—all crowd upon us in delightful order. And then the quantity!—Whoever heard before of 56 pages of such small type, and a beautiful portrait, being sold for 6d. ? My brethren are aware of the advantages resulting from your labours, and fully appreciate them. If any one has an idea to the contrary, I would advise him, as Noodle's friend did, who, when Noodle told him he had an idea in his head,—“Have you,” said the gentleman, with a look of surprise—“then you shall have my opinion at once—*keep it there*; it may be some time before you get another.”

I am of opinion that the G. M.'s biography does the author great credit, and exhibits merit in a most pleasing and amiable point of view; and I am sure, that, since the G. M. has so nobly won his laurels, he will carry them with honor to his grave.

After all, Gentlemen, a great deal remains to be done—for Committees may be appointed less efficient, or your power weakened, in which case I contemplate a sad falling off in the merits of its contents and circulation; and, if once it falls, not all the powers of persuasion or eloquence will be able to redeem it. The prosperous gales which are now wafting it onwards in strength and beauty may fail, and then it will become an unwieldy bulk—tost upon the broken waters of dissension—the scorn of its present supporters—and a disgrace to the Institution. But that such may not be the case, but that the united wisdom of the Order may continue its pilot, is the sincere wish of, your's, respectfully,

Bolton-le-Moors, March, 1836.

R. SEDDON.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING read in the Magazines several observations on the subject of a Widow and Orphans' Fund, I trust any remarks I may make, if not exactly in unison with my predecessors, will not be taken amiss, so that the principal object in view can be obtained. I propose that the profits arising from the sale of the Magazine, be appropriated to its present useful purpose; I think that a charitable Institution ought to be founded on the firmest possible basis for its endurance, and not to depend on the sale or non-sale of anything amongst us, and to be governed by the strictest laws of equity and justice. In perusing the valuable information of Mr. Alfred Smith, of Ripon, as to the means of obtaining the object, &c., I cannot conceive to be in any shape "compulsory," if the whole body of members in every Lodge in the Unity, would act with the same spirit that a few of the Lodges in the Wakefield District have done; a statement of the laws is herewith sent, which will be a means of information to all Lodges and Districts, and any improvement that may be suggested for its better management, I should heartily agree with, so that the standard of charity and Odd Fellowship may be erected amongst all. Though I differ in my views with my worthy and respected friends, yet, in the furtherance of this desirable object, I trust we shall all have that universal feeling, in giving the Widow and Orphans' Fund, the support its title requires. As a means, I will quote the short but energetic words from the 17th verse in the first chapter of Isaiah,—“Learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.”

I would ask, what is the highest ambition of the true philanthropist? is it to do acts of charity from disinterested motives? and from what source does the philanthropist derive his happiness? Is it from such acts of charity? I should say, yes, especially to the helpless orphan, and the bereaved widow. Here, then, is an opportunity for Odd Fellows who have Odd Fellowship in their hearts, to carry out the principle in all its loveliness and beauty, and prove to the world, not only by name, but by actions, that the Institution is founded on the broad basis of philanthropy; as I am persuaded, that nothing will raise our Institution more in the estimation of all good men, than its votaries acting consistently with their profession.

RULES OF THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND, WAKEFIELD DISTRICT.

1. That one halfpenny per week be paid by every member, towards the Widow and Orphans' Fund, at the time he pays his general contributions to the Lodge, and that each and every member be a subscriber twelve months, before he or his family be entitled to the benefits.
2. That if any member neglect paying his contributions for thirteen weeks to the Lodge he belongs, he shall not be entitled to any benefit, until the expiration of six months from the time of paying up such arrears.
3. That the name, age, and trade, or profession, of every brother be entered, also the name of every brother's wife and children, with their ages in a book, also the names of all brothers who are not married, be entered in alphabetical order.
4. That a donation of two pounds be given to every widow, and ten shillings to each child under ten years of age, at the decease of a member; also, if a member buries his wife, he shall have the gift of ten shillings for each child under ten years of age; but that no children be allowed to receive the donation twice. Should a member get married again, he shall produce a certificate of the same, from the place where such marriage was entered or solemnized, with her name and age; and if she have any children by him, there shall be a gift of ten shillings to each child under ten years of age, at the decease of either a member or member's wife; also the donation of two pounds to every widow entitled—those not entered shall not be entitled to any benefits.
5. That the aforesaid donations be not given to any children but those born in wedlock, and to those only which belong to the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

6. That should it happen that a member is under the necessity of travelling for employment, he shall be considered to belong to the said fund, provided his contributions continue to be paid for the space of six months, and should he return to his Lodge, he shall be again admitted; and any member belonging a Lodge which subscribes to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, that may draw a card or clearance, on throwing his card, &c. into another Lodge belonging the fund, shall be entitled to the benefits, if his contributions have been paid up regularly.

7. That any member being compelled to draw his certificate on account of being employed at a distant place, shall be continued a member, if he causes his contributions to be paid as long as he lives, but must send a certificate of his children, their names, age, and when born, and should they not be entered, the member not to be entitled to benefits.

8. That any brother throwing in a certificate or card from another Lodge which does not belong to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, shall not be entitled to the benefit until he has been a subscriber to the fund for twelve months.

9. That the aforesaid donation be paid on the day that a funeral takes place, and any officer appointed with the payment, for every neglect shall pay a fine of five shillings, unless he finds a proper substitute.

10. That the Committee meet on the Tuesday night after each District Quarterly Committee, and every Lodge belonging the fund, send their deputies to be in attendance at seven o'clock; also, that their contribution book be produced for examination, and for each neglect to be fined according to the decision of the Committee present; also, that the subscription be paid up by every Lodge, belonging the fund, and that a proper person be intrusted with the collection of the money: also, the Committee to appoint in which way, or where the money may be deposited for the best security, as well as to be got when it is wanted.

11. That any Lodge hereafter joining the Widow and Orphans' Fund, must state their intentions in writing to the Secretary, and the same to be laid before the Quarterly Committee; and any Lodge joining the fund, to pay twelve months before they be entitled to the benefits of the aforesaid fund. Also, that no single member be allowed to join the fund, unless the whole body of his Lodge do belong to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and that they be requested to make out their return of members, their wives and lawful children, under ten years of age; also, to be particular in entering every member's name, and when their first contribution is paid, so that there will be no dispute when a death takes place; and that all the names be forwarded to the proper officer as early as possible, that he may enter them into the widow and orphans' subscription book.

12. That a Treasurer and Secretary be appointed, to fulfil the office for twelve months, to commence in the month of October in each and every year, and that each Lodge must inform the Secretary or Treasurer to attend the burial day, that the fine in the 9th clause may not be inflicted on them for non-attendance.

The means, whereby the Institution has been accomplished with us, was by sending a circular to all the Lodges in the Wakefield District, for their consideration of the propriety and means of forming the Widow and Orphans' Fund, at the succeeding Quarterly Committee, when it was agreed to subscribe to the same, by paying one half-penny per week for twelve months, before a gift was made; and at the time it was requested, that the Lodges should draw up some resolutions for the governance thereof, and the aforesaid were adopted. Yes, it is with due respect and the greatest feelings of pleasure, though with great diffidence, I presume to call your attention to these few observations, also to inform the Order, through the medium of (allow me to say) our valuable Magazine, of the establishment of a Widow and Orphans' Fund in the Wakefield District; and I am happy to say, for the time it has been established, we have accumulated a very handsome fund, that enables us at the decease of a brother, to present the bereft and disconsolate widow and orphans with the amount as stated in the resolution, which, in some measure, is considered to alleviate their distress, as far as pecuniary matters go. There appears to me, through some means, a consideration wanting of the very principles on which our Order is founded; I am afraid that too many amongst us through indifference, has been only a name to live, but in principle

is dead. I should wish to arouse them from their apathy, and am persuaded, if there is any benevolence in the mind of man, the bereft widow and the fatherless, weeping over the cold and lifeless remains of him that was their happiness, their support, their future prospect, and their all in this world, I say, if there is a principle of benevolence in man, and no one will presume to say there is not, the circumstance of seeing the remains of those we have been in company with and respected, and applied the name of brothers, carried to the last home, if anything will call into action the mind of man, and I trust our minds are not so callous, but that the scenes around us daily, will call it forth with all its energy, and the power it possesses, to assist in alleviating the sufferings of such as are called by divine Providence, to suffer and experience such a loss. In conclusion, I would only add, it appears by the 7th resolution, to be the desire of the members of the fund in the Wakefield District, that the cause may be universal in all the Lodges in the Unity, and encouragement is held out by allowing the members to continue entitled, by their small contributions being paid, which only amount to the sum of sixpence-halfpenny in one quarter; and taking into consideration the time it requires to accumulate the amount for the widow, which is about twenty years, (letting alone the orphans) is a stimulus, as also to infuse the propriety of it being brought into action in the Lodges where they may happen to throw in their certificates, &c.—Also, that the same may be sanctioned by the A. M. C. and made into a law, embodied in the general laws, is the hearty desire of

Yours, in F. L. & T.

E. HUDDART, P. G.

THE HABITS OF THE SEAL.

(From Morrell's Narrative.)

THE Seals which resort to this Island, (Staten Island) as well as other Islands, south of latitude fifty, are generally clothed in jackets of valuable fur. This species has been distinguished by Naturalists, merely for their size and shape; but there are other peculiarities connected with the history and habits of this animal, of a far more interesting nature, which I have never yet met with in print,—a few of which I will endeavour to describe.

In killing a female which happens to be with young, even in an advanced state of pregnancy, if the skull be pressed in by the Sealing club in dealing the fatal blow, an exactly similar indentation will frequently be found on the skull of the fetus. This fact is a practical illustration of the wonderful power of sympathy, and worthy the investigation of Naturalists. Although modern philosophers have laboured hard to refute the idea of such a sympathy in the human race, there are hundreds of creditable witnesses ready to bear testimony to its existence in this particular species of marine animals.

The striking disparity of size between the male and female is also worthy of remark. The large male is about seven feet in length, whereas the female never exceeds four feet. The large males are not the most numerous; but, being the most powerful, they are enabled to keep in their possession all females.

At the time of parturition, the number of males attending one female is in the proportion of about one to a dozen; a proof that these animals are the greatest polygamists in the world—not even excepting the Turks. That they are gregarious and social is evident to the most superficial observer who surveys their rookeries, where they herd together in classes, and at different periods.

Warmed by the cheering influence of an antarctic spring, the males of the largest size go on shore about the first of November,—corresponding to our May—and there wait the arrival of the females, which happens about the first of December.—This, of course, is an annual assignation, and occurs as regularly as the migration of our northern shad from the ocean to the fresh water rivers, for purposes perfectly analogous. As soon as the female seal makes her appearance at the edge of the beach,

one of the most gallant of the males immediately takes her under his protection. It seldom happens, however, that he is not obliged to sustain his right by one or more serious combats with his rivals. While the males are fighting in a most desperate manner, the object of their bloody feud sits calmly looking on, contemplating the fray with apparent delight, and no little self-complacency. I have some reason to believe that the same feeling has been evinced by females of a higher species; but, on this head, I do not presume to speak positively. The seal battle I have seen, and studied the countenance of their object,—who voluntarily yields herself to the conqueror as soon as the contest is decided, at the same time casting a look of ineffable contempt upon his vanquished rival.

The proud victor now conducts his lovely prize from the late scene of contention up to the rookery prepared for her accommodation, and this he does with a courtesy and tenderness of manners from which some husbands might derive a useful lesson.—At almost every step he politely bows or nods to his new bride, and frequently touches her lips with his own.

When the female has selected her lodgings, and becomes settled in the rookery, her partner is unremitting in his cares to afford her protection, and render her situation comfortable; nor does she evince the slightest indications of jealousy while he is showing the same polite attention to a dozen other wives! Here, I believe, my former comparison does not exactly hold good. By the last of December all the females have accomplished the purpose for which they came on shore. In this process, however, they evidently endure a great deal of pain, and the males appear to be much affected by their sufferings,—redoubling their affectionate attentions, and adopting various expedients to relieve their distress.

The sense of smell, as well as that of hearing, in these animals, is remarkably acute; and, for sagacity, they are not a whit inferior to the dog. This latter quality, however, is more strikingly exhibited in their natural element than on land.

As a proof of their docility, I may mention, that I have taken two young pups, of two or three weeks old, taught them to feed, and kept them with me as pets, for two or three months, in which time they became so tame that they would eat out of my hand,—expressing for me a great degree of fondness and affection, and soliciting my caresses in the bleating voice of a young lamb. I should have probably had them to this day, but some of the crew—whose enmity I had incurred by a proper adherence to nautical discipline—found occasion to destroy them both.

The fur-seal may be known from the hair-seal by its being of a much smaller size; their noses are also smaller, and much more pointed. In swimming, likewise, they have a sort of jumping motion, not much unlike that of the porpoise, frequently springing six or eight feet clear of the water, which is a feat the hair-seals never perform, except when excessively frightened, and even then seldom succeed in throwing their bodies clear of the water.

When these animals are, for the first time, visited by man, they evince no more apprehension of danger from their new guests than did the natives of San Salvador when first visited by the Spaniards, and the confidence of the poor seals is required in the same manner that theirs was—by robbery and murder!—in fact, they will lie still while their companions are slaughtered and skinned. But they soon become acquainted with the barbarous character of their invaders—withdraw their ill-placed confidence, and avoid the fatal intimacy. They now acquire habits of distrust and caution, and devise ways and means for counteracting human stratagem and treachery. The select more solitary retreats—on the top of rocks, beneath high projecting cliffs, from which they can precipitate themselves into the water the moment they perceive the approach of their harsh enemy.

While encamped in their rookeries, three or four sentinels are always posted to keep a look out while the others sleep, and the moment a boat makes its appearance—though it be a mile from the shore—these faithful watchmen promptly give the alarm, when in an instant the whole rookery is in motion. Every one makes for the surf with all possible expedition, so that by the time the boat reaches the shore they will nearly all be in the water, with the exception of a few females that have pups or young ones to take care of;—these will remain to defend and protect their charge until the last

moment; when, if hard pushed, they will seize their pups by the back of the neck with their teeth, and dive into the surf, where they are obliged to hold the heads of the pups above water to prevent suffocation.

The males,—many of them will also stand their ground, and fight very hard for the young seals; often they perish in the noble cause. In different voyages to these seas, I have had more than fifty seamen, very severely bitten in some of these contests; yet it seldom happens that a man gets bitten who is not afraid of them, but the moment they perceive the slightest symptoms of fear or cowardice in their enemy they begin to follow him up very close. When excited, their motions are very quick—like the flash of a gun on touching the match;—hence the name of clap-match which sailors apply to the female. In retreat or pursuit their speed is nearly equal to that of a man, and much swifter on the rocks than could be anticipated from their appearances.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(ADDRESSED TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.)

Like Helen, beautiful and fair,
With every pleasing artless grace;
The same whom Paris did ensnare,
Delighted with so sweet a face.

Yet thou with wildly glancing eye,
The raptur'd heart and soul to steal;
Art fram'd to make the youthful sigh,
For who can tyrant love conceal?

Sprightly as the hind, yet meek,
With orbs inspiring joy and mirth;
Resembling with pale roseate cheek,
Love's dearest image upon earth.

To thee this tribute, lovely maid,
Is no delusive artful dream;
No fleeting passion doom'd to fade,
But Love's sincere devoted theme.

I'd be thy Paris, and in peace [flame;
With solemn rites would crown love's
Thou, like the beauteous wife of Greece,
But not her grievous fate the same.

Fair as the lily pure and bland,
Whose face the painter's tints defy;
Oh! may'st thou from the ruthless hand,
Chaste as the lily live and die.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

*Chorlton-upon-Medlock, near }
Manchester, February, 1836.*

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the most stone-like, sober, gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth, and spoke, "I arrive," said he, "thou arrive, he arrives, we arrive, they arrive." The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger and asked, "Did you speak to me, Sir?" "I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, they speak." "How is this," said the Englishman, "Do you mean to insult me? The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult." "This is too much," said the Englishman, "I will have satisfaction; if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and hereupon he rose with great coolness, and followed his challenger. In these days, when every gentlemen wore a sword, duels were speedily dispatched. They went into a neighbouring alley: and the Englishman, un-

sheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, Sir, you must fight me." "I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight,"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight," and here he disarmed his adversary. "Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied." "I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied." "I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman, "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so."—The grave gentleman now, for the first time became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language; and I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I should have told you this before." The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. "I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together." This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

*On their return to Kendal, from their Marriage Tour,
 Married February 12th, 1835.*

Manchester, February, 1836.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF THE O. F.s.' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If you think the following remarks on the Widow and Orphans' Fund, worthy your notice,—you will much oblige me by inserting them in the next number of the Magazine :—

I believe most men have one or more talents, and as it is my lot to have one only, I have an undoubted right to exercise that talent which God has given me. Since the year 1830, I have been a constant reader of your Magazine, but I confess, (to my shame be it spoken) that I have not been a subscriber individually. I am aware that I have not done my duty, but, if God spares me, I will, by his help, work over-time to make up the lost. The object shall have my utmost support—the utility of it needs no comment—and I have not the least doubt but it will be supported by all who have the sacred cause of Odd Fellowship at heart. It only requires a “long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.” Mere external profession of attachment to an object—if not attended with positive proofs of love for the same—are the marks of hypocrisy, and are but, at the best, an abomination in the sight of God. We ought to conduct ourselves here so as to be void of offence both to God and man; our consciences will be clear, and we may then safely say, that we have gained the approbation of Heaven. We learn that acts of benevolence and charity,—in relieving our distressed brethren, and our needy fellow-creatures,—are most beneficial to ourselves, and more acceptable to God than the most rigorous austerities inflicted on our own bodies, and to the strict attention to the mere forms of religion. If we now neglect to provide for the wants of our wives and children whilst we have an opportunity, we lose all well-grounded hope or expectation of their being relieved by others in the day of necessity;—and, as England expects every man to do his duty in time of need for the safety of old Albion, surely the least we can do is to do our duty to our dear wives and families. If we all lend our assistance the difficulty will easily be surmounted; the cause is good; and He that is for us, is more than all that can be against us,—He has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless.

Officers and Brothers, of what infinite value is tenderness, compassion, and benevolence, to our Order! No man can be an Odd Fellow in heart if he has not these principal traits of character shining in him;—they are the foundation of all virtues, and the mainspring of our usefulness. Let us, then, consider the awful responsibility of such gifts. We ought to consider them as our most valuable treasure, and employ them solely for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and more especially to our dear bosom friends. By supporting this Fund whilst in this transitory world, we shall leave it with a certain hope, that our widows and orphans will not be left without support. What a consolation will this be to all parties! May God assist us in establishing it;—for it will most assuredly elevate our Order; and, for usefulness, it can never be excelled. Our Lodge is but composed of few members, but what there are, they are willing to do their part.

I have explained the utility of the object to some of the members, and am happy to inform you, that there are 16 subscribers to the work,* and I have not the least doubt but the remaining part of the members will join when we have the opportunity of explaining the subject to them. If we exert ourselves in the cause we shall see the completion of our object effected in a short time. We trust other Lodges will see the utility of the thing as well as ourselves, and we hope they will put their shoulder to the wheel, and help it forward.

As it is the first attempt to write upon any important business, I beg you will excuse all defects, as I can assure you that I had nothing in view but the welfare of the Order in general.

Believe me, Gentlemen, to be, in the bonds of F. L. & T.

Your's, sincerely,

MICHAEL MAC GEE, P. P. G. M.

Alrewas, near Lichfield, November 13, 1835.

* There was not a subscriber previous to this date.

BIRTHS.

December 25th, the wife of C. S. Maddock, of the Frodsham District, of a daughter.—October 8, the wife of P. G. Bradley, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Silsden, of a son.—December 6, the wife of brother Thomas Prince, of the same Lodge, of a son.—November 30, the wife of C. S. Southern, of the Warrington District, of a son. The wife of P. G. Fisher, of the St. Thomas Lodge, London, of a son.—Nov. 8, the wife of P. G. Sinous, of the St. Olave's Lodge, London, and 14th of November, the wife of brother Simpson, of the same Lodge, of a daughter. December 21, the wife of P. G. William Oldroyd, of the Amphibious Lodge, of a daughter, and November 4, the wife of P. G. Goodall, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Heckmondwike, of a daughter; and September 10, the wife of brother John Mellor, of the Cornwallis Lodge, of a son and daughter: and January 1, the wife of brother Abraham Houldsworth, of the Truth and Sincerity Lodge, Huddersfield, of a daughter, all in the Huddersfield District.—December 3, the wife of Silvester Sykes, P. G. of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter.—December 28, 1836, the wife of brother Joseph Greenwood, of the Key Lodge, Hadfield, of a son and heir.—February 22, 1836, the wife of brother Charles Turner, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle, of a daughter.—February 17, the wife of P. Prov. C. S. Boyer, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle, of a son.—January 23, 1836, the wife of host James Moore, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Tare, Halifax District, of a son.—January 29, the wife of brother Broadbent Greenroyd, of the Good Intent Lodge, Halifax, of a son and heir.—February 2, the wife of P. G. Jonathan Wilson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a son.—October 17, 1835, the wife of Host John Mallinson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a son.—September 17, 1835, the wife of P. G. R. Pattison, of the Tranquility Lodge, Rochdale, of a son.—January 18, 1835, the wife of P. G. Butterworth, of the Tranquility Lodge, Rochdale, of a daughter.—December 13, 1835, the wife of P. G. J. Rawlinson, of the Tranquility Lodge, Rochdale, of a son and heir.—March 10, the wife of N. G. Holmes, of the Tranquility Lodge, Rochdale, of a son.—December 29, 1835, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. John Spencer, late of the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, and now of the Tranquility Lodge, Rochdale, of a son and heir.—November 22, the wife of brother Jonah Drake, of the Amphibious Lodge, Bradley, of twin sisters.—January 15, the wife of P. G. George Atha, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, of a son.—February 24, the wife of P. D. G. M. John L. Bramwell, of the above Lodge, of a daughter.—November 17, 1835, the wife of brother John Stead, of the Conquering Hero Lodge, of a son and heir.—January 2, 1836, the wife of P. G. William Wilson, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, of a daughter.—January 31, the wife of P. G. Josiah Robinson, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, of a daughter.—Jan. 13, 1836, the wife of P. G. Thompson, of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, Stockport, of a daughter.—January 22, 1836, the wife of brother Wright Cresswell, of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, Stockport, of a son.—February 16, the wife of Dr. Cryer, P. G. of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield.—December 23, the wife of host Moore, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, New Dolphin Fore, Halifax District, of a son.—February 10, the wife of P. G. J. Partington, of the Temple Lodge, Stockport, of a daughter.—November 23, the wife of brother William Tomlinson, of the Stranger's Refuge Lodge, Belper, of a son.—December 19, the wife of host Millward, of a son.—February 28, the wife of G. M. Kidd, of the Colville Lodge, Duffield, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

June 23, N. G. Howsley, to Miss Twyford, and on the 17th of October, Secretary John Askey, to Miss Margaret Brightmore, all of the Baslow District.—April 21, P. S. Joseph Sugden, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Silsden, to Miss Ann Fortune.—November 15, brother Jonas Hudson, of the said Lodge, to Miss Ann Barker.—Jan. 5, brother William Tilloston, of the same Lodge, to Miss Jane Green.—December 29, at the parish church of Claines, Worcester, brother Loyd, of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley, to Frances, widow of the late Mr. James Parry, of Himbleton.—December

31, N. G. John Mather, of the Arcanum Lodge, Crawford, to Miss Elizabeth Sheldon, daughter of brother Joseph Sheldon, of the same Lodge.—January 17, brother William Dickens, of the above Lodge, to Miss Mary Smith, sister to V. G. Smith, of the same Lodge.—October 15, P. G. Daniel Massey, of the Bud of Hope Lodge, Bonsall, to Miss Elizabeth Weston.—February 11, at Runcorn, by the Rev. F. Master, vicar, N. G. William Harding, of the Ebenezer Lodge, to Miss Ann Littler, daughter of C. S. Samuel Littler, of the Runcorn District.—December 7, Thomas Bishop, of the Good Intent Lodge, Loughborough, to Mary Pallets, of the same place.—January 23, John Swana, of the Good Intent Lodge, Loughborough, to Harriet Willmot, of the same place.—January 4, P. S. William Dawson, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Huddersfield District, to Miss Sarah Ann Hallows, of Berry Brow; and P. G. George Crossland, of the above Lodge, to Amelia Whitehead, both of Armitage Bridge.—January 26, at St. Mary's church, Secretary Robert Hadfield, of the Earl Fitzwilliam Lodge, Manchester, to Miss Mary Broaden.—December 27, at the parish church of Glossop, by the Rev. Christopher Howe, brother James Fielding, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, to Miss Mary Hague, of the same place.—February 10, by the Rev. Mr. Carter, brother John Ainland, maltster, of the True Britons' Lodge, Mirfield, to Mrs. Wormald, both of Mirfield.—January 4, P. G. George Crossland, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, to Amelia, widow of the late Mr. John Whitehead, of Honley.—January 4, P. S. William Dawson, to Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. John Fallows.—January 14, brother John Stockwell, to Miss Elizabeth Mellor.—Brother John Hawkyard to Miss Hannah Kinder.—Brother Charles Hallas to Miss Christian Benton.—November 9, 1835, at St. John's church, Manchester, P. V. Lucas, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Stockport, to Miss Ann Broughton, of the same place.—January 30, P. G. Atkinson, of the St. Thomas' Lodge, London, to Miss Miridud Darley.—March 6, Secretary Thomas Armstrong, to Miss Martha Readett, both of Manchester.—At Youlgreave, Derbyshire, January 19, 1836, brother Samuel Bateman, of the Rose of Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, to Miss Elizabeth Jones.—January 24, Secretary James Harrison, of the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, Belper, to Miss D. Day, of the same place.

DEATHS.

December 22, brother John Woodward, of the Constitution Lodge, Warrington, —Fanny, the wife of brother Job Bunting, of the Bud of Hope, Bonsall, leaving a husband and three small children to lament the loss of a good wife and parent.—Feb. 6, aged five years, the son of brother Tatlock, of the St. Thomas' Lodge, London.—January 3, John, third son of P. G. Jackson, of the Duke of Lancaster Lodge, St. Helens:

This lovely bud so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom;
Just came to shew how sweet a flower,
In Paradise would bloom.

February 26, P. G. James Banks, of the British Fleet Lodge, formerly of the Victory Lodge, Manchester.—December 13, after a long and painful illness, Hannah, the wife of host John Carbutt, of the George the Fourth Lodge, Kippax, in the 44th year of her age, leaving a large family to lament their irreparable loss.—February 2, of pulmonary consumption, at the age of 29, brother Barnard Davis, formerly host of the Loyal Cambrian Lodge, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire. His widow has to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband, and his children that of a fond and indulgent parent.—February 2, at Merthyr Tydvil, Mary Ann, daughter of P. Prov. G. M. Reynolds.—February 22, at Merthyr Tydvil, at the age of 33, after a protracted illness, borne with pious resignation, P. G. George Thomas, of the Cambrian Lodge. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous procession of brothers, all of whom felt anxious to bear testimony of the estimation in which he was held among them.

Nipp'd by an untimely blast he fell,
But in that fall resign'd,
He bow'd to the will of Him who never errs.

March 9, aged 27, William Bake, P. G. of the St. George Lodge, Manchester, much and deservedly respected by the brethren of the Manchester District, of which he has for many years been an efficient member.—September 17, 1825, John Davies, of the Ancient Briton's Lodge, Wrexham: his death was occasioned by falling from a scaffold, when employed at a newly-erected building at Manchester; he has left a disconsolate widow & two infant children to deplore his loss: he was universally respected by his brethren, and his melancholy end is generally lamented.—January 26, 1835, Frank, the only son of brother G. Burgess; January 27, Hannah, the only daughter of P. S. William Heeley; February 9, James, the youngest son of brother Robert Penny; February 15, David, the son of P. Prov. C. S. Robert Boyer; February 13, John, the son of brother William Wain; February 23, Sarah, the daughter of P. G. William Knowles; February 21, Henry, the son of brother Amos Barrowclough; February 10, James, and February 17, Zachariah, the two only sons of brother George Shore; January 19, Edwin, the son of brother Samuel Barker, all of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle.—November 2, 1835, aged 28, Sarah, the wife of C. S. Edward Chambers, Pontefract District. The deceased had the misfortune to be so severely scalded about a month before, as to render the remainder of her existence excruciatingly painful to herself, and deplorable to the survivors, a husband and four lamenting children.—January 5, host Rawson, of the Cornwallis Lodge, Huddersfield.—January 20, brother Thomas , of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Elland.—January 20, brother Marmaduke Nuttall's wife, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Elland.—February 10, brother Daniel's wife, of the Friendly Drop Lodge, Heckmondwike.—February 22, brother Johnson's wife, of the Friendly Drop Lodge.—February 26, brother William Sykes' wife, of the Amphibious Lodge, Bradley.—February 28, brother Hellawell's wife, of the Amphibious Lodge, Bradley.—February 26, Elijah Turner, of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield.—January 23, 1836, the son of brother William Wilson, of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, Stockport.—February 2, Frederick, aged one year and eight months, and on the 12th of May, aged four years, the beloved son and daughter of P. S. Joseph Woodcock, of the Key Lodge, Hadfield, Glossop District.—January 4, John Burhose, the son of P. G. George Atha, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, aged three years.—January 17, aged twenty months, Martha North, the daughter of P. G. Abraham Crowther.—January 22, aged two years and nine months, Edwin, the son of Warden Richard Varley.—February 15, aged six months, Thomas Clapham, the son of P. Prov. G. M. William Wright.—February 17, the wife of brother Emanuel Brendley, of the Strangers' Refuge, Belper.—February 20, the wife of brother John Yeoman, of the same place.

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BIOGRAPHY.

MR. THOMAS ARMITT, C. S. OF THE ORDER.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

Concluded from our last Number.

The questions were put, and such answers given to them, as were not, nor could not be, fairly contradicted. My time for stopping had now gone by nearly an hour; when I told them I must withdraw. Hewitt begged but one other explanation, concerning our authority for suspending Lodges out of our own District? They refused to be satisfied with my answer on that head, although they acknowledged all the others had been answered satisfactorily—I told them, we had obtained that power by the sanction of the Annual Committee, and if we had broken our laws, we were answerable for our conduct to that committee only. I then left them, accompanied by N. G. Whittaker, for our new Lodge-house, where we spent the remainder of the evening.

Thursday, I pursued my journey for Yeadon, assisted and accompanied by friend Carter. We arrived there about two o'clock, and found their meeting was called for five. About half-past four, it was announced, that Hewitt, Gascoigne, and two others, had arrived from Leeds. Mr. Hewitt had told me the day before, that a party of them was invited to attend the Yeadon meeting, of which I took little notice. As the time of meeting drew near, I asked for the N. G. of the Lodge, and told him I had no personal animosity against the characters thus invited from Leeds, yet I could not, as things stood at present, sit with them either in Lodge or Committee, without committing a known breach of the laws. The N. G. denied any knowledge of their invitation. I advised him to take the opinion of the past officers as to what was to be done, it not being my wish to give offence; but rather than barter my honor as a past officer, I would then leave them. After taking the sense of the P. Gs. they said, as their Leeds friends had come so far, (though without any legal invitation) and as their Lodge was opened by them, they wished we should all spend our evening together. To this I assented, but not to sit as a Lodge or Committee—merely a meeting for harmony and as a convivial party. Here they have a new and a beautiful Lodge-room, which was soon filled with a respectable and orderly people. The meeting was opened as I proposed, and a chairman appointed to keep order.

When silence was obtained, I begged leave to say a few words—the favour granted, proceeded to shew, that in conformity with the resolution of the June Committee, 825, I was sent to make a part of my northern tour, by the heads of the Order, and for the purpose of giving the new degree, pass-words, signs, &c. &c., I had now visited them; but under the present arrangement of things, I felt myself a little disappointed, and if they would candidly tell me, whether they had or had not declared in favour of a new system of government which their Leeds friends were trying to estab-

fish, they would oblige me, and I should then know how to act. I was not come there to form parties, or to cringe or bow to any man or body of men. The Manchester Unity required no such pitiful auxillaries—conscious of its own strength, it is marching on with gigantic but steady step to a degree of usefulness and perfection, superior, I believe, to any other institution in the empire. My friends had put money into my pocket, to enable me to pay my road, and I was determined to act as an Independent Odd Fellow—neither to give nor take an insult. If my company was refused, my business with them was at an end—for rather than be so weak as to turn either to the right hand or to the left, from the strict epath of duty (as laid down to me by the jaws of our Unity) I would become an exile in some distant land for ever.

This short speech had such an effect, that several were on their legs at once, to make the enquiry who it was that had given the invitation to the officers from Leeds—they all denied it. I observed, I felt no objections to their gratifying their feelings by inviting whom they thought proper, but I certainly contended that it was ill-timed. A brother, whose name I have not the pleasurr of knowing, here asked, “where they had received their knowledge of Odd Fellowship from?”—the general exclamation was, “Manchester, Manchester.” Another rose, saying, it was a hard case, in his opinion, that a worthy P. G. M. should come from Manchester, and they should be called together to receive information, and be thus interrupted and disappointed. The General of the Leeds party, finding that he was out-marshalled, politely apologized for their intrusion, and withdrew with his discomfitted adherents, during the time of business, which lasted until past ten o’clock. After business, they were again admitted, with a positive promise from the chairman, that nothing relative to Odd Fellowship should again be brought in question that evening. Notwithstanding two or three individuals seemed to cleave to Leeds, they were well satisfied with the information and instructions given, and it was impossible to shew greater kindness, or give more hearty welcome, than that with which I was treated—I had the thanks of the meeting, and everything ended well. I then wished them good night, and appointed eight o’clock next morning to give the past officers’ signs, &c. &c. They here informed me, that I was about fifteen miles from Keighley, which lay on my road for Barnsley; and much to the credit of the St. Peter’s Lodge, Yeadon, they arranged with Mr. Fletcher, who keeps a horse and car, that the N. G. of the Lodge, and a past officer, should accompany me over the mountains. They brought me on my way to the neighbourhood of Bingley, a short distance from Keighley, where we all felt need of refreshment. P. G. Fletcher sent for brother Dewhurst, an officer of the Myrtle Lodge, in that neighbourhood, when, after a good dinner, and a plentiful supply of liquor, they discharged the whole reckoning, and would not suffer me to pay a farthing, so long as I remained with them—nor even my share towards the expence of the horse and car. After returning thanks for their kindness and liberality, we took leave of each other, with feelings which will long be remembered by me with grateful delight, and I could not help internally indulging in the language of the Poet,—

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Thou solder of society, I owe thee much!

Brother Dewhurst and another brother accompanied me to Keighley, where they soon collected many brothers of the Eboracum Lodge together. Here I found them athirst for knowledge. Our evening was spent in enquiries on their part, and in giving answers and information on mine. They thanked me for my unexpected visit, and said although they had appointed two to attend the Halifax meeting, yet, understanding by me, that it would be illegal, they would not attend, but appropriate the money to better purposes. They would not allow me to pay anything towards my night’s expences, and we separated mutually gratified with our unexpected meeting.

The next morning I set out by coach for Burnley, where I arrived about noon. After taking refreshment, I made the host acquainted with my business. He told me he had not heard of any meeting that was to take place. I desired him to send for the C. S. of the District—when he arrived, I found they had mistaken, in part, the purport of the circular. However, there was no time now for any fresh measures to be adopted, and in the evening I had a respectable attendance of the Industry Lodge, who paid the greatest possible attention to the information I had to communicate. The evening was spent in a manner becoming our laudable profession, until time called upon

us to separate. They took their leave in an affectionate and manly manner, and I feel certain they are, in that place, piloting the vessel of Odd Fellowship with integrity, zeal and prudence. The officers seem to be men of good morals and steady habits, and their Lodges are, consequently, in a growing state of prosperity.

Loaded with kindnesses and hearty welcomes, the next morning I took my leave, and arrived at Haslingden about twelve o'clock. I spent the remaining part of the day with the past and present officers of the District. The meeting was appointed for Monday afternoon—soon after dinner, the room began to fill—about five o'clock the chair was taken, and the meeting was opened. The unfounded slanders of the Leeds circulars had not in the least disturbed the minds of this well-informed people. They well knew it was not the first time these disturbers had attempted, but in vain, to snatch from our hands, the balance and the rod. Notwithstanding, I gave them a faithful account of the success of my mission on the present occasion, together with a sketch of the pretended offence the heads of the Order had given to Leeds. We then proceeded to give the signs, new lecture, &c. &c. &c. and I may safely say, this was a feast of reason, and a flow of soul. I received the thanks of the meeting in a cordial and friendly manner, and they were not only anxious to make me welcome, but would bear a part in the expences of my journey, in a most liberal and handsome manner—for which, in the name of the printing committee, and on my own behalf, I returned thanks, with a grateful heart. The Lodges in this District, are numerous and truly respectable, and they seem determined to support the existing heads and laws of the Order. We parted reluctantly, and at a late hour I retired to rest. On Tuesday, February 21, after an absence of twelve days, I arrived, by the kind Providence of Heaven, safe at home, when I found my family and friends in good health.

Thus have I given a simple and undisguised statement of the occurrences of this part of my tour—I have nothing further to add—I only hope I may not be misunderstood. In the spirit of F. L. and T. allow me to say to all ALL—PEACE BE WITH YOU!

In 1826, the A. M. C. was held at the Prince's Tavern, Manchester, and it was a Committee that has not been surpassed since, for talent and men of integrity. By consulting its minutes my readers will find the five makings, which had used to belong to the Lodge that had the honor of opening a new one, was transferred to the necessary expences of dispensation and other requisites of the new Lodge. The R. H. Supporter's charge was improved—the Lodges in the Liverpool District were (with one exception) admitted into fellowship with the Manchester Unity—likewise the Abercrombie was in full compliance, and the law improved respecting certificates—a substantial provision was made for the interment of a brother should death overtake him on travel, with many other valuable alterations. Indeed, this was an eventful year. We saw the necessity of a change, but difficulties rose in our way which I did not know how to surmount. Mr. Hodgson, of the Prince's Tavern, had been for many years our Treasurer, and though we wished to remove our Treasurership, and to take rooms for the transaction of our general business, yet I thought we could not remove without paying to our Treasurer—as men of honor—any just debt he might have against us, which he said was a considerable sum. However the Nottingham A. M. C., which was held in 1827, relieved me from the difficulty. Of this Committee, G. M. Derbyshire was President—D. G. M. Fry, Vice President—and P. G. M. Wardle, C. S.,—they acted for the general good, and, assisted by our country friends, (after much deliberation) established a Firm and Board of Management in Manchester; and, in order to assist that Firm, one penny per quarter from every brother in the Order was willingly subscribed, to establish a Fund, to be called 'The Fund of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.' Here, I think, it may not be amiss to name the persons who composed the first Board of Directors:—P. D. G. M. Adkin, of the Cumberland Lodge; N. G. Gray, Apollo; P. G. and C. S. Taylor, Oldham; N. G. Ainsworth, Turton; P. G. Scholfeld, Mosley; P. G. Boardman, Devonshire; P. G. M. Derbyshire, Devonshire; Prov. G. M. Hewgill, Industry, Droylady; N. G. J. R. White, Wellington; P. G. Hampton, Abercrombie; N. G. Healey, Clarence; G. M. Redfern, Nelson; P. G. M. William Armitt, Wellington; P. G. R. Wilde, Ashton; P. G. Whitehead, Rochdale; P. G. Carter, Saddleworth; D. G. M. Gorbett, Abercrombie; P. G. Ashhurst, Nelson; P. G. Barnett, Cumberland, and myself. Thus we embarked, without any expi-

tal, and with a supposed debt of £50. against us ; yet trusting to the goodness of the cause we espoused, and relying with confidence on our friends, we cheerfully united in this important work, and the following will shew we were not idle in the vineyard of our beloved Institution. Though Mark Wardle was appointed Secretary, I, through the request of my friends, attended the Board Room from nine o'clock in the morning until four in the evening, for one-half of his salary—which was £20. per year. This I did not for the sake of the money, but for the wish I had to see the cause support itself from its own industry ; namely, from the profits of printing, and the sale of other goods, such as were then required in the Order. At this time the visiting pence were taken off, and the P. G.s' Degree introduced, likewise the Covenant and Remembrance—all brought to England by G. M. Wildey, from the United States of America. We had only about 300 Lodges in compliance with the Manchester Unity at this time, and some of them very weak in numbers and funds ; but the Board of Directors acted with the greatest caution, and proved themselves men of honor and integrity. This year, though small our means, we realized a handsome profit to the Order.

The next A. M. C. was held at Dudley, 1828, where we obtained able assistance from the Deputies from all parts of the kingdom. This year I was appointed C. S. of the Order, at £40. per annum,—not for my abilities, but for my steady uniform conduct, and my willing devotedness to its best interests. I did not think, at that time, of the amazing success that has crowned my labours, in conjunction with my fellow-helpers. As our orders amazingly increased, and not a week but we had applications for new Dispensations, and was looked up to for advice from all parts of England, which was given with the greatest caution, always bearing an eye to peace and tranquility. This year we cleared about £100. by our sale of goods, exclusive of my salary, rent and other expenses.

Our next A. M. C. was held at Sheffield, in 1829. This meeting was attended with more than ordinary interest. Out of the P. G.s' Degree, that had been so recently introduced from America, arose P. G.s' Lodges, which were countenanced by the Board of Directors, they thinking that these might be so many safeguards to the interests of our Institution ; but this Committee thought they were calculated to create jealousies, and to separate chief friends, therefore they were discontinued, and the few dispensations that had been granted were called in again,—and happy to say, given up without a murmur on the part of those who had been the means of establishing them. At this Committee the Pottery and Newcastle District and the Manchester Unity were friends. A misunderstanding having previous to this time existed, concerning the expulsion of a member from the Pottery and Newcastle District—well and truly may it be said “that unity is strength.” This was a year of great peace and prosperity, and such was the rapid growth of the Manchester District, that it was found necessary to divide it into seven Districts, which was granted at the Leeds A. M. C. after a lengthened controversy on the subject ; as some of the best friends of the Manchester District thought that this division of the District would destroy unity and concord, but experience soon taught us that it had a tendency to strengthen the bulwarks of our Institution. This year (1830) our A. M. C. was held at Leeds, when the division of the Manchester District was ratified and confirmed, and I think I cannot do better here than give the opening speech of G. M. Barnett, which I took down at that time, the substance is as follows :—

Deputies assembled,—It is with the greatest pleasure I take the liberty of informing you that the General Fund of our Order at the present time exceeds £1000. and after deducting cash received for General Fund, there is a fund of £500. which has been realized by the sale of goods since the Board of Directors were appointed to manage the business of the Order.” Thus you see, that though the Board of Directors had only been in operation three years, yet, through their vigilance and my additional efforts, we had not only realized this money, but had furnished the offices with necessities, and paid off a heavy debt that had been contracted by the late printing Committee. This year we made many alterations in our laws, and our lectures were, at the request of our Welsh brethren, to be translated into their language. This year £20 was added to my salary, indeed, such was the increase of business, that I was obliged to have an assistant, and so much so, that we found our time well employed ; this was chiefly owing to the new formation of Districts, and the opening of so many

new Lodges, which greatly surpassed any former year.—This was a year of great prosperity both in funds and numbers. Our next Committee was held at Liverpool, on Whitmonday, 1831; here there was an unusual pressure of business, and many opinions warmly contested, yet, there was a large majority of well-disposed brethren, and our balance sheet showed us to be worth £1402. 12s. 7½d. audited and found correct by William Smith, public accountant. I was much pleased, and the Order, I trust, will be much benefited by the following resolution:—That a Committee of three persons be appointed to audit the accounts, and prove the stock upon the premises; and that the said Committee be appointed by the A. M. C. and paid from the general fund of the Order. The three appointed were, P. Prov. G. M. Whitehead, of Rochdale; P. Prov. D. M. W. Parsons, of Leeds; and P. Prov. G. M. Elsom, of Nottingham. I name these as they were the first who were appointed to this most important duty. This meeting finished up well, though I must say of the beginning, they were as shy to meet as "sister streams, where some rude imposing rock had split;" at the finishing up, a letter was read from P. Prov. G. M. Renie, of the Monmouth District; this worthy man, I think I may say, was one of the brightest stars that ever made its appearance in the firmament of Odd Fellowship, and through the respect generally felt for this truly great man, our next A. M. C. was held at Monmouth. The year rolled round, the time arrived, we flocked in numbers to Monmouth, anxious who should be the first to receive a hearty welcome from this good man; but alas! he was borne to the tomb of his fathers only a few days before. Death had summoned him away. I retired in secret to bedew his memory with a tear, when I had somewhat recovered, I went with many of our friends, to hear his funeral sermon; this, again I must say, was so affecting that there were few dry eyes: yet, pleasing to know, that though while in health, he felt some objections to the christian religion, yet, on examining its foundation, these objections were removed, and he set his seal to the truth, and died in full hopes of a blessed immortality, through the blessings of a crucified Redeemer, in the regions of eternal day.

On the Monday morning, after our minds had somewhat recovered from the shock we received through the death of our beloved brother, we proceeded to the important business of the Committee, and I think with that cool deliberate thought that was highly becoming Odd Fellows. Here a petition was granted to the widow and children of our lamented friend, that realized upwards of one hundred pounds. The proceeds of the year proved that vigilance and industry had been used, and that it had been a year of increase in wealth, numbers, and respectability; our balance showed us to be increasing rapidly in funds. Here it was proved from the auditors' report, that the labour must necessarily increase with the increase of business, and my salary was raised to eighty pounds per year. But for fear I should tire your patience, I hurry on to the A. M. C. held at Bury, in the year of our Lord, 1833, here our General Laws underwent a revision and correction, after being prepared by Mr. John Ormond, now P. G. M. A great press of business was before the meeting, and according to the auditors' report, we had been so prosperous, that it was thought we were surpassing rich, that the initiation shillings were discontinued, and by referring to the minutes, you will find that many distressed cases were relieved, and I hope, much good was done.

On Whitmonday, 1834, our A. M. C. was held at Hull. Here the town seemed to be rather in an unsettled state, through electioneering and political feelings, that we were looked upon with a jealous eye; being so great a body of strangers; but when our business was known, all fears subsided, and before we left the town, they had a proof that our object was of a more sublime and different nature, than either trades' unions, or party rage.

This Committee was attended with many important discussions, and our balance in hand again showed that we were increasing as a body throughout our whole Unity, and that our finance was increasing to an amazing extent, so much so, that our liberality in relieving the Lodges and individuals exceeded any former year. The lecture book was ordered to be revised, our signs changed, and other important changes at this Committee. This year they added twenty pounds to my present salary, and the Committee closed their labours on the Thursday, about one o'clock.

This was a year of much extra labour to the officers of the Order and the Board

of Directors, in putting into operation the resolutions of the before named Committee, as the whole lectures were examined clause by clause, and I doubt not, but many will think with me, that the result of their labours, and the alterations in the initiations, &c. have been attended with beneficial effects to the whole of our great community; these lectures were ready for delivery on the 20th of January, 1835, when we were visited by many friends from the country, who expressed their entire satisfaction with the alterations made.

In 1835, our Committee was held at Kendal, in their new and splendid hall, which these men, though but a handful of people in comparison to many Districts that visited them, had built to the honour of Odd Fellowship. Our balance according to the auditors' report, showed us to be worth £3108. 5s. 2½d. This shows that our Order has experienced a steady increase of members, wealth, and respectability; and our laws, though so lately made, underwent great alterations, and which I hope will act well, but we leave experience to test the usefulness of so many alterations. This year's proceedings would fill a volume were they detailed from Kendal to Derby, but I hasten on, knowing that the shortest history might give offence to some, and grieve others, which would be unpleasant to me, and I come at once to the Derby A. M. C. held on Whitmonday, and continued until the Saturday following. This was a meeting big with events, where much anxiety was displayed by contending parties who had appeals and trials pending. At this meeting, however, it may not be amiss to observe, that it was the most numerous meeting we ever had, and I may with truth say, that much talent was displayed, and some of our fundamental laws were materially altered. At this Committee was displayed firmness of character, integrity of purpose, and unflinching veracity; and the effects of their proceedings will better be told by those who are spared to see our next balance sheet in 1837.

I have said little on my own account, but I hope I may be permitted to observe that, for years, I had carried a burden that the longer I carried the heavier it became. I here, with great difficulty and after much trouble, made my case known as to the poverty of my circumstances: this, the meeting seemed willing to entertain, if they were convinced of the truth of the statement. For this purpose a Sub-committee was appointed to examine me on the subject—I was free and open in declaring the truth, and they were very exact in their inquiries, as to how these things had occurred. They sat some hours on the case—took the Report to the whole Committee, who sympathized with my misfortunes in such a way, that I have no doubt, while my health and memory lasts, I shall prove my gratitude in far stronger terms than any words can express. But allow me here to say—lest any officer or brother should receive a wrong impression—that I have always made up my books with honor and honesty, and all mistakes that appeared against me I have made good, by passing them into the hands of the Board of Directors—that I can say, in eight years, the Board has never sustained one shilling of loss, either in stock or cash.

Thus have I given a sketch of the rise and progress of Odd Fellowship since the time of my becoming a member, and it will appear to the attentive reader, that we, as a society, have made amazing progress; but taking a slight view of the rise and progress of other societies, we may perceive that when they have become wealthy and numerous, they have become vain and intolerant, and in their assemblies have forgotten the rock from which they were hewn, and the hole of the pit from which they have been dug; thus they forget that golden rule, "do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you," and hence arises bickerings and animosities. The wealthy part of the society exercises authority over the poor, they legislate and make laws congenial with their own feelings, views, and interest, and though the poor and rich meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them both; yet they forget that admirable lesson when Jacob returned to his country and kindred, after an absence of twenty years, he came to Jordan, and said, "with my staff I passed over, and now I am become two bands." May I not say that our family of Odd Fellows has mightily increased? but let us imitate this wise and great man, in driving, or rather leading on, our flocks as he did, saying "the children are tender, and the flocks and herds are with young, if men should over drive them, one day all the flocks would die," therefore "he led on softly according as the cattle that goeth, and the children are able to endure." May we not, as Odd Fellows, learn a lesson from this simple narrative? namely, to have an espe-

cial care of the weak and poor of our flock, that we do not attempt to force an unwilling awe, or make their way of duty so expensive to them, as either to hurt their minds, or injure their domestic happiness, if we do, there will soon become a visible change amongst us; the richer part will herd together, and forget that courtesy which is due to the dusky brow of the mechanic and the labouring class, which are the backbone and sinews of our Society: then we shall forget to visit the cellars and garrets, and the abodes of misery. Hoping this will not be the case, but that we shall strive sincerely to avoid the dreadful rock of PRIDE, on which others have split, and that we shall always find men amongst us, whose deliberate judgment, and well-tempered zeal, under the direction of a kind Providence, will so steer the vessel of Odd Fellowship, that we may not only avoid the dreadful shipwreck that similar societies have made, but that thousands that are now unborn, may yet have cause to rise up and call us blessed.

My efforts have always been to rear, uphold, and sustain our Institution inferior to none on earth, whose fruit is peace and good will towards men; an Institution that must be revered by the good, and respected by the virtuous—an Institution if persevered in right, that will in time unite and cement all sects and parties together, and love shall be the predominant passion, that shall, (like Moses' rod) swallow up all the rest. Let me here subjoin while we are in this imperfect state of things, that no difference of opinion on points of religious belief, should influence our *beneficences*; we ought to regard all men as being like ourselves, not only with the right, but under the same obligations to worship their God according to the dictates of conscience, subject to the same responsibility, travelling to the same judgments. And now a word to the young, and then I will conclude my (I am afraid) too tedious narrative. It is not a matter of regret with me to see the rising talent, and growing intelligence of the age, but I hail it as a blessing, and would give it every encouragement in my power, and am happy to find there are some young Davids in our camp, whose well tempered zeal, together with their prudence and decision on important matters, bespeak the superiority of their growing intelligence, and they have carefully guarded the bulwarks of our Institution; I likewise have known many young men in the last twenty years, who were very honest in their intentions, and without any evil design, committed great evils, and sometimes have been the ruin of societies, through their brethren indiscreetly hurrying them into office, when their slender knowledge of our rules and regulations rendered them incapable of performing those duties necessary in their situations, to the great detriment of the society with which they were connected, and their own dishonor; thus the flattering of some, and the applause of others, may become the occasion of much evil, by inspiring us with pride, or filling us with self-complacency, as either to relax in our exertions to do good, and thus becoming indifferent to the cause a little time back we so zealously espoused. As I hinted before respecting the poor and the rich meeting together, so I must say respecting the old and the young; they ought to mix in company together on proper occasions, for they said of old, "our fathers have declared unto us so and so, the mighty acts of the Lord in their day:" and I myself have, when younger, often received wholesome advice from those who were in advanced years. But I hope I shall always have that humility that I may receive instructions from either young or old; for I consider that, if we suffer pride to make a distinction in our assemblies, either of old or young, poor or rich, we so far differ from that universal charity and benevolence we profess so much to admire. Our young friends have been assiduous in preparing and selecting materials for the Magazine, this they have done gratuitously, and devoted much time to its columns, and that has been a saving of expence to the Order, and has caused its pages to be enlarged and improved; and through their exertions, as one means, why the sale has increased so amazingly, and another means or cause presents itself, they being able to give an order for double the quantity is decidedly an advantage; and last, though not least, another reason is not only the cheapness of the work, but the impression made upon the minds of the people throughout our vast unity, that the profits arising from the sale of the Magazine, should be applied solely to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, whether one General Fund for our whole fraternity or every District has its separate fund, which, if well conducted, will, I hope, be attended with a general blessing. And here let me, before I conclude, beg leave to correct a mistake that it appears I have made, respecting mixing our Leeds friends with the Yorkshire Unity. At page 63 in the December Magazine, read *York-*

shire Unity, instead of Leeds leaders; in page 44, read instead of Leeds gent. *Forkshire Unity*. I hope our Leeds friends will believe me, when I tell them I had no intention to offend them, so far from that, I have always looked upon them and proved them to be, in the foremost ranks of my best and deservedly respected friends; hoping we may long live in peace and unanimity, I remain,

Your truly devoted servant,

THOMAS ARMITT,

C. S. of the M. U. of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows

THE ANTHEM OF WORMS.

Slowly above us rings the bell—
Hark, its measured toll!
A corpse comes down to its narrow cell,
To Heaven hath gone a soul.

Hist! the tread of many feet—
Hist! the words of prayer;
Now, hark ye, a sound that's far more sweet,
For it says to us—prepare!

'Tis the heavy earth on the plated lid—
It has soiled the coffin gay;
From man's eye now our feast is hid—
Let us no more delay!

Our table's spread with a winding-sheet
As white as driven snow;
Cushions are at the head and feet,
A fair soft bed below.

Who hunts so well as Father Death!
He strikes the beauteous down;
He spareth not the young, 'i faith,
His children's board to crown.

Then, let's away to the thing of clay,
We'll make our dwelling here;
We'll roll and riot, in ease and quiet,
For many a long year.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Some say "To-morrow never comes,"
A saying oft thought right;
But if To-morrow never came,
No end were to to-night.

The fact is this, time flies so fast,
That ere we've time to say
To-morrow's come—Presto! behold!
To-morrow proves To-day.

(SELECTED.)

G O D.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DEREZHAVING,

BY MR. BOWRING,

o informs us that this Poem has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo.— It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Peking.

O, THOU ETERNAL ONE! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! There is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore:
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee
 There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
 To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou, from primeval nothingness, didst call
 First chaos, then existence; Lord! on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation:—all
 Sprung from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life with death!
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.*

*The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees summer. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the best diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow lines, de and weary the eye.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command ;
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
 A glorious company of golden streams—
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
 Sun's lighting systems with their joyous beams !
 But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost :—
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
 And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought
 Against Infinity ! What am *I* then ? Nought !

Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
 Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought ! but *I* live, and on Hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
 I am, O God ! and surely THOU must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !
 Direct my understanding then to Thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand !
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the bound'ries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am
 A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !
 Whence came I here,—and how ? So marvellously
 Constructed and conceived ? Unknown ! This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy ;
 For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and Thy word
 Created *me* ! Thou source of life and good !
 Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
 Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions bless'd
 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And wafts its homage to thy Deity.
 God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
 Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

THE SUNDERLAND SAILOR.

(From the World of Fashion.)

During a short sojourn in the town of Sunderland, I took up my abode in the house of one of those captains who constantly trade from thence to London with coals. These coasting voyages are performed several times in the course of a year, and it was the frequent boast of my worthy landlord, that, during five and thirty years, he had never once missed accompanying his vessel.

George Phillips was a hale, hearty man of sixty, whose weather-beaten countenance seemed to evince a long acquaintance with the toils and perils of the ocean. In each furrow of his hard features you might fancy a tale of dangers, but the lively light of his grey eye, and the good-humoured expression of his countenance, shewed his spirit unbroken by hardships, and his temper unsoured by difficulties, while the breadth and sinew of his frame argued his bodily powers augmented, rather than decreased, by his boisterous life. He was a man whose nautical experience and skill were greatly lauded by all who were capable of judging on the subject, and, in all affairs relating to pilotage or coast navigation, his opinions were received with as much deference as was the oracle at Delphos in olden time. This universal deference to his judgment had imparted a decision, and indeed obstinacy to his character, which was displayed in others matters equally as much as in technical detail, and when he had once formed a resolution, no argument or persuasion could induce him to swerve from it. As it unfortunately happened, however, that even in the most common concerns of life, (in fact in every thing that did not relate to nautical affairs, and the routine of his business) our hoary son of Neptune was as ignorant as a mere child, and this dogged pertinacity was frequently the means of leading him into error, and of exciting a laugh at his expense. Still Phillips was a most estimable character. His conduct to his wife, whom he had espoused for pure love in early life, was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, and two hardy sons she had presented him with, bore witness to the uniform kindness they had received at the hands of their respected sire, from that happy period of childhood when, with anxious expectation, they had looked forward to his return from London as the brightest moment of their existence, and had

“Climbed his knees the envied kiss to share,”

to the present time, when, in the full vigour of youth and strength, they, in their turn, became the support of their beloved parent, and, as he declined in the vale of years, exerted themselves to alleviate the toil of his profession, and render his hours of leisure and domestic relaxation, yet more happy by their filial attentions.

Such was my worthy host, and, despite of his invincible ignorance, I cannot but think that, blessed as he was by an amiable wife, and dutiful and affectionate sons, he was a happy man: nay, his very ignorance itself helped to fill up the measure of his felicity, for he had no practical, and but little theoretical, knowledge of the wickedness of the world, and had escaped uncontaminated by its vices. But alas! for the mutability of human enjoyment!

I was one afternoon sitting in my little apartment, revelling in a favourite author, when my attention was arrested by a loud laugh which proceeded from the parlour of old Phillips. As I felt somewhat fatigued by reading, I thought I would beguile an hour in the society of the worthy folks below, so, taking a cigar out of my case, I marched down to ask for a light, (for thou knowest, most polite reader, that I was obliged to have some little excuse to avoid compromising my dignity!)

I found Mrs. Phillips and her sons enjoying a hearty and uproarious laugh, apparently at the expense of the old gentleman, who was sitting in his huge wooden arm chair, smoking his pipe with an air of the most imperturbable gravity, and ever and anon laying heavy exactions on a goblet of grog which was placed before him.

"Heyday," said I, on entering, "you all seem amused."

"Why, yes, Sir," replied the eldest of the sons, "Feyther be joking."

"Joking," repeated I, "egad I don't he looks much like it either."

"Oh! that be his way, sir: he sets us all a laughing, but the deil a bit will he move a muscle."

"Well," said I, "I should like to hear this excellent joke, and, perhaps, I may enjoy it too."

"Lauk, sir," interrupted the mother, "only to think on it!—Why here's my auld man who has been five-and-thirty years a captain, and never yet missed going with the collier, has all at once taken a freak into his pate that he won't go this turn. God knows I should be glad enow if he'd stay at hame althegither now in his auld age; but then for him to say that he'll miss ganging ance, when for sae many years he'd as soon hae chapped off a finger as stay awa out o' th' brig when she gangs, why lauk it seems impossible like."

"Why really, I think, after five-and-thirty years' hard service, he has acquired a right to make a holiday now and then, or he never will," observed I.

"It is not that I'm inclined to be idle," said old Phillips, puffing out a huge volume of clear blue smoke.

"You are ill, perhaps."

"Never was better in my life, sir, thank God."

"The weather," continued I, advancing to the casement, "appears, as far as I am a judge, favourable; and the wind is fair."

"I should never wish to put my craft out in a finer breeze, or calmer weather," replied the old seaman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and calmly refilling it.

"All this," observed one of the sons, "makes us more sure that feyther's a joking."

"I tell you, boy, I'm serious," responded the old man. "Though, for many a lang year, and a rough ance, I hae never missed, or wished to miss, a twin, yet somehow or another, I feel determined not to go this time. I canna account for it, and I canna give a reason why, but go I won't, so that ends the matter."

"And I'm sure," said his wife, "I'm heartily glad on't, and only wish ye'd never gang mair, as ye say our George can do almost as well."

"Aye, aye," replied Phillips, "but George ha'n't weathered sae many storms as his auld father, and perhaps never may."

The poor old man little thought on the prophetic spirit contained in his few last words.

It was now finally settled, that as the cargo was shipped, and all things ready, George should for this time assume the command of the "Bonny Bess," while his brother John served in his usual capacity of mate.

The weather was beautiful, and a brisk evening gale imparted a delicious coolness to the atmosphere, after the burning rays of a July sun. The two young men were in the highest spirits, as, shaking their parents heartily by the hand, they let themselves down the moor point, and sprang into the boat waiting to convey them to the brig which was lying at anchor in the offing.

"There they go," exclaimed the old man, "and, though I say it, two as gallant lads as any in the county of Durham; aye, or in the town of Sunderland either."

The sails were set, the anchor weighed, and the vessel bore swiftly onward under the influence of the breeze, whilst Phillips and myself stood silently watching her pro-

gress till she became a speck on the horizon. We then returned home, and I shut myself up in my apartment, where I read for a time, and then retired early to rest.

I had slept soundly for some hours, when I was awakened by a hoarse sullen roar, for which I could not at first assign a cause; but when, presently afterwards, the whole apartment was illuminated for the space of several seconds, with such brilliancy that I could discern the minutest article, I was convinced that it was a violent thunder-storm. The electric light was succeeded by the most pitchy darkness, and a profound silence which was soon broken by one of the most tremendous peals I can remember ever to have heard. The wind, which had during the evening been calm and steady, now blew with terrific violence in unequal gusts, and as far as I could remark, from the diametrically opposite quarter to that which I had observed some hours before. The Bonny Bess and her crew now struck upon my thoughts.

"Heaven preserve them," ejaculated I, hastily arising.

The awful and quick succeeding flashes afforded me amply sufficient light to attire myself, and I descended into the little parlour, where I found Mrs. Phillips partly dressed, pacing about the room, in an agony of grief and fear. I offered such words of consolation as suggested themselves in the hurry of the moment, and then inquired after her husband.

"He is gone down to the beach," replied she, breaking out into hysterical sobs—"gone to seek for our boys; but they are lost, lost for ever. The sea has swallowed up both my boys,—my only children. Oh! that I should live to see this day."

"The storm is indeed tremendous," said I, considerably affected by the agony of mind she displayed, "but put your trust in Providence—at once in the Omnipotence and mercy of God, and hope for the best."

"Oh! they are driven back upon the bar and are lost for ever," exclaimed she, clasping her hands wildly together; "my husband too, has gone down to the beach. He will do some rash thing, and I shall be widowed and childless in the same unhappy hour."

"Be patient for a while, my good dame," said I, "I will immediately go down to the shore, and keep a watchful eye upon your husband."

She caught at my proposal with eagerness, and as two female friends came in to assist her, I hastened down to the sea-side, where a scene burst upon my sight which defies the power of language to supply words of power sufficient to express its gloomy horror.

Imagine the effect produced by hundreds of persons moving quickly about the margin of the ocean, waving lighted torches in their hands, which threw a flickering and imperfect light through a portion of the Egyptian darkness, which prevailed in the intervals between the electric glare, and faintly showed the enraged sea boiling and roaring with its utmost fury. Then came the blood-streaked lightning, casting its red glare upon the whole surface of the ocean, and realizing in our minds the fabled Phlegethon: the fiery billows rose mountains high, and seemed to mingle with the huge and threatening masses of clouds which overhung it, like some vast demon stretching forth his wings, and glutting over his fallen prey. Some distance out I could plainly perceive a vessel at intervals, when the waves, subsiding for a moment, would, as if in mockery, give us a full view of the wreck they were fast devouring.

I now observed a crowd of persons pressing to a particular part of the beach, and, on hastening to the spot, I found they were endeavouring to launch the life-boat for the assistance of the sufferers of the wreck, which I was told by a young fisherman, was fast jammed in between the rocks, and could not be expected to hold together many minutes. I was proceeding to ask some further questions of the man, when my attention was arrested by the harsh tones of a voice which sounded high, even amid the thunder of the elements.

"Shame on ye all! Are ye turned cowards, that ye can see yer fellow creatures swallowed up in a raging sea like this, and not venture to their help!—Are these the canny lads o' Sunderland?"

I passed through the throng, and beheld old Phillips. He was stripped of all

save his trowsers, displaying to view his short, but amazingly muscular, form. His hair was dripping with water, and he was urging with voice and action those who were engaged in the arduous task of launching the life-boat, and who, he either fancied, or they really were, backward in their exertions.

"Auld as I am, I'll be the first to man her," exclaimed he; and was proceeding to put his words into execution, when I caught his arm and pulled him back.

"For God's sake, Phillips, consider your wife; and do not unnecessarily expose yourself to danger."

"Consider my wife!" exclaimed he, with a bitter smile, and shaking me roughly off; "Can I consider anything, when the Bonny Bess is going fast to pieces, and my two boys are there to share her fate." As he spoke the last words, he rushed desperately into the surf.

"For Heaven's sake," said I, addressing the crowd, "do not allow him to go. Think upon his poor wife, and that, in all probability, he will, in future, be her only support."

My appeal had the desired effect, and old Phillips was held back by main force. In the meantime the life-boat was manned, and launched by the exertions of the stout seamen assembled to render assistance to their unfortunate brethren. Vain, however, were their efforts, for the violence of the waves defied the utmost power of the rowers, and they were driven back upon the shore. Three times with desperate courage did they brave the fury of the elements, and three times were they compelled to retire from mere physical exhaustion. Undismayed, however, they were preparing for a fourth attempt, when it was discovered that the boat had sustained so much injury as to render her totally unfit for service: all hope was lost, and the fate of the unfortunate crew seemed decided.

"Hark! what sound is that?" inquired a person in the crowd, as a shrill scream of anguish, gradually subsiding into a wailing cry, was born upon the storm-blast; and was clearly audible amidst the hoarse roaring of the waves, from the difference of the key.

"It is the evil spirit of the storm," said another, looking fearfully about him.

"To ye're hames—To ye're hames, ye men of Sunderland," exclaimed a tall meagre old woman, attired in the gypsy style, elbowing her way through the press.—"To ye're hames all of ye. It is the cry of the night hag riding o'th' wind—ye can do nae mair for thae poor fated souls in the ship, sae gang awa, or ye may cum under the blight and curse o'an awsome spirit."

The boldest hearts for a moment shrunk under the influence of superstition; all stood in inactivity, and some were already stealing off, when a tall athletic man bursting from the crowd, exclaimed, "Foul fall ye a' for cowards, an ye listen to auld wives' tales in sic an hour as this. The vessel hae parted, and it is the cry of the drowning mariners that ye hear, and makes yere white livers quake—it is the death-shriek of yere own towns-folk—yere own fathers and brithers.—There! hark! 'tis there again!" At this moment a terrific blaze of lightning illumined the surface of the water for nearly a minute. "See," continued he, "there's something floating towards land—there! now it's lost again—by heaven it's a man—I see it now on the brink of that huge wave—quick lads, fasten a rope round me, for by G—d, Jack Smithson will either bring that man ashore, or stay there to keep him company."

I surveyed the speaker attentively, as he threw off his jacket and shirt, previous to making his daring attempt, and never remember to have seen a finer or more symmetrical figure. The breadth of his shoulders and chest, might well have formed a model for an Hercules, and the contour of the lower parts of his frame seemed, through his loose seamen's trowsers, to be in perfect keeping with the massy proportions of the upper.

There was, however, but little time for observation, as the adventurous sailor, passing the end of a rope round his waist, dashed into the surf, and was in a moment lost to sight. Anxiety and suspense were expressed in the countenances of all, as, *leaning forward*, they eagerly watched for some trace of re-appearance. Soon was he

seen buffeting the waves with almost superhuman strength, and straining every nerve to reach a dark speck which was now and then discernable on the foaming waters. But, amid the assembled mass of spectators, no one watched the dangerous progress of this brave fellow with such intense anxiety as old Phillips. I could perceive every muscle in his frame compressed and tightened, as with clenched hands he endeavoured to trace Smithson's terrible career. At length worked up almost to phrenzy, he strove to release himself from the young men who still held him fast, in order to hinder the commission of any rash act.

"Hands off, ye dogs," exclaimed he, infuriated by resistance, and grasping violently an arm of each, "am I to see my boys perish before my auld eyes, and not do all I can to save them? and Smithson too—brave Smithson, the canniest lad in all Sunderland!"

"Every thing has been done that can be, Mr. Phillips," said I, endeavouring to soothe him, "and you will only heap calamity on calamity, by exposing your life at this juncture."

"Life!" exclaimed he; "what's the life of a rotten old hulk like me, to those of the finest lads all Durham can boast of? Off ye lubbers, I tell ye, and let me go."

With much difficulty I persuaded the old man to rest quiet, and await patiently whatever event it might please Providence to award.

Meanwhile the intrepid Smithson was borne from billow to billow with frightful velocity: at one time he would be completely overwhelmed, then, with the most strenuous exertion, he would again arise above water, at which loud cheers broke from the spectators, who waved their torches and endeavoured to inspire them with their 'Huzzas!' At length he proceeded beyond where the light extended, and became lost to view. In the course of a short time afterwards, a shout from another part of the shore drew general attention to the spot. I was foremost in the rush that took place, and arrived in time to behold Smithson extricated from the surf by the assistance of his comrades, bearing the motionless form of a young man in his arms. No sooner had his feet touched the land than he fell forwards completely exhausted. The bystanders now divided their attention between the two. One party took up the gallant Smithson, and conveyed him towards the nearest public-house, while another was performing the same office for the apparently lifeless body which he had brought to shore, when they were interrupted by Phillips, who rushing between them, caught up the corpee in his arms, exclaiming, "It is he—it is my boy, my George."

I never heard the old man speak after this. He was removed from the remains of his son in a state of stupor, and they were conveyed to an adjacent alehouse where every means were used for resuscitation, but without effect. The soul was in the hands of the Redeemer.

Such is the uncertainty of human life—such is the vanity of human expectations—such is the fallacy of human forethought and human wisdom. Here we are to-day in the enjoyment of life and its benefits, without reflecting on the bountiful source from whence all things are derived, thinking of nothing so little as of the power that bestows blessings and gives us faculties to enjoy those blessings—of nothing less than the time when we shall be summoned to render an account of the manner in which we have used the gifts of Providence. But suddenly the fiat goes forth—the philosopher is surprised in the midst of his air-drawn speculations. The Deist and the Unbeliever are confronted with the Redeemer of mankind, and each, when it is too late, is convinced of the vanity of human wisdom, the shallowness of human penetration, and of the necessity of being prepared.

The humane endeavours of the people were attended with better success in the case of Smithson, who was soon recovered, and I had the satisfaction of seeing this noble fellow able to walk to his own habitation, though the surgeon judged it advisable that he should remain confined for some days to recruit his strength.

I returned home full of melancholy feelings excited by the afflicting scenes of the last few hours, and judging it indelicate to intrude upon the distrest old man and his wife, I sealed up my little arrear of rent, and committing it to the charge of the servant, I packed up my few moveables, and quitted the house nearly as sorrowful and downcast as if I had been an actual sufferer.

In my way to the inn, I learned that the bodies of the most of the crew of the *Bonny Bess* had been washed ashore, and, amongst them, that of the unfortunate Phillips' younger son. Not a single individual was saved!

When the first excitation of my feeling had in some degree subsided, I began to ruminate upon the singular circumstance attending the tragical incident I have endeavoured to relate. How extraordinary, thought I, that the old captain, who, for five and thirty years had never missed a voyage, should all at once become determined against accompanying his vessel on this ill-starred occasion, without any external or apparent cause. The weather was more than commonly favourable—his health was excellent—and there was no business of a pressing nature to induce him to remain at home—there was no presentiment of danger in his mind, for Mr. Phillips was not of a nature to encourage such a feeling, and, moreover, he would have been as chary of his son's safety as of his own; he was also more than ordinarily in good spirits. He could assign no reason for his determination, nor could he describe any particular feeling that prompted him to form such a resolution. However, in spite of raillery and remonstrance, he was firm and decisive to remain on shore during this voyage. He did so, and not many hours afterwards the catastrophe just recorded occurred.

In vain I racked my brains to assign a cause for this extraordinary occurrence. It seemed beyond the power of human investigation, and I could but set it down as one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, the obscurity of which we seek in vain to dispel.

J. W.

ACROSTIC.

Written on the Death of the Infant Son of G. M. THOMASON, of the Ashton-in-Mackerfield District.

How blest art thou, to quit this scene of care,
Ere sin had clutch'd thee in its iron fang;
Nor doomed long in human woes to share,
Redeem'd and free'd from every bitter pang.

Yielding thyself into the arms of death,
To pass the bounds of thy existence here;
How thy fleet spirit with thy latest breath,
Outstripp'd the wind to meet th' angelic cheer.

May the remembrance of thy infant form,
Around thy parents shed a heav'nly beam;
So that when buffeting the world's rude storm,
On their drear course may quaff religion's stream,
No sin intruding on their life's brief dream. }

EDWARD CHEW, JUNR.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, May, 1836.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

'Tis now eight years since Hymen's silken bands,
Were twin'd, my sister, round thy willing hands;
And though successive years have roll'd away,
Yet love still burns with undiminish'd ray.
When at the sacred shrine he saw you bow,
And heard delighted the responsive vow;

May heaven, he cried, but grant me this request,—
 Oh ! may I live the inmate of each breast ;
 Let fortune exercise tyrannic pow'r,
 And fate upon them her dread fury pour :
 Yet, still by me, and with each other blest,
 They'll rise superior to the stern behest.
 'Twas heard above, though through life's chequered scene
 Unnumber'd sorrows oft would intervene ;
 Though cruel death, with keen relentless hand,
 Has pierced in every part our social band ;—
 Though o'er a mother's grave we've shed the tear,
 And mourn'd o'er infant innocence's bier,—
 Though pain, in every shape, thy frame assail'd,
 Though fortune frowned, and hope's delusions fail'd —
 Yet, still content, her roseate wreath would throw,
 And love, with rapture, place it on thy brow
 And, though ere while the fates divide the thread,
 And I be number'd with the nameless dead ;
 O'er thee may heav'n its choicest blessings pour,
 And virtue guard thee in each trying hour.
 And though from all that's dear, you too must sever,
 The love you cherish shall endure for ever.

Ormskirk, February, 1836.

DELIA.

VERSES

Written on the Death of P. Prov. G. M. JOHN RUTTER, of the Faith Lodge, Bradford, a gentleman universally and deservedly respected.

Though no towering monument's raised to thy glory,
 Nor rich sculptur'd marble o'er shadows thy tomb ;
 Thy virtues still shine, and thy councils respected,
 Thy mem'ry's cherish'd, and lamented thy doom.

As brothers for many long years we have known thee.
 And looked up to thee as our guide and our head ;
 Thy intelligent mind will never more cheer us,
 Our Order will mourn that a father is dead.

An Odd Fellow in heart, its principles cherish'd,
 The Lodge was thy home, and its welfare thy pride ;
 Nor can envy say that thy post was neglected,
 When affliction or sorrow call'd thee to its side.

In the world thou wast upright, honest, and tender,
 Thy hands brought thee plenty, thy mind too was peace ;
 Thy heart always open to relieve the distressed,
 And yielding thy bounty thy store did increase.

In friendship's dear circles most fervently loved,
 An affectionate husband, father and friend ;
 An Odd Fellow, Christian, what more need I give thee ?
 So peaceful thy days, and glorious thy end.

Though removed from our view we will not mourn o'er thee,
 Thy spirit has soar'd to the birth-place of love ;
 Where we hope to receive thy heavenly greeting,
 On meeting again in the Grand Lodge above.

Benevolence Lodge, Bradford, 1836.

WM. K. AKAM.

TO A VIOLET.

I would not crush thee, beauteous flower,
Scenting with od'rous breath the vale;
Or with rude hand in wanton hour,
Thy *lowly silken form* assail.

I would not mar thee, tender flower,
Just budding forth in beauty's glow;
Ere long, perhaps, a with'ring hour,
Will lay thee, modest flow'ret, low.

With tinted leaves, and slender form,
Adorning *Spring's* young vernal wreath;
But ah! unshelter'd in the storm,
Too soon wilt *fade*, and *droop* in *death*!

Yes, thou, sweet, lowly, purple flower,
Art but a type of man's decay;
For *Death's unerring ruthless power*,
May *smile* me ere another day!

Chorlton-upon-Medlock, April, 1836.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

LETTERS FROM A RAMBLER.

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS, OF THE CUMBERLAND LODGE.

No. 3.

Dear L——

Guernsey, August, 183—.

You will perceive by the date of this that I have changed my temporary abode, and shall endeavour to bring the scenes of another part before you; but as there are some traits in the Jersey character which I have not yet noticed, I shall therewith commence this epistle:

One of the greatest characteristics of the inhabitants of Jersey is industry. They may be said to be, in all respects, a hard-working people, and the constant inclination to make the most of time is observable among all ranks of the native population. It is no uncommon thing to see a group of women going to market, carrying their vegetables and other articles of traffic on their heads, or fastened on their shoulders, in such a manner as to leave their hands unembarrassed, and busily employed with the knitting-needle,—nor do they neglect it when sitting in the market-place with their goods: I have even seen women knitting as they rode on horseback.

I cannot refrain from giving you a sketch of a Jersey Farm-house and its inmates, and you must take it as a pretty correct sample of the entire class:—A green ~~sh~~ ^{ady} lane branches from one of the principal roads, and terminates at a high wooden ~~gate~~ ^{ate}, flanked by two granite pillars overgrown with moss.—The gate opens into a yard ~~pe~~ ^{ved} with pebbles: on one side stands the Farm-house, built of stone, solid and durable ~~the~~ ^{is} its structure, and roofed with tile or sometimes thatch; on the other side stand barn, cyder-press, hay-stacks, &c.; the front of the house is generally partly covered with a vine, which are as common here as woodbine, creeping over cottage doors ~~is~~ ^{ar}: in England. In the interior arrangement all the houses of the old school are similar: the front door opens into a passage which extends through the house, and opens to the back, on the sides of which are situated the parlour, kitchen, and other rooms. ~~The~~ ^{the} food of the country people is very different from that of the same class in England. Upon entering such a house as I have described, about the hour of noon, it is next to a certainty that you would find a good fire composed of " *vraie* " and a few ~~logs~~ ^{g-} logs, boiling the kettle of soup, which is the staple diet;—this soup, called ~~soupe~~ ^{led} *soupe à la graisse*, is made by boiling together cabbage, lard and potatoes, ~~with~~ ^{on} sometimes (though rarely) a little meat. This soup, is to the Jerseyman, what ba

is to the English labourer, and frequently forms a principal part of breakfast as well as dinner. The better sort of farmers live in the same way, except that the soup has rather more ingredients, and is generally accompanied by a dish of meat. The drink of all ranks is cyder, so that in fact the Jersey farmer lives almost entirely on the produce of his land, consuming the least profitable portion, and carrying the rest to market. Take the diet in what way you will it is far from a generous one, and looks very *meagre* beside the huge pieces of bacon, cheese, and pitchers of ale, which are disposed of by our English farm servants.

In the article of dress we find as much of home production as in diet: most of the women's clothes, and great part of the men's, are composed of worsted, fashioned by the knitting-needle, and are generally the produce of home industry. There are but few holidays to relieve the monotony of country life: Christmas, Easter, and New Year's Day, are the chief feasts, and are—the former especially—times of festivity and merry-making;—the table is covered with good substantials, accompanied with punch, wine, cards, and all their usual auxiliaries.

But I must not leave the country people without noticing a circumstance peculiar to these islands—I mean the collecting the "*vraie*" alluded to before, which forms the chief part both of manure for the land, and also for fuel.

The *vraie* is a sea-weed which grows in great abundance on the vast beds of rock surrounding the island, and is gathered at stated periods twice a-year, which periods are fixed by the Government, and no one is allowed, under heavy penalties, to gather it at any other time: the seasons generally commence about the middle of March and July, and last each time about ten days. When the *vraieking* season commences, the country people go in parties of eight, ten, or more persons, from all parts of the island, to their labour, carrying with them their provisions, and a peculiar sort of cake, made only at this season, called "*vraieking cakes*," composed of flour, milk and sugar. Every person is provided with a small scythe, to cut the weed from the rocks, and strong boots, or other substitute, to keep their feet from the water. Thus provided, they wait at the water's edge till the tide has gone down far enough to allow them to get to the rocks, which are soon covered with people, busily engaged in reaping their marine harvest, while numbers of others are equally busy in conveying it to the carts on the beach; and so intent are they upon their work, that they will not leave until the returning tide absolutely and unceremoniously dismisses them; and I have seen some who have disputed their ground inch by inch, cutting higher and higher on the rocks as the tide rose, until at length they were compelled to take to their boat, and suspend their labours till the next day. The numbers engaged in this work are astonishing, and happening to take an excursion with some friends on one of the *vraieking* days, we found the roads near the coast covered with carts and people going to, and returning from, their laborious, but needful employment. This weed, when dried, is the fuel commonly used by the country people; sometimes a little wood is burnt with it, but coal scarcely ever; the fire it makes is as hot, though not so cheerful, as one of coal.

But it is not as fuel only that it is valuable,—it supplies the farmer with manure for his land; and of how much importance it is considered to be, may be best known by the laws which are in force respecting it: among others it is forbidden to carry away any *vraie* between sunset and sunrise, in order to give those in the interior an equal chance with those near the coast; and in case of a quantity being driven ashore by the wind, there is a law for directing its equal distribution.

But, my dear L——, if I begin with the dry details of law, you will, I fear, remind me that you want a sketch of people and places, and not an inquiry into the policy or impolicy of local regulations; so, as I have noticed all that is interesting in that respect in this community, I shall now endeavour to give you an outline of the

ISLAND OF GUERNSEY,

where I am at present located. I arrived here a few days since by the packet from Jersey; and you will recollect that I noticed it, *en passant*, in my first. The approach to Guernsey does not possess the same attractions as the neighbouring island, as it lacks that fertility and luxuriance which appear round the chief town of Jersey. St. Peter's Port—the chief town of Guernsey—has, however, a much finer appearance

from the sea than the former, taking it as a *town* only: the former as I have told you, lies on a plain; the latter rises from the sea on the side of a hill, so that it is shown in its full extent, while its churches and hospital, with some other public buildings, give it an air of importance, far greater than it really is deserving of. On landing many of these appearances are found to be deceptive, and the first impressions of the town, when in it, are very different to those excited by viewing it at a distance. The streets near the harbour are narrow, steep and crooked, many of them consisting of lofty prison-like houses, and we look in vain for any of the genteel terraces, or handsome streets, which are seen on entering St. Heliers.

St. Peter's Port has a good harbour, with two piers, near to which stands the church of St. Peter, erected in 1312;—there is nothing remarkable about the building, or worthy particular attention.—There are, besides it, two other churches, both of modern date. Leaving this part of the town the stranger has the choice of either walking up streets—(which, from their steepness, is no easy task)—or of taking advantage of numerous flights of stairs which communicate with the upper and lower parts of the town: he then reaches the market place, which is large, well built, and well supplied with every variety of produce. As I have given you some details of the price and supply in the Jersey market, I shall not repeat them here, as they are nearly on a par in both islands.

I must, however, take some notice of the fish market, which the natives assert to be without an equal in Europe, and I do not doubt but such is the case. It forms a spacious Arcade,—one hundred and ninety feet in length, and lofty and broad in proportion,—it is built of stone, and along the upper part is an extensive range of windows.—A double row of marble slabs extend the entire length of the building, which are covered with fish in a state of freshness rarely to be seen in England. The fish is all cleansed before it is brought into the place, and every slab is supplied with a tap for obtaining an abundant quantity of water; and owing to these circumstances, and the uncommon freshness of the fish, the market is perfectly free from that disagreeable smell which is always perceptible in English fish markets.

There are but few buildings worthy of notice in the town, therefore I shall dismiss them as briefly as possible, that we may again wander together, in imagination,

“ By bending dales where groves are seen,
By waters clear, and margins green;”—

for many such there are in this island, though not equal in beauty to those we have last visited.—But to proceed :

There are two Institutions which are justly regarded with pride and admiration, and which, in their objects and management, reflect no small credit both on the island and town. The first of these is Elizabeth College, a noble Institution, and as noble a building:—it stands in a most commanding situation, overlooking a great part of the town, and has an air of solemnity and beauty about it which well agrees with the purposes for which it is used.

This seminary takes its name from its founder, Queen Elizabeth, who established it in 1563, and assigned certain rents to it as an endowment. It was, however, of little utility till within the last ten or twelve years, since which time it has been placed under such management that it offers fully equal, if not greater, advantages for the education of youth than are to be found in any public seminary or college elsewhere.—I could go into great detail in support of this assertion, but I shall merely state that the system of education pursued in it is of the widest nature, and embraces all the knowledge fitted for the purposes of life in every pursuit, which, in practical utility, far exceeds the exclusively classical plan which is too much the fashion in England.—Economy is also no small recommendation to this establishment: the regular college fee is £12. per annum, for the general routine of education; comprising all the classics, divinity, history, mathematics, &c., and the above advantages call all be enjoyed, including board, for from £50. to £60. per annum. There are several exhibitions connected with it—besides medals and prizes—for a proficiency in the different branches of education.

The other Institution to which I alluded is the hospital: an establishment every way as creditable to those who have the management of it, and to the feeling of the

island at large, as the college, though its influence is directed in a different channel.—The hospital was established in the year 1743, and combines in one Institution a refuge for the destitute, a workhouse, and a school for the instruction and maintenance of poor children of both sexes: the average number at one time in the building—men, women and children—is about 300. I have learned the amount of housekeeping expences for the last year: these are certainly quite superfluous for my present communication, but I cannot refrain from giving you the following items for the last twelve months, to shew in what manner these inmates of charity fare:

14,526lbs. of beef, 4100lbs. of bacon and pork, 471 quarterns of wheat, 116 hogsheads of beer, 3964lbs. of butter, 2562 gallons of milk, 270lbs. of tea, and other articles in like proportion;—the total amount of expenditure for the same period was about £2300.

This liberal system of relief to the destitute, and the strict determination of the Government to prevent mendicity, account for the fact, that a beggar is unknown in the streets of Guernsey;—walk in what direction of the island you please, and you will not see one single mendicant soliciting alms, either by the tale of real distress, or the mixture of falsehood and audacity, which disgust the passer-by, every few hundred yards, in a populous English town.

Guernsey has, like Jersey, a castle on an isolated rock commanding the entrance to the harbour, and the fortification—Castle Cornett—is a striking object either from a sea or land view, but it does not appear anything like so venerable an object as Elizabeth Castle in the other island.

The environs of the town abound with neat well-built mansions: the country is not so richly variegated as at Jersey, but the houses themselves are much better: the gardens, too, which every where abound, are in better order, and in a higher state of cultivation;—the love of flowers is, indeed, the ruling passion of the inhabitants, and they are cultivated with an ardour which I never saw in the same pursuit in any other place. It is no uncommon thing to see a large hothouse, and in the garden two or three hot beds of different descriptions, devoted entirely to raising flowers, to the exclusion of fruit *in toto*. Every goodhouse has a hothouse belonging to it; and as there is no duty on glass they cost infinitely less than they would in England; and the houses in the environs are generally decorated with flowers in every available corner.—I shall conclude this subject with the words of Dr. McCulloch, addressed to the Caledonian Horticultural Society:—"The variety and splendour of the productions of Guernsey give a character to its horticulture, which is very impressive to an English visitor, and which excites surprise when compared with the very slight advantages of climate this island may be supposed to possess."

At a short distance from the town is a large Area—called the New Ground—a level piece of grass-land, surrounded with noble trees, forming beautiful arcades with their overhanging branches.—This place is partly used as a promenade, and is also the arcana on which the militia of the island occasionally exhibit their valour and military discipline. But the chief attraction which I found it possess was the beautiful view it commands—unquestionably the finest in the island. The view seaward is far more pleasing than a sea view in Jersey, for the islands of Serk and Herme, from their vicinity, are included in it, and take away that monotony which is inseparable from a sea prospect where there is nothing but a wide unvariegated expanse of water, such as is the case in the other island. Adjoining the New Ground is Castle Carey, the seat of a gentleman of that name, a modern building in the Gothic style, forming a prominent object from the sea.

Near the New Ground is an extensive Cemetery, recently opened—the old burying-places having received so many inmates as to render an addition to their number necessary. I had been desired, by a friend in the north of England, to search for the memorial of a relative who had died there some years back, and in endeavouring to execute my commission, I several times visited the different abodes of mortality, and was often amused at the garrulity of the worthy sexton, who seemed a legitimate descendant of Shakspeare's renowned knight of the shovel. His reply to a person giving directions for an interment was peculiarly laconic: "*Leave it to me, Sir, I will take care and make everything comfortable for him.*" With this illustration of "use is second nature,"

ENGLAND CONTINUED.

THE CHURCH.

Lucius, who was the first christian king in England, died A. D. 181, and left the Roman empire heir to his kingdom. Anthems were first used in 386, and anathemas in 387. In 741 the clergy were forbidden drunkenness by law. In 746 the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments were first translated into the Saxon tongue. In 808 tythes were established. In 869 Coldingham nunnery was ravaged by the Danes, and in 870 Ely Monastery was burnt by them. In 993 canonization was first used by authority of the Pope. In 1011 the Danes burnt Canterbury Cathedral. In 1069 William the Conqueror pillaged the abbeys and monasteries of their plate and jewels; and in 1070 obliged them to change their tenures. The first Archdeacon was appointed in 1075. In 1080 breviaries were introduced. The crusade to the Holy Land commenced in 1095, and again revived in 1101. In 1096 the revenues of Canterbury palace were seized by the king; and in 1140 the canon law was first introduced. In 1160 thirty heretics came over from Germany to propagate their opinions, and were branded in the forehead, whipped, and thrust naked into the streets in the midst of winter, where, none daring to relieve them, they died of hunger and cold. In 1337 the alien priories were seized by the king. The reformation was commenced by Wickliffe in 1370, completed by Henry Eight in 1534, and established by Elizabeth in 1558. In 1534 the law against heretics was repealed, and sanctuaries abolished; and in the same year 1000 friars and nuns were expelled the monasteries. In 1539 the abbots of Reading, Glastonbury, and St. John's, Colchester, were hanged for denying the King's supremacy. In 1540 monasteries were dissolved to the value of £2,853,000; and in 1548, 2374 chantries were suppressed. On the 31st of October, 1665, the five mile act passed, which obliged non-conformist teachers, who refused to take the non-resistance oath, not to come within five miles of any corporation where they had preached since the act of oblivion, unless they were travelling, under a penalty of £50. Sunday schools were established in Yorkshire, in 1784, and shortly afterwards become general in England and Scotland. In the same year the first commemoration of Handel was performed in Westminster Abbey by 600 performers, which yielded £12,746.

THE BIBLE.

The Septuagint version was made in 284, and in 939 was translated into the Saxon language. It was first divided into chapters in 1253, and translated into the English language by Tindal and Coverdale in 1536, but was not published by authority till 1539. It was again translated, and in 1549 was ordered to be read in churches; the present translation was finished in 1611.

BISHOPS

Were instituted in England in 694. In 1072 were made barons; and in 1075 their precedence was settled. In 1208 they were banished, but were restored in 1245, on their consenting to become tributary to Rome. In 1388 they were deprived of the privilege of sitting as judges in capital offences. The first that suffered death by the sentence of the civil power, was in 1405. In 1554 seven were deprived for being married. In 1555 several were burnt for not changing their religion. In 1559 fifteen were consecrated at Lambeth. In 1689 they were expelled Scotland. In 1641 twelve were impeached, and committed for protesting against any law passed by the House of Lords, during the time the populace prevented them attended parliament. On the 9th of October, 1646, their whole order was abolished by act of parliament. On the 25th of October, 1660, nine were restored, and eight new ones consecrated. On the 30th of November, 1661, they regained their seats in the House of Peers. In 1688 seven of them were committed to the tower, for not ordering the king's declaration of liberty of conscience to be read throughout their dioceses; they were afterwards tried and acquitted. In 1689 six were suspended for not taking the oaths to King William.

BELLS

Were first invented by Paulinius, Bishop of Nola, in Campagna, about the year 400; they were first known in France in 550: began to be used in the Greek Empire in 864, were introduced into churches about the year 900. The first tuneable set in England were hung up at Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire, in 960; and in 1030 were used to be baptised in churches.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
MAGAZINE.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is a maxim given by Him whose word is truth, and has been received in its import by all nations, and applied to all men and institutions; and to none, perhaps, with greater advantage than that of Odd Fellowship. Like the hand of the lapidary on a diamond of the first water, it continues to uphold its glorious excellencies, which seem to be still in the bud; yet, such is the unreasonableness and habit of mankind in general, that condemnation is passed on a whole fraternity, from the misconduct of a few individuals, who cannot be avoided amongst such a number of varied dispositions and characters. But, yet, there is an evident neglect in a great number of the members of our Order, with regard to the great and important principles of morality and virtue, that the system of Odd Fellowship holds forth; some notorious instances of this kind (in persons who seem to be deaf to the precepts which are given them, and to which they are continually exhorted) having lately come under the writer's notice, have called forth these observations. It is the sincere wish and fervent desire of the writer of this article, that the great principles of the Order might be brought into action, as marking out the line of conduct that every Odd Fellow ought to pursue.

Many reasons might be produced why more attention ought to be paid to these things, and a slight examination of the tendency of immorality, is sufficient to convince any individual of its importance.

When we look at any body, sect, or party, who take for their rule any system that has been brought before the public, the discriminating and reasonable mind, is able to judge of the principles, independent of the individual; but the principles of Odd Fellowship remain to be developed by the conduct of the individuals composing that body.

I am persuaded that much has been already done, to raise us to that degree of respectability and popularity which we at present enjoy; yet much remains to be done, and that not by a few, but by the whole Order, whose united efforts, the combined powers of our adversaries shall not be able to withstand; but that sun which already discovers its glories above the horizon, shall pursue its unobstructed way towards its zenith, dispelling, by its resplendence, the gloom that has overshadowed us, and diffusing its light and heat from pole to pole.

When an individual, unconnected with any party, is addicted to any open vice, public censure is immediately thrown upon him, as degrading himself, and being a disgrace to his family connexions; but let him be connected with any body, civil or religious, then, with an unmerciful hand, they load them with reproach and shame, whilst those connected with him, are ashamed to own such connexion, and hide themselves from the fury of the storm.

These, perhaps, may be some of the reasons why a certain religious body (who can boast a superior degree of talent and information) have declared war against us; the members of which body seem to be held in the priestly domination of the fourteenth century. In the vicinity where I now write, two individuals have received the thunders of excommunication for belonging to our Order; and whilst speaking to another on the advantages of Odd Fellows, he exclaimed, "our Society don't allow it, they expel them for it." These things can only be lived down, and the united efforts of all the virtuous will alone be sufficient to accomplish this object.

There are many, it is to be feared, who become Odd Fellows wholly from sinister

motives ; such individuals it is not to be expected, will ever be much credit to the Order, actuated by low designs and selfish principles. Their whole deportment corresponds with the principles that excite them, they consider it quite sufficient to pay what is due, and observe silence ; whilst the noble and dignifying precepts are completely overlooked, a strict attention to which is calculated to raise the individual to respectability and esteem, and to establish his character, however humble his lot ; whilst a total neglect of the same, would crown that character with disgrace and contempt, however exalted his station might be in life.

There is one particular general and degrading vice, to which I shall refer, which I am very happy to find Odd Fellowship so severely reprobates, that is drunkenness ; although the dreadful effects on body, soul, and circumstances, are daily demonstrated, it still continues a dreadful and all-prevailing habit. It is highly necessary, that not only the principles of the Order should *cry* out against it, but every Odd Fellow should set *his face* against it ; can we imagine to ourselves a more pitiable and detestable object than the debauchee,—the man who has dethroned reason, lost his strength, rendered himself worse than the brute creation ; whilst he is prepared by it to commit the worst of deeds. There is not, perhaps, a more improper or censurable action, than to see a party of individuals after ending the lectures, and hearing those great and sublime principles, to become half or wholly intoxicated ; or at the opening of a new Lodge, (a most important period) to continue revelling till reason is laid aside, the result is easily conceived ; or to see a whole Lodge interrupted or thrown into confusion, by the fooleries of a person under the influence of liquor,—or to see a man initiated, who is scarcely capable of understanding that which is said to him. These, I am sorry to say, are not solitary cases. Besides, sober individuals are led to think that our assemblies tend to promote this great evil, and some part of the religious world consider us as being initiated into something like the mysteries of Bacchus, and deprecate us as such ; not only within, but without, such are disturbers, insulting and annoying all they meet, and doing that which would cause them to hide their faces in their sober moments. I conclude by hoping the principles we profess will be practised ; I wish for nothing more, fully assured they are competent, like a skillful pilot, to steer us safely over the boisterous seas of life, when may we be conducted into the haven of eternal repose, and be re-united in the bonds of love, which will never be severed.

Nelson Lodge, Barnsley, January, 1836.

J—.

STANZAS.

“ And lives for man this home ? this deathless crown ?
Bend to the ground, my soul, in worship down ! ”

C. SWAIN.

The scene of pleasure's bright and fleeting,
Cheers and 'lures the heart awhile ;
But doubly sweet, and far more dear,
When bless'd with *love* and *beauty's* smile.
But ah ! there is a heartfelt pang,
Far greater than the tongue may tell,—
'Tis when the hour of pleasure's past,
To say to those we love—farewell.

'Tis transient like a *sunny* day,
Whose aid fair nature's blooms disclose,
And sweet, as when the *breath of morn*,
Blends with the fragrance of the rose !
But *human life* is fraught with ills,
Its woes, its sorrows—joy, and pain ;
But oh ! blest thought, there is a *home*
Where *bliss* and *peace eternal* reign !

Chorlton-upon-Medlock, April, 1836.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

LINES COMPOSED ON THE HAPPY DEPARTURE OF A YOUNG FRIEND,

ADDRESSED TO HIS PARENTS.

ANGELS commission'd from on high,
Flew down on wings of love,
And took your lovely blooming child
To realms of bliss above.

His happy spirit they convey'd
To his Saviour's breast;
And his redeemed soul with him
In peace will ever rest.

Methinks in heaven I see him now,
'Midst the angelic throng;
And hear his sweet enraptur'd voice,
Join in th' eternal song.

Worthy the Lamb for he was slain,
To be exalted thus;
The children strike their golden lyres,
And sing—He died for us.

Ye mourning parents dry your tears,
And leave your darling son,
Safe in the keeping of your God,
And say—"Thy will be done."

True resignation is a boon,
Himself alone can give;
And as you ask in faithful prayer,
His boon you will receive.

Remember Jesus cannot err,
His ways are just and right;
The soul of your beloved child,
Was pleasing in his sight.

Fairfield, May, 1836.

Therefore from earth and all its woes,
He took the spirit home;
Nor would parental love recall
Your darling from the tomb.

Calmly you'll every grief sustain,
And this bereavement bear;
Supported by that faithful God,
Who hears and answers prayer.

He sympathizes in your grief,
For he himself once wept;
Oh! view your Saviour at the tomb,
Where happy Lazarus slept.

He felt for those who mourn'd around,
He also feels for you;
He knows your sorrows and your pains,
And will relieve them too.

Yea, this affliction to your souls,
Himself will sanctify;
And you will bless the unseen hand,
That comfort will supply.

There may you once more meet your child,
In bliss to part no more;
And oh! may all your children dear,
Attain that blissful shore.

Then your dear family rejoined,
In realms of heavenly light:
Gather'd around the glorious throne,
Their praises will unite.

G. A. P.

LINES FOUND WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF "KIRK WHITE'S REMAINS."

It has been often said, the lofty hills
Just meet the radiance of the sky,
While mist the lowly valley fills,
And sunk in shade its dwellers lie.

'Tis thus that rank and grandeur meet,
The dazzling rays which fortune lends;
While wrapt in twilight at their feet,
The pensive head of Genius bends.

There with a spirit ill prepared
To brook the world's insulting crush,
By visions of misfortunes scared,
Hope frozen in its early gush.

Poor Genius! thou art doomed to feel
How little even *thou* canst do,
Though struggling with a martyr's zeal,
When wanting wealth and patrons too.
Vol. 4—No. 3—2 S.

Oh! that the curse were lifted off,
Which hangs upon thee from thy birth;
That fools, at length, might learn to scoff,
From the high places of the earth.

That dullness might at last resign
The seat where Genius ought to sit;
And wealth, though tardily, entwine
A golden wreath round that of wit.

But no! the stars that rule thy fate,
Shed poison through the mist of time;
Neglect, or poverty, or hate,
Pursues thee still through every clime.

No pity waits thy suffering doom,
'Till sorrow lays thee in the dust;
The world will garnish then thy tomb,—
Posterity is always just.

REFLECTIONS ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL BED OF GARDEN FLOWERS
IN THE SPRING OF 183—

THE beauty of these flowers will fade away, and never bloom again; other objects will arise, other flowers will spring and bloom in lieu of them, and fresh ones will smile, as if in mockery, over the grave of their predecessors. It is a pity that it must be so. Laugh not, dull idiot, at my sympathy; I cannot think or feel as thou dost. To me a withered leaf, a faded flower, a cheek

“ Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,”

are sympathetic objects, possessing irresistible attractions. Certainly things must and will change. The stars and other bright and glorious orbs must become extinct, or lose their wonted forms; the climes which now contain myriads of human beings, the site of all their cities, towns, and hamlets, forests, verdant plains, and groves of oaks, and other noble trees, must become a barren desert; where nor man, nor beast, nor bird, nor tree, nor blooming flower can have existence. Why then mourn for the fate of these spring-time beauties? Why sigh over your ruined flowery favourites, when summer, with fragrant sweets, is near at hand, to give more than you have lost?

We often think and act in vain, and every pulse that beats, and every hour that passes are vain as a loud midnight revel, or a troublesome dream, when the heated imagination will not let its sad possessor sleep in peace until the morning’s dawn.— This life is but a fading scene, which ought, nevertheless, to remind us that we were born for high views, and for still higher and nobler ends; our pleasures should be chaste and pure, resulting from the mind; pleasures not to intoxicate, corrupt, and wear away the body, but to invigorate both body and mind, and bear us through the world with honour, that when we come to die, we may be honoured still. Whether we toil through life at the plough, or the spade, the shuttle, or the pen, whether we live as humble sons of fortune, or shine above our fellow-men,

“ Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights ;”

if we be good and kind, we *live*, and we shall *die*, with honour, which no empty fame can give, nor sculptured marble can bestow.

As I gaze on these flowers, I begin to think that man fills his place on earth far worse than do these beauties of the spring. How vain and blind, how poor and wretched, how ignorant and contemptible, is man? These beauteous flowers were born for nothing else, but to bloom and fade, and then make room for other flowers to bloom and fade likewise; but man, poor worthless being, was born for love and peace, and he delights in hate and other savage passions. The blooming wand of happy love was placed in his young hand, and he dashed it to the earth, where it lies broken, and all who are like me in mind and heart, are weeping over it; aye, he dashed it to the earth, and spurned it afterwards in scorn, and then took up the sword of war and faction, and all the ills of discord and commotion. Nothing can remove his evils, they will tear his heart out of his breast, and then he will be at peace; but not till then! while he lives he must be wretched. But why should I despair? stop thy course of woe, mild drooping sympathy! thy tears drown mine eyes, and will not let the beams of cooler reason, dissipate the gloom of blind and languid grief. There certainly existeth in the world, some sparks of those Promethean fires of Friendship, Love, and Truth, which are unquenchable, and never can be totally destroyed. Yes, it will arise yet above the world, though I may despair at times, when my exhaustible source of hope has been robbed of its smiling riches by the iron hand of disappointment; although hope’s fairest flowers be withered, and their dry scentless leaves be moistened by my tears, other, and stronger minds may think and feel, that energies are bursting forth into inextinguishable light, that may illumine all future ages.

The human picture has too much shade, I turn from its revolting scene to look again upon you, lovely flowers, and to inhale your honied sweetness; I love you, and can praise your beauties, and not corrupt you with flattery. I left my book on purpose to have one more look on you before you fade. He who toiled to write that book, to gain himself a name—to be beloved when life was gone, vainly thought that his weak words were powerful, and that their eloquence would enchant the mind, and drive it to

215 page. Alas, how blind! these flowers are sweeter, can teach me more, can give a better lesson; I left his page to read a far more lovely page. These flowers are well-placed words to the pure mind and heart; they produce sensations and feelings, and other modifications, which always are ineffable, and never can be spoken or written; should a few like them be permitted to grow upon my grave in silent cheerfulness, and neither weed nor any other thing disturb them, I shall then have the choicest epitaph that ever poet wrote, or sculptor chiselled, or passing stranger read with the emotions of pity and admiration.

ELIJAH RIDINGS.

Rock of Hope Lodge, Manchester, May, 1836.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
I. O. F.'s. MAGAZINE.

SIRS AND BROTHERS,

IN the Magazine for June 1835, I find a few remarks, by P. Prov. G. M. Powell, on a letter written by me in favour of the aged and honorary members of our Order, and inserted in a previous number. Those remarks appearing to have been dictated by a heart whose object was to promote the interests of Odd Fellowship, and support the dignity of the Order, by establishing its laws on a rational foundation, call for a reply from me—not merely in compliment to your worthy and respected correspondent, but also in order still further to advocate the cause of the aged and honorary members of the Order.

After a few observations on the respect due to age, P. Prov. G. M. Powell observes:—“*But then, Sir, it would be highly necessary, and equally our duty, to qualify that deference, and to render honour only to whom honour is due. The man who enters our Order when he has arrived at forty or fifty years of age, or upwards, cannot be expected to have had that experience and knowledge of the laws and principles of our Order, as the man who has entered at a much earlier age.*” Now, Sir, with regard to rendering “*honour only to whom honour is due,*” I would be as great an advocate as P. Prov. G. M. Powell can be, but then, being under the age of forty or fifty years myself, I would not confine the rendering of honour to those that are under forty or fifty, but would extend it to those above that age, if their conduct were such as to render them deserving of it. As to the latter part of the above quotation, I grant that the man who has entered young an Odd Fellows’ Lodge must know more of the laws and principles of the Order than one of the same age but newly entered.—But P. Prov. G. M. Powell does not appear to be aware that the Loyal Viscount Milton Lodge was previously a Sick Society: that in consequence of the youths in the neighbourhood of Denby Dale refusing to join this Sick Society, and becoming members of different secret Orders that had been introduced in places round about, they (the members of this Sick Society) considered the principles on which this Society was founded, must be considered to be radically bad, and that the principles on which secret Societies are founded proportionally good. Thus did they account for the young men in the neighbourhood joining those Societies. Hence the younger members in this Sick Society wished for a change, and preferred the name of Odd Fellow before that of any other. There was a large majority for the change, and the Robert Burns Lodge was applied to, in order to procure for them a Dispensation, and form them into a regular Odd Fellows’ Lodge. Therefore, with regard to age and experience in Odd Fellowship, all were on a par, in this case at least. We cannot presume that the young knew—or could know—more of Odd Fellowship than the old. The fact is, that in the whole Society,—consisting of upwards of 90 members,—not more than ten or twelve were above the age prescribed by the law, and an ample fund was in hand to liquidate the claims of the law for the over-age of those above forty years, even though the same ratio of payment was kept up as is laid down in the General Laws. Now, Sir, this will account for the brother I referred to in my first letter, saying “*that an observance of the law in this case will be an act of injustice:*” the fact is, I thought so myself—having some knowledge of the circumstances of the Lodge—

notwithstanding which I considered it my duty (sitting as N. G. at the time) to enforce the law. Perhaps P. Prov. G. M. Powell may object that this case is but that of a single Lodge—that it is not general—but I believe there are many such cases in the Order.

The reason that P. Prov. G. M. Powell gives for the enactment of the 52nd General Law, is, “*that persons above the age of 45, who wished to become members so far as to understand the principles of the Order,*” might be accommodated. Now, Sir, this reason for the enactment of the law, to admit men above the age of 45 years, I find no fault with; had it not been for this law, the 10 or 12 men I have spoken of, who were the founders of Denby Dale Sick Society, could not have been made Odd Fellows; consequently the Fund must have been divided, and they must have been cast out from amongst their fellow-members in the Society, merely for having the misfortune of being born a few years before their juniors. This, I consider, would have been very hard; for they, with all their exertions, could not have counteracted the torrent that was rolling on to wash out all traces of the Society they had founded, the preponderance of the young for the transfer being so great in favour of Odd Fellowship. So far, therefore, I consider the law liberal, and it meets with my hearty concurrence, but when it deprives those aged members of a vote in the Lodge, I disagree with that part of it entirely—I cannot think it just—the forfeiture of all claim on the funds being, I consider, a sufficient deprivation.

“*The object of Odd Fellowship,*” your worthy correspondent observes, “*is to assist each other in poverty, sickness, and distress: here we all stand on a level, bound together by a social compact, and united by the endearing name of brother, we know—or at least ought to know, according to the principles of our Order—no distinction but such as has been gained by meritorious conduct.*”—In this quotation, from the letter of your worthy correspondent, are the principles of Odd Fellowship beautifully and feelingly laid down.—But, Sir, if “*we all stand on a level, bound together by a social compact, and united by the endearing name of brother,*” knowing “*no distinction but such as has been gained by meritorious conduct,*” how or why is it that such a Lodge as that at Denby Dale should be kept so far from the level, and be compelled to know so much distinction? The old and the young are of the same fraternity—they call each other brother; but where is the equality necessary to render the compact—social? Where is the equality which ought to exist in a brotherhood, where all contribute equally towards the funds of the Lodge, and where all were originally on a level, in point of a knowledge of the laws and principles of the Order, when the Lodge was first formed? I am sure P. Prov. G. M. Powell will not maintain that such a state of things, in this case, and in circumstances similar, can be just.

But your worthy correspondent says, “*What right has a man to preside over, or vote away those funds to which he does not contribute?* And again,—“*It would be at once unjust and unreasonable to allow a man to preside or vote where he is not a subscribing member.*” Now, Sir, either P. Prov. G. M. Powell or I must have a wrong idea of what constitutes a honorary member. If a man be allowed to pay his guinea, and be at liberty afterwards to pay something or nothing, as shall best suit his humour, and at the same time have the title of honorary member, with the privilege of making himself acquainted with the principal Lectures of the Order—if, I say, such is the meaning of the term honorary, and such the facility rendered to men to make themselves acquainted with the secrets of the Order, I would say, at once, do away with the law entirely—let it be abrogated without further ceremony, and take none into the Order but such as may be taken in to stand on an equal footing, so that no distinction shall exist, save such as merit alone commands. But the idea I entertain of what constitutes a honorary member is quite different to that held forth in the letter of your worthy correspondent. The adjective, honorary, originates in the noun, honour; and honour implies, nobleness of mind and scorn of meanness, rejecting everything derogatory to the dignity of human nature. If such is the meaning of the term—honour, what is a honorary member, of any Society, but such an one as confers honour and dignity on the Society he belongs to, without gain to himself, or prospect of interest in any shape? It is not the dress of a gentleman, nor the estates he is in possession of, that can dignify a Lodge, or render the possessor deserving of honour—No! it is his generosity—general benevolence—and uniform dignity of conduct alone that can dignify a Lodge—render the individual deserving of honour—and give him a title to the

appellation—honorary. Such, Sir, is my opinion of what constitutes a honorary member; and that man who does not contribute to the full as much as any other member, besides acting in a noble and disinterested manner, I should consider undeserving of the name of honorary member. Now those 10 or 12 members I mentioned before, belonging to the Denby Dale Lodge, are regular subscribers to the funds, and are, in my opinion, entitled to the same privileges as the younger members; for they have contributed more than any one else—the funds having originated with them as the first founders of the Sick Society, and having contributed regularly to those funds up to the present time.

With reference to what was said in my first letter on the subject of honorary members being admitted under the age of 41 years, P. Prov. G. M. Powell says,—“*No, Sir, it is not because they have not attained the age of 41 years that they are refused, but because they will not become members conformably with the laws and regulations of the Order; and if they want one law altered, to suit their terms of admission, they will perhaps want others altered to which they cannot conform, or they cannot remain in the Order; and, if this were the case, there may be some danger that these men of independent fortune would next wish to govern our laws, and then form a code of laws to govern that inferior class of beings, called ordinary members—but the fewer we have of these distinctions the better.*” Now, Sir, your worthy correspondent here seems to entertain the idea, that an application has been made, by a person of independent fortune, for an alteration of the law, that he might be admitted a honorary member under 41 years of age, but no such application has been made to my knowledge. If a person of independent fortune, under 41 years, wishes to become an Odd Fellow, I have no doubt but he will become one in the usual way, and subscribe regularly to the funds; and if his conduct be conformable to the laws—if he sets private interests aside, and always acts for the good of the Order—if, in case of sickness, he refuse to draw from the funds to which he has contributed, then we should no longer have in him an ordinary member; he would be a honorary one as effectually as though he had had the title given to him. What I think about this portion of the 52nd General Law, is—that it is superfluous. But your worthy and respected correspondent appears to me to have taken offence at the term ordinary, and says, “*the fewer we have of such distinctions the better.*” I do assure P. Prov. G. M. Powell that I had not the least thought of giving offence when I used the term, my only motive being to contradistinguish between those who were supposed to pay and not receive, and those who were supposed to pay and receive from the funds when occasion required.

P. Prov. G. M. Powell again observes,—“*If it be curiosity alone which induces a man to enter, as soon as that curiosity is satisfied, he cares nothing about the Order—he has accomplished the object of his wishes, and will make what use he pleases of the information he has got.*” Now, Sir, curiosity is, I believe, generally found as strong in aged men as in young men, and as their knowledge of the world may be reasonably supposed more extensive, so may their craft and cunning reasonably be supposed more mischievous and extensive also; and if they wish to become members from an insidious motive, are they not calculated to do as much harm as young men are? And if your correspondent's idea of what constitutes a honorary member be right—that is, to pay his guinea, and something or nothing afterwards, just as he pleases, what a gap is left open in this law for the gratification of curiosity, and for the doing what he pleases with the information he is enabled to get at so little cost. Even the motive which your correspondent says the A. M. C. had for making the law,—that is, “*As an accommodation to persons above the age of 45, who wished to become members so far as to understand the principles of the Order,*”—was not, in my opinion, (viewing the case in the light your correspondent has here pointed out,) sufficient to authorise the legislative body to make such a law.

At the A. M. C., held at Hull, in 1834, says P. Prov. G. M. Powell, “*an application was made to that Committee to alter the 52nd General Law: if my recollection serves me right that application came from the Loyal Viscount Milton Lodge, but I do not recollect that there was one Delegate who seemed to give it his support.*” Now, I believe the fact was, that a regular notice not having been given in on the subject, the A. M. C. could not, without a violation of rule, take it into consideration, but I believe it is the intention of the Loyal Viscount Milton Lodge to bring it again before the A. M. C. in a regular way.

As there are Sick or Friendly Societies frequently being turned over to the Order of Odd Fellows, and as in those societies there naturally will be some beyond the age prescribed by the laws, and as the old and young in them are, in point of knowledge, on a par with regard to Odd Fellowship, is it just that a law should exist by which those old members may be admitted into the Order, and yet, at the same time, be debarred the privileges the younger members enjoy? I trust there are none so ungenerous, and who have so little respect for age as to say such a state of things ought to exist in the Order, which, as your worthy correspondent observes, "ought to know no distinction but such as has been gained by meritorious conduct." Leaving the above remarks in your hands to dispose of as you may best think for the benefit of the Order, .

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your's, in Friendship's Bonds,

JAMES CLARKE, P. PROV. G. M.

Robert Burns Lodge, Clayton, April, 1836.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT AND EDITOR OF THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Observing your notice to correspondents on the wrapper of December's Magazine, stating that you were labouring under immense inconvenience, on account of the paucity of matter, and earnestly calling upon your readers to use their best exertions in behalf of the Magazine; and also seeing an article therein, headed Astronomy, I have, to the best of my humble abilities, made a few observations which struck me when reading it, upon that admirable department of Astronomy, called PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY. Hoping that you will oblige me by giving them insertion in your next, provided you think them suitable for the work, and interesting to your numerous readers.

The sun has already made thirty-five revolutions in the nineteenth century, and this science has made but little progress in the world; comparatively speaking, and may almost be said to be still in its infancy; many improvements have been made in all ages, for promoting and advancing useful arts and sciences, which merit the approbation of an impartial community, but the science of Genethliacal Astronomy has been neglected, and in a great measure discountenanced, in consequence of the numerous errors, and notorious contradictions which may be found in the pirated works of many authors. Many there are, who have purchased one or other of these pirated works, and applied themselves to this study, but have soon been defeated, because they were not able to obtain a competent knowledge of its primitive principles, having nothing to attend to, but delusive theories, multifarious processes, and inexplicable problems, void of legal demonstration, which have plunged them into a labyrinth of insurmountable error and confusion. Thus it becomes evident to every enlightened mind, that this sublime science, as it has been generally studied and practised, must be considered as a most disgusting and contemptible study, because its advocates and professors have not produced any of those substantial proofs, which are required to place this useful and interesting branch of sacred literature, high in public estimation.

It is well known, that this branch of Astronomical Literature, was sanctioned and practised in the earliest ages, by the most august and learned personages, whose works exhibit numerous interesting and important truths, relative to the effects of Sideral power; and the laudable and indefatigable researches of those literary and scientific characters, were attended with consummate success; and all those who are students, or are about to become students in this department of Astronomy, ought to know whose works they are which are genuine, and whose works they are; which, if adhered to, will constantly mislead them in all their operations and judgment. The latter are these: Gadbury, Coley, Parker, White, Sibley, and Wilson; these pirates have dishonoured

this predictive science by the fallacious innovations, and notorious prevarications which pollute their pages; have multiplied the most flagrant errors in directional motion and judgment, which ought to have been deposited in the confines of oblivion, for it is plain from their works, that they were deficient in Astronomical calculations. They have absurdly invented many vague notions of the Celestial Bodies, that have no existence, being remote from truth, which the most correct Astronomical computations, and the use of the Celestial Globe are incompetent to explain.

It is also notorious to observe the villany which is practised by numerous impostors who travel through the country, and pretend to calculate nativities, of which they know nothing; these jugglers and artful deceivers, who are generally as ignorant as they are impudent, frequently attempt to perform many things which are far beyond the extent of human comprehension. In many towns or villages of note, some of this scandalous tribe may be found, they often attract the attention of the vulgar, and to carry on their villany without control, pretend to converse with spirits, and to have legions of angels at their command. Many of these detestible impostors, manufacture, and dispose of *charms, sigils, &c.*, to make their poor deluded clients *rich and completely happy*, and thereby put their designs of knavery into execution, by which they impose on the credulous, and deceive the ignorant; but all these and many other species of villany (too odious and contemptible to mention) are by no means connected with the genuine principles of Genethliacal Astronomy, reduced to practice.

I come now to say a word or two about the works of those scientific characters who have decorated their pages with the genuine principles of Stellar power on mankind. I shall only mention three, which works, I am of opinion, are of more value than all the others that have ever been published in this kingdom.

1st. The works of Mr. J. Partridge are very valuable; the compilation of his volumes called "*Opus Reformatum, and Defectio Genituratum,*" will immortalize his name, and exhibit his superior talents in this department of Astronomy, to generations yet unborn.

2nd. The works of Mr. William Lilly, on Horary Questions, and the subsequent mutations of the world, are of great importance to all genuine students in this celestial science; and though the author was unacquainted with the true method of directional motion in nativities, and the correct division of the heavens, by duplicate Horary times, yet he certainly was the greatest professor of the Mundane and Horary departments of this science that ever wrote in the English language; his precepts and judgment prove his abilities to every unprejudiced reader.

The third and last which I shall mention, is a work written by Mr. J. Worsdale, of Lincoln, published in 1828. In this work he has given many manifest facts, and substantial proofs, which may be deemed sufficient to establish the verity of Stellar power on mankind, and convince all those who are unbelievers of the truth of Astronomical computations and predictions. He has also unveiled all those flagrant abuses, and delusive chimeras, with which the volumes of all those piratical authors abound.

There is but little doubt, I think, that there are some of our brethren of the Order who are acquainted with this noble science: I could only wish that they would step forward, through the medium of your valuable Magazine, with such authentic examples and substantial proofs, as would be able to produce and establish the truth and utility of this sacred and much injured science, and once more restore it to the summit of its ancient respectability and splendour.

I am of opinion that there are numbers of people who are enemies to these Astronomical calculations and inquiries, many of whom are acquainted with them, and actually practice them in *secret*, but for the purpose of keeping the world in darkness for the sake of hiding their own *faults and knavery*, do proclaim against them *openly*, and, with the ignorant and unwary, deny their existence. Others there are—acting under the polluted banners of *priestcraft*—who say, that they do not believe that the Celestial Bodies, as second *causes*, have any influence on the actions and affairs of mankind; so that they at once deny the existence of those things, which they and their offspring daily see and feel.

It must appear ridiculous and contemptible, in this enlightened age, when some of these characters (not mutilated by the profound literature they possess) endeavour

to traduce the common rules of Arithmetic, on which the immovable foundation ~~an~~ admirable structure of this venerable science depend. How wretched and superficial must the minds of those persons be, who impiously condemn what they do not understand, and which they themselves cannot comprehend : by so doing they insolently slander the works of the Creator, and treat His power and operation with ridicule and disdain, because they are unable to define the *Sidereal Causes* which forbode, and produce the various and visible effects, on the life of man. I could only wish that all persons would always make themselves perfectly acquainted with the rudiments and fundamental principles of any matter or science, before they pass their *final judgment*, and always remain neuter upon any subject whatsoever, until they know something about it.

It is well known that there are some who remain of opinion, that allowing the time of every important event of any person's life, with the period of dissolution, to be previously ascertained with correctness and precision by Astronomy, or any laudable calculations whatsoever, it would prove injurious ; and instead of administering comfort and consolation to an afflicted mind, a perfect and previous knowledge of those events would be productive of unhappiness and misery. Such is the nature and extent of the ridiculous and absurd arguments which some, who disbelieve the Occult powers of sidereal agency on mankind, are disposed to produce ; but the Royal Psalmist was of a different opinion, for his express and humble desire was, to know his end, and the number of his days, that he might be prepared to meet his God. But the *hardened Infidels* generally condemn every contemplation of a solemn and instructive nature, and turn aside and impiously spurn at all admonitions, which exhibit to them the period, when they must bid a final adieu to all alluring vices ; then, at last, on a bed of sickness, they appear conscious of their guilt, and wish in vain for the return of a few years, that they might humbly reconcile themselves to an offended God, and receive spiritual consolation from divine instruction ; but, alas the number of their days is with *Thee, O Lord*, they must go hence at the time appointed, unto that place where the wicked cease from troubling, and where their impious tongues will no more be able to utter daring violence against the irresistible power of the wondrous works of the *Most High*.

By this most sacred science, the various opinions of *fate*, and the freedom of the *will* are set at rest for ever, not by noisy arguments and contention destitute of proof, but by a combination of visible and manifest facts, which admit of no human contradiction. Religion in its *purity*, on which the law of the land is established, cannot unfold to human reason, more excellencies of the infinite wisdom, glory, and power of *Him*, who is *King of kings*, and *Lord of lords*, than a constant contemplation of the influence of those Celestial Bodies, which are the works of His hands, and by whose Almighty power, they are, and were created, for the use of mortal man. Religion teaches us us to worship the great Creator in spirit and in truth, but the study of Celestial Philosophy elevates our finite understanding still more, and displays to us the certain immortality of the soul, and the boundless joys of eternal felicity, which are objects of the greatest importance ; it also exhibits to us the unspeakable love of the Lord of Hosts to mankind. It exhibits to the rich man the time when himself, his offspring, and relatives, must soon like shadows vanish, and be no more. It teaches kings, princes and emperors, that the silent tombs wait for the re-action of their earthly tabernacles, which must shortly be dissolved ; thus when the understanding of man is soaring by contemplation above those orbs of light, we then reflect that all terrestrial objects are of small importance, when compared with even an imperfect view of those celestial pleasures which flow from the favour, mercy, and goodness of the Almighty for evermore.

I am, your's,

In the Bonds of the Order,

JOS. CAMM, P. G.

Blooming Rose Lodge, Quorndon, Feb. 1836.

TO A ROSE IN A GARDEN WHERE THE SNOW WAS THREE
FEET DEEP.

MILD flow'ér, low droops upon a bed
Of gelid snow, thy lovely head ;
Soft, blushing, and unblown !
I gaze around, for here has been
Full many an opening gem serene,—
In vain, thou art alone.

Emerging from a wasteful sleep
Thy snow-clad leaves, lips carmin'd deep—
Thy musk distilling breath ;
How marvellous ! delicious flower !
Where are thy rivals of the bower ?
All lost in icy death.

Invested with the cheering light
Of morn, their dewy mantles bright
I've lov'd betimes to scan ;
They're gone, and now no trace is seen
Of what they were, or where they've been,
Such is the fate of man.

Though in death's power like this rose,
Calmly the good man doth repose ;
And when the hour is near,
His soul its prison casement breaks,—
Then up to heav'n its flight it takes,
Upon the wings of prayer.

JAMES DAVY.

Manchester, May, 1836.

FIRST NIGHT AND MORNING AT SIERRA LEONE.

SLEEP was long denied the white man, simmering upon his hard mattress, with its single covering (and even that too weighty) of a slight cotton sheet ; the wise precaution of examination having been duly taken, to discover whether any treacherous scorpion or sly centipede lurked beneath the pillow. Night, the friend of the weary, here becomes his foe, and calls in an army of enemies to join in hostility. The enormous cockroach crawls over the body, and if permitted, nibbles the end of the fingers, producing a wound of tedious cure. The prying mantis swarms ; a fat, loathsome, green insect, held in great awe by the blacks, who believe that it causes blindness, by attacking the eye with its crab-like claws. Mosquitoes are not frequent, it is true, since, according to report, the climate of Sierra Leone is too deadly even for these persecutors of the human race—the offspring of pestilential marshes ; yet a single mosquito in the chamber will destroy all hope of repose. The little bug-a-bugs, small amber ants, infesting every house, and eating away its wood-work, spread themselves thickly over the bed ; large tarantulas fall from the ceiling upon the sleepers ; gigantic black crickets ingeniously perch themselves near the ear in some hidden nook, and “grate harsh music :” but, above all, the intolerable prickly heat plunges into the white man its thousand stings, and makes him start from his couch in great despair.—For long I attributed this torture to the malice of numerous insects. Sleep had not long condescended to visit me, when the rolling of morning-gun fire intimated sunrise. Dimness still hovered around, when almost instantaneously the full glare of tropical daylight flashed forth, and discovered the gorgeous mountain-on-mountain scenery of the colony. Immediately in front, towering behind the town, rose the Barrack-hill ; Leicester Mountain and the Sugar Loaf beyond,—a peak of nearly three thousand feet in height, clothed to the summit with forests of palms, locust, and pullow, or wild cotton trees, whose lofty and rich foliage brought the view apparently close to the eye. Wide streets presented an assemblage of houses and huts of every shape, of every material, of every style of architecture, and of none : each generally surrounded by gardens crowded with the dark orange and lime trees, the soft green banana and plain-tain, with their broad leaf, and the grotesque papaw, whose slender shaft, graced by a handful of leaves and a cluster of green and orange fruit, creates the idea of a vegetable beau of refined lankness, sumptuously coroneted with thick ringlets and luscious whiskers. From the mountain paths descended groups of maidens bringing produce for the early market, bearing on the head calabashes filled with red and black pines, bananas, sour sops, water-melons, mangoes, and other temptations for the palate.—Next came the more loaded matrons, with the privileged distinction of partial drapery, carrying their little ebony piccaninnies fastened to the back, and generally in sound sleep. Men too walked into the town, each exercising his undoubted right of choice with re-

gard to dress, whether any or none, much or little. These principally brought bundles of coarse grass, fresh cut by the road side, for the days entertainment of the Freetown horses. Strings of convicts, fettered and bound together by clanking chains were dragging themselves to their compulsory labours. In fact, all became bustle, noise, and confusion in the vicinity. The market-place was situated within a few yards of the window at which I stood, deeply interested in the novelty of the scene. It presented a moving mass of screaming, quarrelling, and bartering personages, blacks, browns, siennas, bistres, sepias, umbers, jet, ebony, and carbonated, such as might have arisen from the burning ashes of Pompeii or Herculaneum, after having been charred. I fixed at once on the real locality of Babel. Pigs, lean even to pity, were snuffing up the hot dust; cows, or as they are there called, "bulls," suckling their young calves, were straying through the streets, accompanied by wandering sheep, with smooth, glossy coats of white and black, and frolicsome goats in abundance. Goats almost exclusively supplied the town with milk; some few "bulls" are milked occasionally, but seldom. Here be it remarked that physiologists consider some human attributes to be universally found even in the most dissimilar varieties of our species. One instantly struck me, as the tattooed and solemn Akoo servant entered the chamber with the early cup of coffee; the milk had received a fair proportion of water, the mixture was perfectly English. It is decidedly a characteristic of humanity, although unrecognised by Pythagorus or Prichard, that milkmen are prone to dilute. Whilst sipping the aromatic nectar,—and he who would taste coffee must throw aside Mocha, and breakfast at Sierra Leone—as I lazily leaned through the jalousie to watch the graceful crown-birds, the purple and saffron cundoo, and the thousand glittering lizards which ran flashing in the morning sun up every wall and tree, and in the first enjoyment of return to land, inspired by the loveliness of the prospect, the genial glow of a cloudless climate, and the briskness of the moving scene, had lost every gloomy association with the colony, my eye caught an early funeral procession, that slowly accompanied to one of the cemeteries, the corpse of a young white lady who had died on the previous evening. This, thought I, is indeed Sierra Leone, the European's grave.

(Rankin's Visit to Sierra Leone.)

A SERRA LEONE DINNER PARTY.

THE dinner parties are far from lively. Profusion of viands, fruits, and wine, and a hospitable reception, strive to counterbalance the uniformity of suffocating air and a re-union of the same individuals perpetually repeated. The variegated locust, painted in purple, red and green, leaping in the soup-plate; the large black cricket plunging into the wine-glass; fat-bodied mantis plumping into the hot-spiced pepper-pot, which needs no such addition, are novelties; but any charm the novelty may possess soon subsides. Every contrivance to create a cool sensation fails: in vain the refreshing orange and lime flower float in the finger-glass; in vain the water in its porous red-ware jar evaporates, and sprinkles the globular surface with dew; in vain the claret, Madeira, and Sauterne, have been for hours exposed to the seabreeze, the bottles encased in wet cotton, and standing in a cooler: heat reigns triumphant, favoured by the cloth clothing ceremoniously worn at such times. Matters of local interest there are none to excite conversation; and during a great part of the year, arrivals from England are too few to afford new foreign topics. Coffee follows dinner, the horses are ordered, and the guests separate.—*Ibid.*

AMERICAN DEER HUNT.

DURING a week's rest at a retired village, I casually mentioned that I had never seen a deer-hunt. A party was immediately formed; and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out under a perfectly cloudless sky, and through these immense

woods, whose dying leaves, betraying the touch of the autumn frosts, covered the whole face of nature as with a mantle of the most brilliant and opposite colours. Here a tree, with foliage of the brightest orange, mingled its branches with one of the deepest gory red ; while among the oaks, which displayed all the various shades of the rainbow, here and there towered the erect and lofty pine, with its deep, dark, and unfading green. This tract of land was, but a few years ago, owned and occupied by the Indians, who, in order to facilitate their hunting by clearing the ground, were accustomed to set on fire what they term the *under-brush*. The pine trees frequently suffered in the operation ; and their burnt and blasted stumps are often discerned by the solitary traveller, like the frowning ghosts of that high-spirited and ruined race, lingering among the places, hallowed by habit and tradition, where the ashes of their heroic fathers sleep. In the summer they contrast strangely with the bright and tender green, the delicate sweet flowers which spring up around their root, and the fresh and feminine loveliness of the vines, which sometimes cling with living tendrils to their scathed, dead trunks. At a large and commodious dwelling, although constructed of logs, and by its appearance fully entitled to the appellation of a hut, we found a good-natured, hospitable old gentleman, with horns, guns, and hounds. A dozen of the latter were assembled in the road before the house, fully prepared to enter into the spirit of the sport. No one could comprehend what was going on more clearly than these worthy impatient gentlemen. They are fine animals, with fine names, and in their eagerness and joy frequently drew upon them the rebuke of the old man.—Scarcely any brute creature expresses his sensations with more manifest meaning than a dog. It is necessary that a hunting party should consist of at least six or seven. One or two, termed drivers, with horns, horses, and hounds, ride to the grounds frequented by the deer, and the dogs soon catch the scent. There are certain known passages of the forest through which the timid animals, when affrighted, generally attempt to escape. One individual of the party is stationed at each of these ; and in such an opening I found myself that bright morning, alone in the midst of these hushed and pathless forests, lurking, I almost thought, like a murderer, with my loaded piece, till the defenceless flying creature should spring upon his death. The silence around me was perfectly delightful. I could hear nothing—not even the warbling of a bird—not the murmuring of a rill, for the stream, by my side, instead of brawling and bubbling over its channel, had spread itself out into unbroken transparency. Across its bank, and accidentally answering the purposes of a bridge, a fallen tree was lying. Sometimes a playful fish leaped up from the brook, or glistened near the surface, as it turned its silver side to the sun ; and sometimes a leaf loosened from its branch, fell, and floated slowly to the ground in silence. I was thinking how many millions of my fellow-creatures drop off even thus in the shadowy places of life, and go down to the churchyard with as little notice or interruption to the general business to the joy and beauty of nature,—when the barking and yelping of the hounds came faintly through the distance then nearer and nearer, till the whole chorus swelled on the breeze, and rung through the quiet woods, breaking strangely in upon its impressive stillness, with discordant sounds of riot and death. You cannot conceive, unless you have experienced a similar moment, the almost painful eagerness and anxiety with which I watched to behold the victim appear through the trees. I heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and with desperate speed, and the whole bloody pack close at her heels, a large doe broke from thicket, and passed near the place where I stood. Fleet as the wind she was springing by, when I gave a low whistle ; on a sudden she stopped, and the fatal ball lodged in her shoulder ; another and another stretched her on the ground. She was a most lovely and feminine creature. Nothing could exceed the grace and cleanliness of her form and limbs. The dark silky brown of her back, the snowy whiteness of her neck, throat, and chest, and the almost human intelligence of her face, struck me with a strange feeling, of which those more familiar with the sight can form no idea. I confess, however unmanly it may have been, that a momentary horror ran through my frame, as the long lids with their lashes, fell over those large, dark, and beautiful eyes, while the swarthy huntsman, with rough grasp and merry jokes, bound together her slender tapering limbs, and one drew his long and glittering knife across her throat.

(Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.)

TO HOPE.

Sweeter than the cooling springs in Arab's waste,
 To the lone traveller, fainting as he goes;
 And sweeter far, than nectar to the taste,
 Or to the smell the fragrance of the rose.
 Lovelier than aught that in the garden grows,
 Fairer than lilies bath'd in morning dew;
 Softer than Zephyr when he gently blows,
 Sporting with Halcyon on the billows blue.
 So soft, so sweet, so lovely didst thou seem,
 Enchantress Hope; to charm my youthful view;
 Yet were thy whispers but a passing dream,—
 A fairy scene that fancy's pencil drew;
 Like beauteous frost-work in the solar beam,
 Where all is evanescent and untrue.

G. CARR.

Thorne, May, 1836.

GAZING ON THE MOON IN BEAUTY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Air—"Calcutta."

Gazing on the moon in beauty,
 She an emblem seems of thee;
 Constant as art thou to duty,
 Ever where she ought to be.
 Memory pictures,
 While I gaze, thy form to me.

Gazing on the moon in splendour,
 Still the likeness I can trace;
 Feelings exquisite and tender,
 Glow while I behold her face:
 Memory pictures
 Thee, sweet love, with many a grace.

Gazing on the moon when rising,
 With an aspect so benign;
 By her loveliness surprising,
 Tells me that such charms are thine.
 Memory pictures
 Thee, and then I wish thee—mine.

Gazing on the moon, admiring
 How the clouds obscure my view;
 All thy modesty retiring,
 Comes to my remembrance too;
 Memory pictures
 Thee with charms for ever new.

Everything that gives me pleasure,
 Wakes some thoughts of love and thee;
 Tell me, then, my love, my treasure,—
 Dost thou ever think of me?
 Memory's pictures
 Then would always pleasing be.

Thorne, May, 1836.

G. CARR

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS.

No. 1—HOMER.

Of all the Sciences which adorn the universe, none are of such antiquity, or have been so generally cultivated as Poetry. In all countries the Poetic Muse has been the first genius whose smiles have irradiated the dark hemisphere of native barbarism, and it is under her benign influence that the earliest germs of civilization have been nurtured. In the earlier ages of mankind—before the invention of letters—the entire literature of countries, that could boast of any, consisted of traditions or histories, chiefly relating to the heroic exploits of their ancestors, and the forms of worship adapted to their crude notions of Supreme Divinity. These were handed down by oral communication from one generation to another, and as the only means of preserving them was by their being committed to memory—they were written in a kind of verse, as being—from the metrical connexion—more easily retained in the memory than prose. The preserving these traditions formed the employment of a class of men, denominated Bards, who thus became the living chronicles of their countries, and recited them at all public solemnities, rejoicings, &c., as well as during their constant wanderings about the country, and who—from their great store of knowledge, and the effect produced on the minds of their auditors—were regarded with feelings of awe and veneration; and it is to records like these that we are indebted for a large portion of our knowledge of those ages. In our own country Bards were once as numerous as in any other; and in Wales they not only enjoyed greater influence than in other nations, but also, we are informed, kept possession of it long after the race was elsewhere extinct.

The first poetical composition now extant, is the Song of Praise, sung by Moses and Miriam, to celebrate the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, and which is looked on as an unrivalled specimen of composition: it is found in the Book of Exodus, chap. 15. It is a generally received opinion, among all writers on this subject, that a large portion of the earlier books in the Bible was originally written in poetry,—especially the Psalms, the Song of Solomon, and the Book of Job. Many of the historical parts also bear strong evidence of the same style, though not in so general a manner.

It is quite out of my limits to give even a faint sketch of the progress of Poetry from the above period till it reached its present perfection; it must therefore suffice to say, that it advanced with the other arts of life; at one time darting rapidly forward, at another seeming almost lost amid the violence and confusion of those turbulent times. In the classic days of Greece and Rome, it found numerous and powerful patrons, though its limits, from the great expense of manuscripts, were necessarily confined to a narrow field; but when the art of Printing was discovered, a new era dawned on the poetic world, general literature began to be cultivated, and from this beginning rose the splendid efforts of genius which have graced our times, and are doubtless destined to astonish and delight future ages, long after the present generation shall have ceased to exist.

It is my intention to give a brief outline of the times and writings of the principal English Poets, but before entering on that task, I must offer a few remarks on the works of HOMER, since, as he is considered the earliest poetical writer we are acquainted with, it will show that the Poetic Muse was vigorous and powerful, at least 2700 years ago.

HOMER is the earliest poet of whom we have any record, or whose writings are now extant; neither is it probable that the researches of future days will discover any prior to him, though there can be no doubt that poetic authors had been in existence before his time, not only from the perfection and high finish which adorn his writings—in a degree not to be expected in the earliest infancy of a science—but from his frequent mention of Bards or Chanters, which indicates that poetry was known and admired before his time. The most probable conjecture is, that numerous minor poets had existed previously, but that these compositions had been of too light and *evanescent* a nature to reach to posterity, and that he was the first who produced a work of sufficient importance and beauty to obtain for it that universal admiration which has enabled it to survive the revolutions of so many ages. Indeed, considering the low ebb of lite-

rature at that period, and the many changes which have happened since, the wonder is, not that we should have so little, but that any fragment should ever have reached us.

The time and place of his birth are both involved in the greatest obscurity. No less than seven cities have contended for the honour of being accounted his birth-place, and all that can be said with any certainty is, that he was by birth a Grecian, and was born about 900 years before the birth of Christ. He is supposed to have spent the greater portion of his life in travelling through Greece, Egypt, &c. ; and some authors have stated that he earned his bread by reciting his verses, in the manner of the Bards before-mentioned. All accounts represent him as being blind for some years before his death—the time and place of which event are almost as much unknown as his birth ; and as the accounts given by the best authors are but speculative opinions, I shall not add any further remarks on his history, but take a brief view of his writings.

His works are said to be numerous, but only two have descended to us as certain of being his : those are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The former treats of the heroic exploits of the Grecians, at the siege of Troy,—and the latter of the wanderings of some of the Grecian leaders—especially of Ulysses, king of Ithaca—after the capture and destruction of the city, which was taken after a siege of ten years, about 1180 years before Christ, and 140 years before David was king of Israel.

The *Iliad* is the poem by which his fame was established, and taken as a whole it stands pre-eminent over all others, ancient or modern. Though the merits of the work are not fully discerned by persons unacquainted with classic history, the beauty of his sentiments—his chaste but vigorous and energetic style—and the unequalled variety of his invention—cannot fail to excite the wonder and admiration of every reader. It is related that Alexander the Great had a copy of this poem, upon which he set such value that he had it enclosed in a casket of the richest possible workmanship, and preserved among his most precious treasures ; and the numerous monumental tokens, found in different parts of the East, fully prove in what high estimation the writings of Homer were held by the ancients. I shall conclude these observations with the following Extract, from the opinion of his translator—Mr. Pope—which gives an excellent summary of its merits :—

“ Our author’s work is a wild Paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in a well-ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery which contains seeds of every kind, out of which those who have followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify.”

* * * * *

“ It is to the strength of his amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture which are so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit, is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable ; everything moves, lives, and is put into action. If a council be called or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person : the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet’s imagination, and turns in one place into a hearer—in another, into a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes. ‘ They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it.’ ”

I have hastily selected a few extracts from the translation by Mr. Pope, which gives as true a version of the original as the poetic metre will allow. The following is a fine specimen of his battle scene :—

“ And thus in arms the warring nations stood,
And bathed their glowing breasts with mutual blood.
The falchions ring—shields rattle—axes sound—
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground ;
Chariots on chariots roll—the clashing spokes
Crash, while the madding steeds break short their yokes.
Loud o’er the route was heard the victor’s cry,
Where the war bleeds, and when the thickest die ;—
Where horse, and arms, and chariots lie o’er thrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.”

This is the conflict of mortals. Let us pause a moment on the scene when the val deities are entered on the fray :—

“ But when the powers descending swell’d the fight,
Then tumult rose ; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary’d each face ; then Discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hovering o’er his Troy, his terrors shrouds,
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds :
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion’s topmost towers ;
Now shouts to Simois from her beauteous hill ;
The mountain shrook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods* his thunder rolls,
And peal on peal redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground,
The forests wave, the mountains nod around ;
Through all their summits tremble Ida’s woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
Th’ infernal Monarch† reared his horrid head,
Leap’d from his throne, lest Neptune’s arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto’s drear abodes,
Abhor’d by men, and dreadful e’n to Gods.”

So much for blood and war. One specimen of his power in describing scenes of affection, and I have done. The extract is from the parting of Hector and his wife Andromache, on the eve of a portentous engagement ; and if any man can read these lines and not feel them, the soul of poetry dwells not in him :—

“ Thus having spoke th’ illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch’d his fond arms to clasp his lovely boy,
The babe clung crying to his mother’s breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
He kiss’d the child, and lifting high in air,
Then to the Gods preferred a father’s prayer.
Then fondly gazing on his mother’s charms,
Restored the pleasing burthen to her arms :
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush’d to repose, and with a smile survey’d.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften’d chief with kind compassion view’d,
And dry’d the falling drops, and thus pursued :
“ Adromache ! my soul’s far better part,
Why with untimely sorrow fill thy heart !
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb :
Fix’d is the time to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—now hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom ;
Me, glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men ;

* Jupiter.

† Pluto.

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame."

Having thus taken a hasty survey of the father of poetry, I shall pass over all the other poets of antiquity, and notice those of our own country. I purpose to take for the subject of my next sketch the illustrious names of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON.
Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, June, 1836.

TWO SONNETS BY PROV. D. G. M. BAILEY.

High on a mountain's steep I thoughtful stood,
Scanning the prospect vast that met my view;
Low down beneath a vale of greenest hue
In rich luxuriance lay; beyond, a wood
Its deep dark shadows spread, then came a flood,
Which like a silver thread the land went through.
More distant still, sharp-piercing heaven's deep blue,
Huge mountains rose that further sight withstood.
How like, methought, this scene to man's brief life,
View'd from the hoary pinnacle of years;
Yon vale, fit emblem of old age appears
At peaceful rest—that wood with shadows rife,
Stands grief's dark type—the stream, love's current bright,
And those far hills, youth's joys revealed in giant height!

SONNET WRITTEN AFTER A MIDNIGHT REVERIE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE pale moon sadly flung its sickly light
Dim through the fleeting vapours of the sky,
As round the place of graves I hovered nigh,
Whilst solemn knell bespoke the 'noon of night.'
That hour when spectral shades 'tis said delight
To quit the cold dark beds wherein they lie;
And on the dark night wind speed grimly by,
The hapless midnight wand'rer to affright.
But shadows saw I none, save when some tomb
A pall of darker shade flung round the spot;
A stillness painful, deep, reign'd 'midst the gloom,
And every grosser feeling sunk forgot,—
When whisper'd one within, 'thou too must die,
Haste, seek for life above, lest death be nigh.'

Stanhope Lodge, Horsley Woodhouse, May, 1836.

A CONTRAST IN THE CHARACTER OF VICARS.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unchristian spirit by which the Vicar of Leeds was actuated, in refusing to officiate in his spiritual capacity for the brethren of that town, I think it my duty at this period to inform the brothers of Leeds, and the Order in general, that such an opposition is not shown by all *Vicars* towards our beloved Order. Many

mighty return you a thousand fold for whatever you may do for me and my family !' He then bowed, and said, ' Write to me.' ' I will, but will the letter come safe into your hands ?' ' Direct it coming from the wife of ———, and that it is to be delivered into my hand, and I am sure to have it.' He then bowed, and said, ' May God be with you,' and drove off. Accordingly I wrote much in the same terms for his gracious kindness. Do you not think I have done great things ?'

Having never been apprised during my stay in St. Petersburg, that the Commodore had been banished, the inference is, that his punishment, as promised, must have been remitted by the Emperor.

W. G.

MAY-DAY.

On a lovely morning, the first of May last, as the sun was beaming with splendour, though not ascended sufficiently high to disperse the morning dew, that stood in silvery drops on every plant, that I strolled forth with a friend, the feathered songsters were busily employed forming their nests, which gave us an opportunity of witnessing their architecture ; others were carrying food for the support of their young and tender brood, the thrush and lark warbled melodiously, while the smaller birds joined in the song. The white blossom of the hawthorn appearing between the evergreens, gave a pleasing variety to the scene ; the primrose and violet surrounding their mossy base, added extra charms, all nature seemed cheerful and united to welcome the arrival of May. Ascending a rising ground, at the top of which we had a good view of the sea coast, but it being at that time low water, offered little worthy of remark. To our right was a rock on which some thousands of ants had collected together, that by united exertions they might provide in summer against the wants of winter ; we stood admiring their diligence and toil, some were dragging pieces of reeds and withered grass to the entrance of their retreat or capitol, while others placed the articles brought in a place hid from our view, which to have examined, would have despoiled their labour merely to gratify curiosity, but no doubt intended for the erection of store-houses, intended to be furnished in summer with food, necessary for their winter want.

I remarked to my companion, here you see is a society founded, which, by united exertions, have set an example to mankind, to unite together in friendship, love, and truth, collecting in the summer of their lives, necessaries for the winter of old age ; there appears amongst them no murmuring or discontent, but each takes to his task willingly, striving which can be most active and useful. My friend touching one with his finger, some little injured it ; I said to him, Henry, you have hurt it, and should it die, perhaps you will have deprived this community of an useful and active member. His reply was, that out of so many thousands one would not be missed. My thoughts were contrary, and by what we afterwards saw, convinced us I was right. At a little distance from this capitol, we observed one of these insects carrying a load with much difficulty, we knelt down to examine its burthen, and to our surprise, found it to be the body of a dead ant, no doubt a fellow member and brother, who had met with death far distant, while performing its duty ; if its intention was to carry this lifeless body to the general assembly, which appears evident by the direction it was then taking, brings us at once to conclude, that this society, according to instinct, was formed on the principles of unity and fellow-feeling, and each member instinctively known.

I then compared this city of ants to our honourable Order, collecting ourselves together upon the rock of hope, labouring unitedly in friendship and love, to lay a foundation of truth, for the erection of storehouses, and storing them with provisions gathered in the summer of youth and vigour, that will supply us in the winter of old age, resting ourselves satisfied, that if in want, relief will be afforded in sickness, comfort will be administered, and should death call upon us, though far distant from home or relations, we have friends united to us by brotherly affection, who will not leave us in the time of distress or affliction, but will comfort and cheer us in our last moments : and when the debt of nature is paid, will not forsake us, but convey our remains with unfeigned grief to our last home, the grave.

Sweet consolation this in our dying hour, to think we have not neglected the opportunity of thus providing for ourselves, but still one thought oppresses our minds, and lays heavy upon our departing spirits, our widows and orphans left behind; we have built a storehouse for ourselves, but have set no chamber apart for provisions to supply them after our departure, they cannot, they must not, be forgot: we must, therefore, set ourselves to work, and by raising our storehouses another story, upon the good foundation already laid, labouring more strenuously to store it with the one thing needful, we shall then complete the grand work of charity to our satisfaction. This may be easily effected, by adding an extra mite to our present gatherings, striving unitedly to promote its welfare, we then may die in peace, satisfied we have left undone nothing that could be done to secure comfort to our dearest ties of nature left behind. Oh! let us not neglect a work so important and so easy,—commence only and the work is done—success will crown our endeavours, the widow's tear will be wiped away, the orphan's comfort made manifest, fresh laurels will spring up, overshadowing our Order, bearing emblems of charity and benevolence on every bough, which will be watered by the tears of gratitude that will fall from the eyes of thousands yet unborn.

W. PICKLES.

*Furness Lodge, Spark Bridge,
near Ulverston, May, 1836.*

ANECDOTE.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

MOST of the readers of this Magazine will doubtless have heard of the celebrated highwayman Nevison, whose depredations spread terror and alarm throughout the country; and who was enabled, by the almost supernatural speed of his mare, to escape the pursuit of justice at defiance. The following anecdote can be vouched for as a fact, and may prove interesting to those persons who admire the traits of humanity which sometimes soften the most notorious characters, when divested of the *marvellous* with which such legends are generally invested:—During the time when Nevison was at his zenith, and his exploits were the theme of conversation, the extensive tract of country surrounding the city of Lincoln was, in reality, what it now is almost only in name, a heath, so wild and desolate, that it was impossible for strangers to cross without a guide, of whom there were many, for the purpose of conducting travellers over the waste. One evening, a young man, a traveller for a large commercial house at Hull, and an ancestor of one of the present members of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester, arrived at one of the principal inns, and inquired for a guide. Owing, however, to some circumstance which had caused them to be in more than usual request, not one was to be procured; upon which the traveller appeared very impatient, and expressed the urgent necessity of his proceeding that evening, and as he was a perfect stranger, to go without a guide was impossible. A gentleman in the room, seeing the dilemma in which he was situated, offered his services as his guide, saying that he was going over the heath himself that evening, and was perfectly well acquainted with it. After some further conversation the offer was accepted, and they set off together on horseback, which was, at that time, the common mode of travelling, for coaches were then “few and far between,” and railroads had not yet entered the brain of their first projector. Thus thrown together, and travelling over the scene of our hero's depredations, we need scarcely wonder that Nevison was the subject of converse between our travellers. After the volunteer guide had related some of his most extraordinary exploits, the young stranger remarked, that he should have no objection to being robbed of a small sum for a sight of the wonderful mare on which he was generally mounted; but added, that the large amount he then had upon him considerably lessened his curiosity. Thus they proceeded till they reached the place where the guides usually returned, where, *stopping short*, the gentleman addressing his companion, and said, “Sir, I have dis-

charged the duty I undertook ; your road is open before you ; and I hope you will always bear testimony to my having, at least once, acted as a man of honour, when I inform you that I am Nevison, and this my mare ;" and bowing cavalier-like to him, turned round and was out of sight in an instant.—It is worthy of remark, that, some years afterwards, when Nevison was taken and lodged in York Castle, the person above alluded to visited him in his confinement, and instantly recognised his quondam guide, and fully returned the obligation in the manner most suited to the circumstances of the case.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I have to congratulate the Order in general on the formation of a Fund for the relief of the Widow and the Orphan. The measure has received the unanimous sanction of the Derby A. M. C., and before twelve months elapses, many will have experienced its beneficial effects ; if anything were wanting to crown the charitable donations of our Institution, this has completed it. Many will be the hearts which will throb with pleasure, and many a tear will be wiped from the widow and the orphan's cheek at this pleasing intelligence ; it will strengthen the already adamant chain of the fraternity, and nothing short of madness or folly can impede the already rapid progress of our beloved Institution. The Derby A. M. C. has decided that the Magazine shall be sold at *prime cost* to Districts, who shall sell the same at sixpence each ; the difference in price to be devoted to the formation of a Widow and Orphans' Fund in each District : the old Magazines are also to be sold at *cost price*, and devoted to the same charitable purpose. I earnestly call upon Districts, Lodges, and individuals to support the cause. I call upon them as parents, as husbands, and as children, for their aid to this more than charitable fund ; do not let the decision of the Derby A. M. C. be a dead letter in our statute-book, but show by your early and zealous support, that

" To soften human woe
Is what the happy to the unhappy owe."

Knowing that this appeal will not be made in vain, believe me to be the Order's well-wisher, and a zealous but humble supporter of the Widow and Orphans' Fund,
JOHN S. MYERS.

*Board Room, Town Hall Buildings,
Manchester, May 30th, 1836.*

PRESENTATION OF PLATE.

It will be remembered, that in the Magazine for December last, was inserted a report of the procession of, and a charity sermon preached to the members of the Leeds District, for the benefit of three charitable Institutions there, and of the conduct of the Vicar of Leeds on the occasion, as contrasted with that of the Rev. Mr. Scales, who preached the sermon in his chapel in consequence of the Vicar's refusal.

As a testimony of the esteem of the District for Mr. Scales, it determined to present him with a handsome silver tea-pot and tray, and the following account of the presentation as extracted from the *Leeds Mercury* of the 21st of May last, will doubtless be most acceptable to our readers. Mr. Kay, the G. M. as the head of the deputation, on presenting the service to the Rev. Gentleman, said,—

REV. SIR,—We have met this evening for the purpose of presenting you with this small token of respect, for the kind manner you came forward to preach a charity sermon on the 8th of November, 1835. In doing so, I hope you will excuse all the mistakes such an humble individual as I am may be liable to. Sir, may I be permitted to inform you the reason why we requested you to preach the sermon. At the time above

stated, some of the members belonging to our Order were given to understand, that three of the charitable Institutions of the town were in a very precarious state, and that the funds of one of them were completely exhausted : and, Sir, as charity is the first pillar of our Institution, we considered it to be our duty to come forward to assist them in their difficulties. Our first consideration was, how we should be best able to raise the most money ; when we concluded to have a public procession, and a charity sermon preached in aid of the General Infirmary, Public Dispensary, and House of Recovery. And, Sir, as our Order consists of members of all religious denominations and political opinions, we came to the resolution to request the Vicar of Leeds to preach such sermon ; but, Sir, to our surprise, that gentleman refused : his reason for doing so is best known to himself. Our next step was to wait upon you, and I felt very glad to see you come forward in such a christian-like manner ; and I may venture to say you have got the praise of every member of our Institution, and of every other impartial individual. I may say, in conclusion, that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity is founded for the very purpose of benevolence and charity ; yes, Sir, for the purpose of relieving the sick and distressed, and to assist the poor unfortunate widow to consign to his long home, in a respectable manner, the remains of her late husband. In short, we are the most happy when relieving the sick and distressed ; not because they are in distress, but because we have the power to relieve them. I feel very sorry these tokens are so very small, but if they were more valuable they would be presented with a greater pleasure. I wish you joy to use them, and your family after you.

The Rev. THOMAS SCALES said, it is with surprise I meet you on this occasion. When I heard of your design which has produced this result, I received the report with incredulity. I knew that I had done nothing to entitle me to your favour. I felt it was beyond any service I might have rendered. I think you have justified the title you have assumed, for surely none but *Odd Fellows* would have made such a return as this. In performing that service I was merely complying with my duty. It was so much in character with my office, that I felt it was only affording me an opportunity of serving God and preaching the Gospel of his Son, whether in season or out of season. I thought so well of the services, that I found in them a sufficient recompense, and when the officers of your Society presented me with your letter of thanks, I thought that would have been the conclusion. As far as I have the opportunity of serving my fellow-creatures, and especially of my native town, I hope I have never been backward, and I hope I never shall. When I was requested to preach in aid of those charities which you were disposed to relieve, my first impulse was to comply, but the gentleman who waited upon me said the application had been made to another quarter previously. This intimation on their parts led me not to decline, but to consider and reflect. I thought my conduct might afterwards be called in question. I determined to satisfy myself as to the propriety of it. I was not unaware that suspicion and obloquy had attached to Secret Orders, and that these Societies might be perverted to improper objects. I determined to make the inquiry in such a manner as that, in case I complied with your request, I might do it heartily, and that if I refused I might be able to assign a sufficient reason for so doing. I therefore requested a day to consider, which was complied with. The gentlemen promised to send me a copy of your laws ; I received and examined them, and the result was satisfactory. In looking over them I saw regulations which I did not understand, and which I do not yet. I know there is nothing so volatile and uncertain as taste. However, in looking over them, I found nothing inconsistent with morality and virtue, nor opposed to peace, love, and good-will. Nothing but what breathed charity. I learnt also that a spirit of sympathy is cherished among you, that you sympathise with the widow and the bereaved, and that many a family have been preserved from misery, and many a person from a premature grave by your kind offices. There was something very singular in the name, but I was not going to make you an offender for a word. The rose would smell as sweet under another name. After the examination I was satisfied, and the result was, that I was led to comply with your request. But, if I had felt pleasure before, it was enhanced by the services, when I saw part of your body filling our place of worship, and observed your attention during the services. I assure you, that, if I never preached to such a numerous congregation before, composed, as it was, all of the male class, and all adults, I never preached to a more orderly body. In your

contributions, after the sermon, you proved how deeply you sympathised with the afflicted. It might serve as a stimulating example to the rich. But, Gentlemen, after you had done so nobly, surely it was out of all character, it was generous beyond measure—I might say it was even extravagant and prodigal, to do this; for I can truly say, that, in the service itself, I found my reward. I do always look back upon the service with pleasure, and I can never reflect upon it but with pleasure. You must never speak again against sinecures, but you must submit to lavish expenditure, for you have been doing the very same thing. But your own hearts have dictated it, and I hope you will take care that none shall suffer by it. As the tribute of your respect, I accept it cheerfully at your hands. If in my undertaking the service you are pleased to regard it as contributing any vindication of your character, I feel that I was bound to give it. If there be any draw-back upon the pleasure I feel in receiving your present, it is the allusion that is made in it to the Vicar's refusal. I feel persuaded that it was done in misapprehension. It was not because he knew you, but because he did not know you. I regard him as a kind-hearted clergyman. I therefore must attribute it to misapprehension. If he had known you better, and if he had given himself the trouble to inquire into your character, your deputation would have received a different reception. It was not to mortify him that I complied with your request. It was because I thought he was labouring under prejudice. But I was led to inquire and examine, and the result was that I complied cheerfully. If there be any one thing that may be rendered painful, it is that my name may seem to stand in opposition to his, and that I may appear to be rewarded to his disparagement. You must give me leave to offer you my kind wishes. The objects of your association is to produce sound morality; to comfort another in this pilgrimage of life. I would say to you in the words of the text—"to do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased." Let your first thoughts be directed to Him. Seek to become the objects of His grace, living in the fear of God, and living to His Glory; seek your hope of salvation in his word, and follow his direction. Follow after peace and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. May God bless you in time, and bless you in eternity. I shall cordially remember you, and pray for you. Let me assure you that I shall ever be ready to serve you, whenever you wish to direct your charity in the same manner.

TO OUR READERS AND THE ORDER IN GENERAL.

W^e, the Committee of Management, appointed to conduct the Magazine during the last twelve months, beg to state, as this number closes our labours, that we feel both pleased and gratified at the manner in which the Magazine has been supported during the time it has been under our management. Whether this is to be attributed to any humble endeavours on our part, it would not become us to say; but when it is considered, that the Magazine has increased from 3000 to 8000 in the short space of six months, surely we may be allowed to observe, that this immense and unprecedented increase of readers, could not have arisen had there not been a considerable degree of energy shown, both on the parts of those individuals who have so kindly seconded our endeavours by their contributions: and likewise on the time and trouble that has been bestowed in bringing the work out,—and we can now confidently say, without fear of contradiction, that it will vie with most of the literary productions in the present day, and far surpassing any that are sold at the same price, in the quantity of reading, and the contents are also fully equal.

When we took office, it was under very peculiar circumstances, as, generally speaking, the whole Committee were utterly unacquainted with the routine of their labours, and having no guide in the archives of the Order whereby to direct their first movements. But viewing the work as an instrument that might be wielded both to the profit and pleasure of the Order generally, we determined to use our best endeavours to make it answer both these purposes, as far as we possibly could, and proud we are in again observing, that we have been well supported by our brethren.

We must, at the same time, observe, that our labours, on many occasions, have given us considerable pain, as individuals filling offices similar to those we have had

the honor to fulfil, are frequently blamed, when, in fact, they are only honestly and conscientiously performing the duties of their situations; we refer, in these remarks to those individuals who have felt any soreness at their contributions with which the honored the Committee, being rejected. Without, in the least degree, wishing to cast into question their abilities, we beg to observe, that we have had other reasons which have guided us, in many instances, to reject their communications; and we can confidently say, that in the discussion of any article that has come under our notice, and any alterations that we have made, or wished to make, prior to insertion, we have been guided by a strict and earnest desire to do justice to the contributors, the Order generally, and ourselves likewise.

We have also made it a rule to avoid the insertion of any article that might be either recriminatory in itself, or have a tendency to promote it in others. We ourselves have been assailed both by individuals, and likewise in anonymous articles; we shall not stop here to enumerate them, or name any one in particular. To such correspondents as we have just named, we do consider no apology is due for the non-insertion of their articles.

There are also other articles now lying over for consideration, and we hope and trust our successors, whoever they may be, will meet with the same encouragement that we have experienced, if their intentions and labours be deserving of them, being fully assured, that as it has taken considerable exertions and labours to raise the Magazine to its present proud eminence, its fall will be equally as speedy, unless they be continued; and any endeavours afterwards, if it should derogate, we are convinced, will be also equally futile.

In conclusion, we beg to assure our readers, correspondents, and the Order generally, that it has been an invariable rule, and sincere desire on our parts, to criticise any article submitted to us, in a kindly feeling; one calculated, we hope, more to encourage the rising talent of our Order, rather than say or do anything that might have a tendency to offend or discourage any one.

JAMES MANSFIELD, G. M.
JOHN CALDWOOD, D. G. M.
GEORGE RICHMOND, Prov. G. M.
JAMES DAVIES, Prov. D. G. M.
EDWARD CHEW, JUNR., P. G.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Since troubling you with my last communication, I have had the pleasure of passing a few hours as a visitor with the A. M. C. at Derby, and the thoughts which possessed me on that occasion, I have attempted to embody in the following poetic trifle, which should you think of sufficient interest for the Magazine, you would oblige by inserted them,

Your's, in F. L. & T.

Stanhope Lodge, May 30th, 1836.

W. W. BAYLEY.

SONNET WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE A. M. C. AT DERBY, ON FRIDAY, MAY 27TH, 1836.

How swell'd my throbbing heart with joyous pride,
When 'mongst that loving band I entrance gained:
Methought the world no worthier sight contained,
Than that our cherished bonds conjoined supplied.
From east, west, north, and south, there side by side
Ranged hearts where charity unbounded reign'd;

And heads whose wisdom had our cause sustained
 Through days of darkness which the firmest tried.
 No limit had they for their kindly deeds,
 The blind, the lame, the sick, their bounty owned,
 While seemed soft Pity in each heart enthroned,
 To plead the widow's and the orphan's needs;
 To them I felt men's blessings would be given,
 And theirs that richer gift, th' approving smile of Heaven !

BIRTHS.

February 7, the wife of P. G. M. Harrison, of the Lancaster District, of a son.
 —April 27, the wife of brother William Holley, of the Middleton and Heywood District, of a daughter.—March 15, the wife of Prov. C. S. William P. Cragg, of the Blooming Rose Lodge, Quorndon, of a son and heir.—March 21, the wife of P. G. Jos. Camm, of the Blooming Rose Lodge, Quorndon, of a son and heir.—April 9, the wife of brother Joseph Tittle, of the Honorable Booth Gray Lodge, Ashton, of a son.—April 20, the wife of brother John Kerry, of the Sitwell Lodge, Smalley, Ilkiston District, of a daughter.—February 9, the wife of P. S. Oldnow, of the Sitwell Lodge, of a daughter.—August 2, the wife of P. G. Allen, of the Sitwell Lodge, of a daughter.—August 19, the wife of P. S. Fletcher, of the Sitwell Lodge, of a son and heir.—August 2, the wife of brother Henry Ratcliffe, of the Sitwell Lodge, of twins, a son and daughter.—The wife of brother Edward Foulks, of the above Lodge, of a daughter.—October 20, the wife of brother John Booth, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—February 29, the wife of brother Richard Whittaker, of the Rainbow Lodge, Blakeley, of a son and heir.—March 20, the wife of William Peyton, C. S. of the Manchester District, of a daughter.—February 24, the wife of P. G. John Healey, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Rochdale, of a daughter.—February 12, the wife of P. V. Thomas Healey, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Rochdale, of a daughter.—February 19, the wife of V. G. Abraham Healey, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Rochdale, of a daughter.—April 12, the wife of brother William Hollows, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Rochdale, of a daughter.—November 5, 1835, the wife of host Smith, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—May 5, 1835, the wife of P. G. and now C. S. Alfred Ball, of the Devizes Independent, of a son.—November 30, 1835, the wife of P. G. Wilbee, of the Devizes Independent, of a son.—December 24, 1836, the wife of P. G. William Wallis, of the Devizes Independent, of a daughter.—March 16, 1836, the wife of P. G. William Phipp, of the Devizes Independent, of a daughter.—March 18, the wife of P. Prov. D. G. M. Samuel Brayne, C. S. of the Oswestry District, of a son.—May 18, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. John Phenna, host of the King Oswald Lodge, Oswestry, of a son.—November 15, 1835, the wife of brother Jabez Allison, of the Honorable Booth Gray Lodge, Ashton, *Frodsham*, of a son.—December 19, 1835, the wife of brother John Sutton, of the Honorable Booth Gray Lodge, Ashton, *Frodsham*, of a daughter.—February 9, 1836, the wife of P. G. William Tickle, of the Honorable Booth Gray Lodge, Ashton, *Frodsham*, of a daughter.—March 15, the wife of V. G. Abraham Waite, of the Honorable Booth Gray Lodge, Ashton, *Frodsham*, of a son.—May 3, the wife of C. S. Thompson, of the Stokesley District, of a daughter.—March 1, Susannah, wife of Secretary Fearnside, of the Traveller's Rest Lodge, Norwich, of a son and heir.—March 26, the wife of brother John Dean, of the Lord Hill, Leominster, of a son.—August 31, the wife of brother Holsner, of a daughter.—October 3, the wife of P. P. G. M. Mc Dole, of a son and heir.—Dec. 25, the wife of P. G. M. Pike, of a daughter.—January 9, the wife of brother J. Oram, of a daughter.—The wife of P. Prov. G. M. Green, of a daughter, all of the Brighton District.—March 11, the wife of Prov. C. S. William Hawkins, of the Bradford District, and of the Evening Star Lodge, Tong, of a son.—The wife of P. G. Abel Armit, of the Fountain of Friendship Lodge, Bollington, of a daughter.

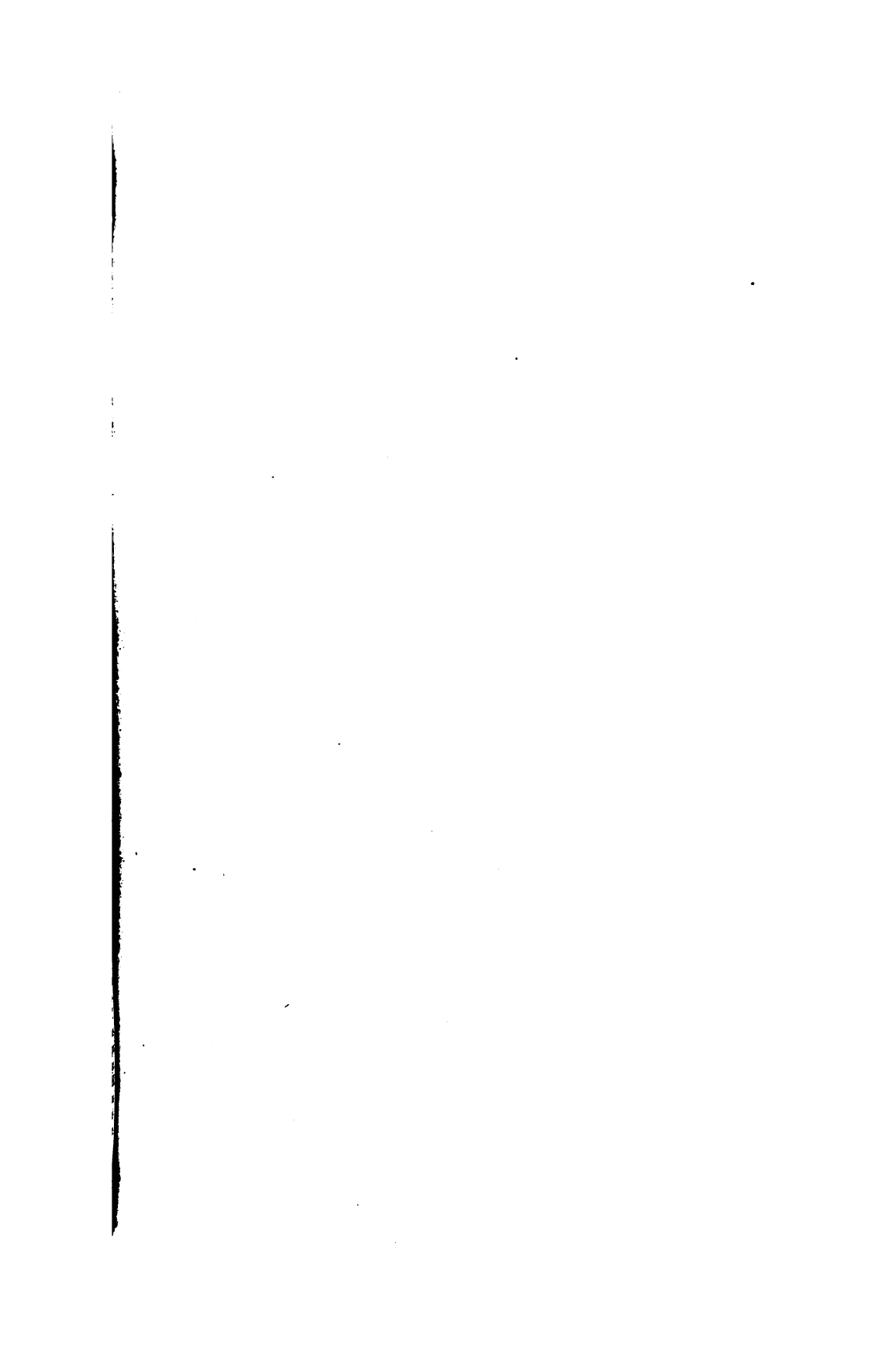
MARRIAGES.

Brother William Dibb, of the Lord Byron Lodge, Pocklington, to Miss Mar Rispin, of the same place.—August 30, at Wolstanton, V. G. Thomas Phillips, of the Fountain of Peace Lodge, Newport, to Miss Mary Williams, of Wem.—March 24, brother John Moore, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Hebden Bridge District, to Miss Mary Binns, fourth daughter of Mr. William Binns, both of Warley.—April 30, at St. Mary's Church, Manchester, P. G. Thomas Kay, of the Rainbow Lodge Blakeley, to Miss Sarah Fearon, of Rhodes, near Middleton.—March 21, brother John Lander, of the Furness Lodge, Spark Bridge, Kendal District, to Miss Bett Ormandy.—January 28, brother Richard Walker, portrait painter, to Mary Scott.—February 1, P. S. John Richmond, cotton spinner, to Elizabeth Windle.—April 15, N. G. Thomas Cardus, overlooker, to Martha Lowcock; the three foregoing are from the Skipton District.—December 6, brother James Hancock, of the Nelson Lodge, Golden Hill, to Anne, third daughter of brother William Walton, of Sain Martin's Lodge, Tunstall.—December 19, brother Isaac Dale, of the Nelson Lodge Golden Hill, to Miss Sarah Critchley, of Endon.—April 5, 1836, brother Samuel Walton, of the Nelson Lodge, Golden Hill, to Miss Jane Ball, of Kidagrove.—December 28, 1835, brother John Williamson, to Anne, daughter of Samuel Mottram, of Trafford.—December 24, brother R. Lonsdale, to Miss Jane Smith.—December 31, brother J. Stanley, to Miss H. Dyer.—February 4, 1836, brother Morgan, to Miss Elizabeth Irish.—March 6, P. Secretary Varley, to Miss Martha Crossley.—April 7, brother James Laycock, of the Globe Inn, Bradford, to Miss Sarah Atkinson.

DEATHS.

February 28, brother William Wheatman, of the Stokesley District.—March 21, brother Alexander Howarth, aged 23, of the England's Glory Lodge, Middleton: he has left a wife and one child to lament his loss.—May 4, brother Jonas Wood, aged 31, of the same Lodge: he has left a wife and two small children to lament his loss.—March 29, brother James May, son of P. V. John May, of the Nelson Lodge, Golden Hill, in the Newcastle and Pottery District; he was unfortunately killed in a coalmine at Ashton-under-Lyne.—May 4, the wife of Past Secretary Ayres, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton District, aged 22.—February 2, brother William Wheatman, of the Cleveland Lodge.—April 4, the wife of brother Anderson Shaw, and on the 25th of the same month, brother Robert Blackburn, of the Flower of the Tees Lodge, Yarm, all in the Stokesley District.—March 4, 1836, Francis G. Willbee, son of P. G. John Willbee, D. G. M. of the Devizes District, aged thirteen weeks.—Lately, brother William Cadman, of the St. John's Lodge, Burslem.—January 15, brother George Perkins, aged 28, N. G. of the Traveller's Rest Lodge, Tredegar District, after a lingering illness of about two months. The deceased was highly and deservedly respected by the members of the Lodge over whom he had the honor to preside, and by all others with whom he had formed any acquaintance: his mortal remains were followed to the grave by a vast number of brothers and friends, who were all equally anxious to pay him the last tribute of respect. February 4, aged 43, brother Philip Powell, of the King William the Fourth Lodge, of the last named District, was killed at Cwrtabela Colliery. He was an upright and inoffensive man, and a worthy brother; he was followed to the grave by a large number of brothers, and the Rev. T. Davis allowed the funeral oration to be read in his chapel.—May 29, Robert James son of P. G. William Johnson, of the Sir Oswald Mosley Lodge, Manchester, aged nineteen months.—April 26, the wife of brother T. Hunt, of the Lord Hill Lodge Leominster.—May 5, Ann, the only daughter of N. G. Prince, of the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster.—February 2, 1836, brother Joseph Ramsden, of the Briton Lodge, East Ardsley, after a short illness, leaving a wife to lament the loss of an affectionate husband: his remains were attended to the place of interment by the office and brothers of his Lodge.

(Births, &c. omitted in this Number will be inserted in the next.)





Edw Powell R Bro G M

Pottery and Newcastle District.

THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1836.

BIOGRAPHY.

P. PROV. G. M. EDWARD POWELL.

THERE are occasions when it is proper and when it is even profitable to take a retrospective view of life; not only to mark the progress of events, but to observe the character of man, more especially those distinguished for success or failure, that we may emulate the examples of the one, and avoid the misfortunes of the other. Among those who have been successful in their career we may justly place our respected brother P. P. G. M. EDWARD POWELL, who stands pre-eminently conspicuous for his success in those multifarious duties emanating from the numerous offices he has sustained among the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; of the truth of this statement the following brief outline will sufficiently show forth. Our Brother Powell was born the month of October, 1801, in the town of Shrewsbury, but has resided in the Staffordshire Potteries during the last fifteen years. He was initiated in the St. Martin's Lodge, Tunstall, in the Pottery and Newcastle District, June 9th, 1828; appointed Junior Warden, July 7th, 1828. On the 22d of December, 1828, he was elected Secretary of the Lodge. Upon his entrance on the duties of this important office, he found the books in a very disordered state, but before the expiration of his term he arranged them on a better system. On March 6th, 1829, he was appointed his Lodge, as a delegate to the Grand Annual Moveable Committee, to be held at Sheffield. His appointment to this committee was in consequence of the St. Martin's Lodge being suspended for expelling a character who is now numbered among the dead, therefore forbear to enter into detail, the Pottery and Newcastle District judging that St. Martin's Lodge were not fairly dealt with; the appeal against the decision of the Lodge being made to the G. M. of the Order, before it had been made to the District, withdrew themselves until the St. Martin's Lodge should be reinstated. Prov. G. M. Harrison and P. Prov. G. M. Harlow were delegated by the District to accompany him. Our Brother only was admitted before the committee; the objection to allow the other delegates to be heard was, that the District had suspended themselves, and could not be admitted unless they declared themselves again in compliance. This they refused to do, not being satisfied. The St. Martin's Lodge was then reinstated by the Sheffield Grand Annual Moveable Committee. But the meeting did not terminate there; G. M. Barnett and P. G. M. Wardle were appointed to meet a delegation from the Potteries at Macclesfield. P. Prov. G. M. Harrison, together with our Brother, were again appointed; both parties met, but P. G. M. Powell only was allowed to be in the room, the District not having complied. The meeting was here agreeably settled, and the individual was to appear before the Pottery Newcastle District, to answer certain charges against him, but never appeared.

P. P. G. M. Powell being a young man as well as a young Odd Fellow, and also being deprived of the assistance of his esteemed colleagues, on whom he depended, to him a disappointment; however his conduct on this occasion gained for him the approbation both of his Lodge and District, as well as that of his brother delegates.

The unpleasant business here ended, and the District and the St. Martin's Lodge began to rise in importance. In May, 1829, he was appointed President of the Funeral Fund; in June 8th, 1829, he was appointed V. G. of his Lodge, which he filled to the satisfaction of his brothers; and on November 29th was elected N. G.; and on December 25th was appointed C. S. of the District; at this time he was filling the offices of President of the Funeral Fund, N. G. of his own Lodge, and C. S. of the District (this was previous to the purple lecture being introduced into this District). The duties of these three important offices, at one period, occupied much time, but he had the pleasure at the close of his terms, to find he had merited and obtained the approbation of those with whom he had to do, which was expressed by votes of thanks.

At the time he took the office of N. G. the Lodge was entirely destitute of funds. At the close of his sitting, although the sums paid for sick and funerals were very considerable, there was saved for the Lodge £42 14s. 6½d. During his office, some were dissatisfied with his strict attention to the laws, but when they saw the result of his labours, they were well satisfied. From this time the St. Martin's Lodge became very prosperous, when his successor left the chair the funds amounted to £72 10s. 5½d. A circumstance occurred about this time by which the Lodge would have been deprived of their money but for his exertions. The host, who was also treasurer, became a bankrupt: our Brother saw the approaching storm, and did all he could to obtain possession of the money; he succeeded in getting from him upwards of £50, which he placed in the savings' bank. Some of the Brothers of the Lodge, thinking his suspicions unfounded, became dissatisfied, and by some means the host was given to understand Brother Powell's intentions, and aware that no more money was placed in his hands by the Lodge, he refused to give up the remaining £20, which was still in his possession. Shortly after this he was made a bankrupt; our Brother, together with P. Pr. G. M. Lees, was appointed by the Lodge to attend the meeting of creditors to prove, but the Lodge not being under the act, they were not allowed so to do, and consequently lost the money. At this time there were sums of money belonging to the Lodge in the hands of two other Brothers, to the amount of about £12. The one paid the whole that he had in his possession, but the other in part, following the example of the late host, defrauded them of about £2. The £10 he got from these two individuals was also placed in the savings' bank. After having experienced these losses, they felt anxious to secure their money, and, accordingly, the business was brought under the consideration of the Lodge; and by the influence of P. P. G. M. Lees, our worthy representative in parliament, John Davenport, Esq. became their treasurer, allowing them five per cent interest: they then made regulations to prevent such impositions in future. Prosperity has since crowned their efforts, they have realized a fund (notwithstanding these losses) of £370 in the space of seven years; during the last twelve months they accumulated £112 of the above sum. On the 25th of December, 1830, our Brother was elected G. M. of the District; during the time he filled this important office, he had the extreme satisfaction to know, that his conduct was generally approved of. After he had filled the different offices of his Lodge and District, he again undertook the inferior situations; and has only been eighteen months in which he was not engaged in office. The record-book of his Lodge will bear witness to his exertions, and as a testimony of the respect and esteem in which he is held by his Brethren, the Lodge has presented him with two silver medals, accompanied with appropriate addresses.

In 1833 our friend was appointed delegate to the Grand Annual Moveable Committee at Bury; there he was appointed on the sub-committee for the revision of the general laws. In April 1833 he was appointed N. G. of the new Lodge, Good Samaritan, Keel; he had to travel eight miles, and to return the same night. The members of that Lodge have expressed it as being the happiest six months they have yet spent.

On the 22nd of February, 1834, our Brother was requested to meet a Mr. Hollins a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher (who was deeply prejudiced against our Order) in a public discussion, at Alsager Bank, on the merits and demerits of Odd Fellowship; the result was in Hollins being completely confuted, and the principles of the Order being proved to be philanthropic, benevolent, and useful, which was evidenced

the number of twenty joining the two neighbouring Lodges, on the Lodge nights immediately subsequent to the discussion. The particulars of this disputation may be seen by referring to the Odd Fellows' Magazines of September and December, 1834.

In the same year he was appointed as delegate to the Grand Annual Moveable Committee, held at Hull. In 1836 he was again appointed as delegate to the Annual Moveable Committee, at Derby; here he sat on two sub-committees, on important business. Since his return, he has evinced a deep anxiety for the establishment of the "Widow and Orphans' Fund," and has acted in conjunction with others as a committee for the formation of laws relative to such a fund, which laws will be submitted to the opinion of the District on August 22nd, 1836, at the Town Hall of Newcastle, which is kindly lent for the occasion.

In the progress of our Brother through these various offices and delegations he has had much to meet with, difficulties to encounter, obstacles to surmount, misrepresentation to experience, as well as calumny to rebut; but, notwithstanding all this, his love to the Order enabled him to go through with marked disinterestedness and success, and he is now reaping his reward in the esteem and regard in which he is held by every genuine Odd Fellow.

Having thus sketched the official labours and exertions of our worthy Brother, it only remains for me to add, that his private character as a man, as a master, as a husband, and as a general member of society, is equally unimpeachable. If the principles of Odd Fellowship were truly imbibed, and sincerely adhered to, they would prove the greatest of blessings to our nation; but by the principles of Odd Fellowship, I mean somewhat more than the receiving some rules or laws, though ever so correct, or the professing of them, and engaging to support them, not without zeal and eagerness. What signifies the best rules and laws if men do not live suitable to them—if they have not a due influence upon their thoughts, their principles, and their lives? But I mean such a sense of the nature and purport of the *bonds* and *obligations* we have entered into as Odd Fellows, so that its principles may become a spring of a new nature within us, governing our whole deportment, our words as well as our actions, prompting us to deeds of benevolence, philanthropy, and charity, which is in strict accordance with the motto of our Order,—*AMICITIA, AMOR ET VERITAS*.

WM. WELSBY, P. G.

*Lily of the Valley Lodge, Stoke upon Trent,
Staffordshire Potteries, August, 1836.*

THE LAST WORDS OF CADWALLAWN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DINAS Emlyn lament, for the moment is nigh,
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die;
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallawn shall rave,
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture—with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlyn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxons from Prestatyn side;
But where is the harp shall give life to their name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And, oh, Dinas Emlyn! thy daughters so fair,
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallawn shall die:

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;
With Llywarch, and Maelor, and Myrddin the old,
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlyn ! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids !
And thou whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp ! my last treasure, farewell !

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

IN order to secure his empire effectually against restless and fugitive enemies, She-hwang-te conceived the vast design of erecting the great wall, a stupendous work, upon which twenty centuries have exerted but little comparative effect, which still subsist as a monument of the existence of this monarch, and of his power and resources. The largest of the pyramids of Egypt contains but a small portion of the quantity of matter in this wall ; the solid contents of which, not including the projecting masses of stone and brick, which alone include as much masonry as all London, are supposed to exceed in bulk the materials of all the dwelling-houses in England and Scotland. The vastness of the mass may be better appreciated by considering that, according to the calculation of Mr. Barrow, it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth, on two of its great circles, with two walls, each six feet high and two feet thick. The emperor directed his general, Mung-teen, when he had completed his successful campaign against the Heung-noo Tartars, to survey the walls which had been constructed by some of the northern states to complete their union, and to continue the great barrier from the Kea-yuh-Kwan, to the place where, at a subsequent period, Wang-hae-low was built, on the shore of the eastern sea, a space of 1,500 miles, over deep valleys and mountains of great elevation. Enormous numbers of men, some say millions, were collected from all parts of the empire, and set to work upon this immense structure, the superintendence of which was entrusted to Mung-teen, who had under him an army of 300,000 men. Vessels laden with iron were sunk at the sea-shore, where the wall began, to make a buttress for it. Large arches were built for the passage of rivers. Along the wall at certain distances, were forts for garisons ; gates were made at convenient distances for traffic, passage of troops, &c. ; and its width was so great, that in some parts seven horsemen could walk abreast at the top and narrowest part of the walk. The work was completed in the short space of ten years, B. C. 205 ; but short as the period was, not only was its projector no more but his dynasty had ceased to reign.—*Asiatic Journal*.

MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

" Praise the Lord upon the harp : sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving. With trumpets also and shawms ; O show yourselves joyful before the Lord the king."—*Psaln* 98.

THE inhabitants of Manchester and environs have had, during this last week, a rich banquet of melody offered for their enjoyment, in the performances connected with the Musical Festival, being the second held in this town. It is a subject on which every one possessing the love of harmony and sweet sounds would delight to dwell ; but the lateness of the time, and the contracted limits of this article preclude a detailed account, therefore a short general notice must suffice.

The Festival was held in the Collegiate Church, which building, from its size and general arrangement, affords convenience for the purpose seldom found out of a cathedral. The preparations inside were of the most extensive nature, large extra galleries having been erected, and an ample orchestra provided for the performers ; the number

of vocalists engaged was 238, and of instrumentalists 132; being a much larger number than at the former festival in 1828. This mighty host consisted of the first singers of the day, including Mr. Bennett, Mr. Machin, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Terrial, Signor Ivanoff, Signor Lablache, Madame Malibran, Madame Caradori, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. W. Knvyett, &c., together with the veteran Braham, whose voice, at near three score years and ten, is full of the richness and melody of middle age; he seems as if nature had exempted him from decay, till a successor could be found to tell with equal power the "splendour bright" of the newly created world. The instrumentalists were also the first-rate performers on their respective instruments, and the whole was conducted by Sir Geo. Smart. The pieces selected for performance were Haydn's Oratorio of the "Creation", Handel's "Messiah", Beethoven's "Mount of Olives", Spohr's "Last Judgment"; and a variety of selections from Handel, Mozart, &c. The only drawback on the performances was the indisposition of Madame Malibran, who was unable to appear in some parts for which she was announced; but, with this exception, the performances went off extremely well.

Sacred music possesses a vast superiority over other descriptions of melody; and when the noble productions of genius and devotion* are accompanied by the auxiliaries employed in an oratorio, this superiority is shown in a manner which at once astonishes and charms, awes and delights; and a person who has never attended such a performance can form but a very inadequate idea of the effect—at one time the full deep tone of Braham or Phillips, rolling its solemn melody from wall to wall, at another the dulcet strain of an enchanting warbler, stealing like hyblean murmurs over the hearer, till all is merged in the thundering burst and overpowering swell of the chorus; pealing and echoing around, till the loud praises seem to rend the vaulted roof, and to ascend to the high heavens of which they tell. Let any one who has heard it refer to one part of the "Messiah":—"The Redeemer is in anguish for the sins of man"—"Behold, and see if there was any sorrow like unto his sorrow"—(most beautifully given by Braham)—"He was cut off from the land of the living." The bitterness of death is passed, the strain rises higher—"Thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption." The cements of the grave are burst—the chorus requires the gates of heaven to be opened, "and the King of Glory shall come in." The semi-chorus demands "who is the King of Glory!" and the responding chorus having answered, the whole break out in a strain of the noblest grandeur. This is by no means a solitary instance, but it gives a good idea of the nature of the performances.

The church was well attended at all the performances; as also were the concerts in the evenings, consisting of selected pieces from the best English and Italian composers; and on Friday evening a Fancy Dress Ball was held in an extensive suite of rooms, formed by erecting a spacious saloon, and passages connecting the Theatre, Assembly Rooms, and the Portico News Rooms, where every one who was fired with the ambition of "strutting his hour" as a despot, or a slave—a sage, or a mountebank,—had ample opportunity of so doing. The receipts of the various performances, and the surplus left after paying expences, are not yet made known; report says the probable sum taken is from £16,000 to £20,000; at all events, there is no doubt of a handsome addition to the funds of the public charities of the town, to which the balance is to be devoted.

In addition to the other festivities of the week, many thousands were hounded by an announcement that Mr. Graham would ascend in his balloon, and after waiting some hours in anxious expectation were obliged to disperse with their curiosity ungratified; Mr. Graham, however, made some amends by a very fine ascent the following day.

G. P. JENNINGS.

September 17th, 1836.

* Handel says, that before sitting down to compose his oratorios, he used to pray to the Almighty that "he would grant him power to praise him as he ought to do."

THE FATHER'S ADDRESS TO HIS FIRST-BORN.

How is my heart delighted and distress'd ;
 What anxious thoughts pervade a father's breast ;
 Come my dear babe with all thy infant charms,
 Repose thee in thy father's fostering arms ;
 With cheerful smiles thy prattling voice now raise,—
 Lisp out thy half-formed sense and mimic phrase :
 Yes, smile my darling, now thy tender heart
 Is not o'erwhelm'd with sorrow's painful smart.
 Smile now, thy breast unruffled by a care—
 Thy brow unwrinkled by woe's withering share ;
 Smile now, no sighs are caused by grief to rise ;
 Smile now, no tears becloud thy beauteous eyes.
 Oh ! young immortal, born to endless bliss,
 Or to * * * sad thought ! too awful to express.
 It fills my heart, and from my melting eyes
 Falls the paternal tear ; before me lies
 The thorny path that you must travel through,
 Abounds with many evils hid from view.
 On every side a dreadful steep appears,—
 The heights of the vale of tears.
 Oh ! what angelic power, what heavenly friend
 Shall guard and guide thee to thy journey's end ?
 Blest Jesus ! let thy kind compassion move,
 Embrace my babe with tenderness and love :
 Stretch Thy kind hand, her slippery steps to guide,
 Preserve from sin—turn every snare aside—
 Bid the destroyer at a distance stand,
 And vice retire with its polluting hand ;
 Make her young soul a chaste and hallowed shrine,
 Fill'd with thy grace and purity divine.
 By thee through death's dark vale securely led,
 Then place a crown immortal on her head.

EDWARD POWELL, P. Prov. G. M.

St. Martin's Lodge, Tunstall, July 20th, 1836.

P. G. M. JAMES MANSALL.

“ Our actions are our heralds, and they fix
 Beyond the dates of tombs and epitaphs,
 Renown and infamy.”

The grave has at length closed upon the mortal remains of James Mansall, who during the whole course of a useful life, maintained the character of an upright and industrious member of society ; and in the early periods of the Manchester Unity, fulfilled the highest offices in it, with credit to himself, and usefulness to the then infant Institution.

The subject of this brief memoir was born at Sheffield, in 1766, where his father had a short time previously removed from near Bilston, in Staffordshire, where he had managed a small farm, and also carried on the business of a joiner. His father died when his son was about two years old, leaving him the youngest of five children ; in 1776 he was put to learn the trade of a scissor maker, at which he continued five years, at the expiration of which time, he bound himself apprentice to a saw maker, and joined in communion with a religious body, to whose tenets he continued throughout life seriously and conscientiously attached. At the age of thirty-two, Mr. Mansall commenced business in Sheffield, as a saw maker, and not long after, it became his

duty to visit America. During the period he had resided at Sheffield, he had been frequently solicited to join the society of Odd Fellows, and during his voyage he found that the toasts, sentiments, and songs given were generally of a moral kind, and on inquiry, he found that the passengers were principally Odd Fellows; this conduct removed those scruples which had previously existed in his mind, and he determined to join the Order as soon as he should revisit his native land; but it was not until he had left Sheffield, and established himself in Manchester, that he carried it into effect. In 1812 he joined the Wellington Lodge, in which he went through the various offices with benefit to the Lodge. In the year 1815, Mr. Mansall was appointed deputy to Mr. John Lloyd, (who then filled the office of G. M.) and which he fulfilled for two years, and in 1818 he was unanimously appointed G. M., which important situation he held for three successive sittings. During the time he was in office many and important alterations were effected, and which had a tendency to accelerate those improvements, the beneficial effects of which the Order is now experiencing; aided and assisted by the "working bees" of that day, by the Armitts, Hardman, Derbyshire, and others, the foundation stone of our Institution was fixed upon that firm basis which time alone can remove.

The offices which Mr. Mansall held he found no bed of roses; he had to contend against the open attempts of the Order's avowed opponents, and the more formidable, but insidious views of its pretended friends; but supported by the real wishes of our Unity, he came off in every contest victorious, and each succeeding attack served only to cement more closely the ties of the Unity, and to show to the world in their true light, those inestimable blessings of our motto, "Friendship, Love, and Truth;" bearing in mind, that on all occasions,

Thrice is he armed, who has his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Mr. Mansall was one of the fearless and intrepid supporters of the Order, when its tenets wanted supporting; his counsel and his purse were always open to the wants of his brethren, and in good report and in evil report, he was alike the firm champion of its rights and privileges.

If G. M. Mansall had any failing, and where is the individual without one? it was in the over-forgivingness of his disposition—gifted with all the kindlier feelings of our nature, he forgave those on whom forgiveness was thrown away—he at times pitied where he ought to have punished.

After his services as G. M. Mr. Mansall did not stand prominently forward in public life, though he was a warm supporter of the Magazine, and the printing of the General Minutes of the Order, by which two publications much permanent good was effected.

Shortly after this he ceased to be a subscribing member of the Order, under circumstances which did not reflect any discredit on him, "for he never stooped to meanness nor courted dishonour," and which at this lapse of time it is here unnecessary to relate. However, the Dudley A. M. C. were so satisfied of the purity of his intentions and past valuable services, that a resolution was unanimously passed "That he should be allowed to join any Lodge as an honorary member," a distinction never before or since granted to any individual—advanced in years and not in the best of health, P. G. M. Mansall did not often take advantage of this privilege granted to sterling merit; but when he did visit a Lodge, which was only, I believe, on two occasions, on both of which he presented medals, the lodge-room was crowded to excess. The elder brethren of the Order came for the days of "Auld lang syne,"—the younger to see an individual who had been instrumental in supporting the unity when it wanted support. If he did not often visit the Lodges, he was pleased to hear of their prosperity, and had his best wishes for its continuance.

The last and most painful part of my duty is now to come. For a considerable length of time Mr. Mansall's health had been gradually declining; and on the 19th day of January, 1836, in the 72nd year of his age, he left this transitory, for another and a better, world.

If there have been individuals who have presided over the Order possessed of most transcendent abilities, yet in honesty of intention and uprightness of action, Mansall has had no superior. May each of us through life imitate his virtues, may our latter end be like his—peace. Such is the sincere desire of the Order's well-wisher,

JOHN S. MYERS.

LETTER I.

ON THE NATURE OF REAL WEALTH.

"There is no real wealth, excepting the labour of man."—GODWIN.

We wanted, as Horatio says, "no ghost to tell us this." But though self-evident, the subject is seldom considered, and never, perhaps, actually acted upon. Did the labouring man duly appreciate his real value in the social scale—did he feel fully the importance of the position he holds—did he see, as he ought to do, that instead of being a dependant, he is the *only* really independent individual in existence—did he, I say, consider this, he would, surely, endeavour, at least, to conduct himself so as to convince the world that he was aware of, and deserving, the distinguished rank he knew he held in society. He should never forget the tale of the "Prince and the Basket-maker." The king upon the throne is not so independent as the collier in a coal pit.

One of the greatest difficulties which lie in the way of accomplishing so desirable an object is—the *alehouse*!—remove that stumbling-block, and the way to independence and happiness is Macadamized—your house becomes the mansion of peace, and "your household the subjects of content,"—you stand erect in the presence of your fellow-men, however opulent they may suppose themselves to be, and assert and vindicate the *Nobility of Nature*. "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

I am aware that much patience, forbearance and industry must be applied to the task; but these are the very sinews of that "*real wealth*" of which the philosopher speaks. They are current in all countries. They speak all languages. They are comprehensible alike to the savage and the sage, and are of universal interpretation and application. He who seriously and sedulously applies himself to the accomplishment of this task is sure of success. Nothing but the hand of Providence can stop his progress, or prevent him from reaching the summit of human happiness.

There is not a country in the world, perhaps, which contains so many noble institutions for the relief of the afflicted, as England. I shall only briefly allude to the many thousands of infirmaries, dispensaries, lunatic asylums, &c. &c. which bedeck this "speck of earth," like so many constellations, and make Englishmen justly proud of the land of their fathers—nor shall I stop to enumerate the numerous private societies which abound in every town and village throughout the land—but come at once to that which stands at an immeasurable distance from any other in the world—I mean THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS. What an admirable auxiliary does this Institution afford to the man of "*real wealth*." Should his *labour* be suspended for a season, by sickness, he falls back upon the *labour* of former years, the funds of his Lodge are thrown open, and he is made comfortable during his illness. Should death overtake him, his bereaved family have the consolation of knowing that his remains will be consigned to the grave with decent solemnity, and a sum given them to provide those articles usual on such occasions, and which custom has rendered almost absolutely necessary. The same funds are made available, too, in case of the death of a wife.

Again, should *labour* fail him in one part of the country, these inexhaustible funds send him with comfort to another part, where he may resume his *independence*. I must now conclude. Letter II. in time for the next Number.

Manchester, September, 1836.

TO THE READERS OF THE MAGAZINE AND THE ORDER IN GENERAL.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS,

The retiring address of the last Magazine Committee calls for a few observations from the newly appointed one. It is not our intention to quarrel with our predecessors; on the contrary, we fully appreciate their merits, and are convinced that they deserve the thanks of the Order. There is one observation, however, which we must notice, they say,—“There are also other articles now lying for consideration, and we hope and trust our successors (whoever they may be) will meet with the same encouragement that we have experienced, *if their intention and labors be deserving of them, &c.*” This last sentence not only prejudices our abilities, but even doubts our intentions. Our predecessors may not perhaps have intended to convey such a construction, but as the passage stands it certainly admits of that interpretation. We, therefore, conceive it a duty we owe to ourselves to say,—though we do not profess to have superior abilities—though we will not make many promises—still we hope to convince you, before the expiration of our servitude, that our *intentions*, at least, are as pure as the warmest friend of our Institution. That, whatever we may be deficient in ability, we will endeavour to overbalance with industry and perseverance. That the well-management of the Magazine shall have our best attention, and, to the utmost of our abilities, we will serve you honestly and justly.

We cannot conceal from the members of the Order our knowledge that we are differently situated to any Committee which preceded us. The Officers of the Order and Board of Directors, have, this year, for the first time, been elected by the A. M. C., at Derby. We, as part and parcel, and in fact as representatives of the Board, on whom you have called to serve you, will do so cheerfully. We are proud that you have selected us to the management of the most important, because the most benevolent, branch of our Institution. But as you have identified yourselves with us, we call upon you to give us that support which we have a right to expect. Let every person, who is capable, contribute something to the Magazine—let us, at least, have no deficiency of materials to work upon—let every Odd Fellow exert himself IMMEDIATELY to increase the circulation of the Magazine—appoint a Secretary in each Lodge to look after the subscribers—elect another person to assist the Secretary on Lodge nights (call him President, if you like)—form yourselves into auxiliary Magazine Committees. Be not satisfied with calling the attention of the members through the medium of the chair. Let the President's duty be, to solicit (individually) every member to become a subscriber. Let the watchword be—A WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND. Have meetings to discuss the putting of this Fund into immediate operation—transmit to us the results. Give us support of this kind, and then see whether you will not find us willing and determined (and, we trust, able) to serve you. At least we will endeavour to convince you, that if we have to bow to superior talent, to good intentions we will not submit to any one.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF AN ODD FELLOWS' HALL, BRADFORD.

(From the *Bradford Observer*, of June 30, 1836.)

Monday last being the day appointed for laying the foundation stone of a building to be called the Independent Odd Fellows' Hall, a great number of the members of that Society assembled at their various Lodges at two o'clock in the afternoon, from whence they proceeded to the front of Rawson's Place, where, uniting in one procession, which amounted to upwards of 800, and preceded by three bands of music, they proceeded three abreast through the principal streets of the town, to the Thornton Road, where the building is intended to be erected. On arriving at this place an immense concourse of people had assembled, and it was with difficulty they could

approach. As soon as all was in readiness the bands struck up "God save the King," the members of the Society standing uncovered, while P. G. Charles Hill, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, with the usual ceremony laid the stone, and addressed the immense assemblage (which by this time would amount to ten or twelve thousand) as follows:—

"The foundation stone of the building to be here erected having now been laid, I will avail myself of this opportunity to make such remarks as I may think necessary on such a pleasing and interesting ceremony—pleasing inasmuch as it had caused such an immense number belonging to one Society to assemble in such an orderly and unostentatious manner—interesting because it reminds us it is the commencement of a project, the result of which is intended not only to produce a lasting and substantial benefit on the Society, but also to serve for purposes of general utility; and I think it cannot but be gratifying to every Odd Fellow to know that the Society of which he is a member has thus risen to such a pitch of importance as to be enabled to undertake the erection of such an edifice as is now in contemplation; an edifice which will not only be a credit to the Society, but an ornament to the town. It must be also pleasing to know, that in a district like Bradford, where other Societies were so numerous, that we have been so eminently successful; which success can only be accounted for as the consequence of the purity of the principles on which the Institution is founded, and of the excellence of the laws by which that Institution is governed; principles, I proclaim before you all, that will bear the strictest scrutiny, embracing as they do, everything calculated to promote the great principles of morality; principles which tend to inspire us with a more animated desire to promote the happiness and welfare of all mankind; principles which teach us not to be sparing in exercising those greatest of all virtues—Benevolence and Charity. In order to prove to you the importance and utility of this Society, I am prepared to state, that in the district of Bradford alone, there are upwards of 2200 members, who annually pay, on an average, about £200., for the interment of their brethren and wives; for the relief of the sick, and in charitable donations for the benefit of the distressed, upwards of £700. more. In Leeds there are about 5000 members, who pay near £3000. a year for the same benevolent purposes; in the whole, viz:—Unity in England and Wales, there are about 80,000 members, whose annual expenditure, in various acts of charity, amount to upwards of £60,000.: in addition to this ought to be stated the collections which are regularly being made in aid of different charitable Institutions; the total amount it is impossible to be furnished with. I would now but ask, is there any in the immense assemblage before me, will deny that society in general is not benefited through our exertions? We have a prejudice, I am aware, to contend with, but I feel confident it only proceeds from an ignorance of our real designs; for our Society is no political one—we are united by no common political bond—we give no political pledge—we entertain no desire for political power—we know each only as true subjects of State—we show each other no peculiar favor to divest the community of any of their just rights—we exercise towards each other the fraternal feelings of friends and associates, not that blind and treasonable adhesion which would seclude society at large from participation in our affections. We are an association not superior to, and independent of, but subservient to the established laws of the land; arrogating no higher prerogative than the regulation of the moral conduct of our members, we embrace men of every sect and religious tenet. It is a common ground upon which men of every religious persuasion can meet; it is the neutral point of morality; it persuades man to be virtuous by pointing out to him the loveliness of virtue, to be benevolent by opening before him a rich field for his generosity. Having now, I hope, proved that our creed is honorable, our designs praiseworthy, and our means for their accomplishment legitimate, I flatter myself that we shall receive the approbation and encouragement of all that are wishful to see an amelioration in the state of society. Hoping now that the principles which our Society is so eminently calculated to promote may be seriously impressed on your minds, I will now conclude, wishing every success to the present undertaking."

The procession then returned in the same order, and on arriving at the Green Market, formed a circle, the bands taking their stations about the centre, playing several appropriate airs. The company then separated, and the Committee sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Mr. Crabtree, at the Market Tavern Inn.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Extract from a Discourse in the last No. of the Relief Magazine, by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Strathaven, on Acts 24 chap. and 24 and 25 ver.

“ Were I asked for a definition of righteousness, as the term is here used, I could not convey a more precise or sublime idea of it than by saying that it is an application of an acting upon the golden rule of Christ, in itself the finest moral lesson that ever fell from the lips of man : “ Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even likewise so unto them.”

Oh, my hearers, do but glance for a moment at the picture of a world in which this short maxim were universally followed, in which righteousness, as thus described, were the presiding genius of the scene. I catch her angel form gliding through the deceitful masquerade—wrenching the visor from the face of the hypocrite, sealing the lips of the dissembler, presenting to me every man an honest, undisguised friend, a sincere, affectionate, warm-souled brother. I see her lifting the latch of my dwelling, stilling the quarrels of my household, sending over my hearth, and through my home, the beatific radiance of peace and love. I trace her steps without, and across the retailer’s counter, in the workshop of the humble artizan, in the packed warehouse of the wealthy merchant, in the public market-place, and from the bench of law, I see her dealing out the wages of even-handed justice to all. I mark her in the senate, washing the bribe-polluted hands of the statesman, converting the hireling of a faction into the unflinching advocate of a people’s rights, the base ally of despotism into the patriotic defender of his country’s liberties. I see her mount the stairs of a throne, and whisper in the ear of majesty, that a nation’s weal is the grand design of government ; that all power is delegated for the good, not for the oppression of the subject ; and that “ the moment it is converted from its original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right may be resumed.” I bow to her, as she accosts me in the chair of verity ; tells me to have no debate between my principles and my interest, no hankering between the service of God and the service of the world ; to deal faithfully with the undying souls of my fellow-men as I would have my own soul to be dealt with. Oh ! but I see her like a spirit of the blessed, walking through this dismal lazaretto of ours, drying the tear of injured innocence ; hushing the groan of oppressed poverty ; maintaining the cause of the widow and the orphan ; fetching the prowling outlaw from the deep, and the fierce banditti from the highway ; disarming the red-handed assassin ; beating into pruning hooks the scalping-knife of the savage, and the polished blade of the civilized hero ; dashing the crown from the brow of the usurper ; quenching the bigot’s torch ; breaking the tyrant’s chain ; lifting the dripping scourge from the back of the slave, and saying to the foul trafficker in the bones and sinews of men, ‘ Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy bloody waves be stayed.’ Yes, my hearers, with righteousness for our preceptress, we should have happy homes, happy villages, happy towns, happy empires, a happy world ;—our globe would again wear the moral bloom and the moral freshness of her pristine paradise ; ‘ time would run back and fetch the age of gold ;’ the pride, the pomp, the circumstances of glorious war would flee away before the rising splendours of the Sun of Peace ; slavery, dark as hell, would wither from the earth ; and the whole family of man, regarding themselves as the creatures of the same God, the wearers of the same nature, the subjects of the same government, the partakers of the same hope, the heirs of the same destiny, would be one band of loving brothers !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BROTHER WM. CADMAN.

OUR Brother, alas ! is no more,
His spirit has left the vile clay ;
His pains and his sufferings are o’er,
Grim death would no longer delay.
His tottering limbs are at rest,
His sorrow and anguish are o’er ;

St. John’s Lodge, Burslem, 1836.

He’s mingling his songs with the blest,
On bright Canaan’s peaceful shore.
Let us who are still left behind,
To mourn our dear Brother’s decease,
Endeavour acceptance to find,
Through him who has purchas’d our peace.

ELIAS MEIR.

VERSES

*Written on returning from the Funeral of the late Mr. Threlkeld, of the
Derwent Lodge, Cockermouth.*

ALAS ! poor Threlkeld is no more,
The vivid flame of life is fled ;
His short career on earth is o'er,
And now he slumbers with the dead.

By death cut down in manhood's prime,
In manhood's fairest, brightest bloom ;
The life-destroying wings of time,
Have flown and dragg'd him to the tomb.

That heart, which felt another's woe,
No longer beats within his breast ;
All earthly cares he's left below,
Then let us hope his soul is blest.

Pride never soil'd his manly brow,
'Twas ever open, ever free,

He lov'd a joke, and bore it through
With cheerful and with social glee ;

And when another's heart would grieve,
In sympathy he felt the smart,
And strove in friendship to relieve
With warm effusions of the heart.

His dearest friends are left behind,
Like living urns to weep ;
And may his ever active mind
. Be peaceful in its sleep.

Yes ! yes ! 'tis true he is no more,
And friendship's tears are warmly shed ;
His short career of life is o'er,
And now he slumbers with the dead.

THOS. MAXWELL.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

What is the rarest commodity in the world ?

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Nor the diamonds of Golconda, the topaz of Ethiopia, the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx and sapphire, nor the coral of the adamantine rock, the pearls of the fathomless ocean, nor the fragrant perfumes of Asiatic groves ; not the emeralds of rivers, the jasper of quarries, the ivory of elephants and unicorns, nor the sparkling gems of earth and sea. The rarest and most inestimable treasure in the universe is

A TRUE FRIEND.

Wherever he is found, his worth is of the most intrinsic kind ; whether he reside on the civilized plains of Europe, the extensive and luxuriant fields of Asia ; the stupendous and formidable wilds of Africa ; or the trackless deserts of America. A friend is a friend, whether he be a sable Hottentot, a red American, a frozen Laplander, or a valiant Cossack, in comparison of a real, true, disinterested friend, every sparkling gem loses its lustre, gardens of spices fail to send forth their fragrant perfumes, and mines of gold diminish in their value. A true disinterested friend will sympathise with you in the gloomy hour of distress ; he will faithfully, though gently, reprove you for your faults ; he will dare to stand forth in your defence when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation, if misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, he still thinks himself happy in your society : and instead of withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection he takes pleasure in professing himself your friend, and in cheerfully assisting you to support the burthen of your affliction, as friendship is of a nature so pure, it is utterly impossible to purchase its favours. A real friend will never suffer him, for whom he entertains undissembled regard, to deviate from the path of rectitude ; he is not our friend who screens our faults and commends our vices. Formed by one generous hand, and nurtured under the fostering care of an indulgent heaven, how abject is the condition of him, even in the height of affluence, who has not one friendly hand to con-

duct his erring steps ; and how truly miserable is the situation of him, who, in the gloom of adversity, has not one feeling heart to sympathise with him in his distress ; a true friend will be your associate when sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, he will follow you into your gloomy retreat, and listen with attention to your tale of woe, and when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, he will shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart as a treasure never to be resigned ! The man who will not do these things may be your companion, your flatterer, your seducer ; but, depend upon it, he is not your friend. To conclude, no refinement of language or energy of expression can convey a feeling of the exquisite delights centered in

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

(From the *Youths' Instructor*.)

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I went to the Zoological Gardens the other day, for the first time, to see my old friends, "the wild beasts" (grim intimates of boyhood,) and enjoy their lift in the world from their lodgings in Towers Exeter Changes, where they had no air, and where I remember an elephant wearing boots, because the rats gnawed his feet ! The first thing that struck me, next to the beauty of the gardens, and the pleasant thought that such flowery places were now prepared for creatures whom we lately thrust into mere dens and dust holes, was the quantity of life and energy presented to one's eye ! What motion !—what strength !—what active elegance ! What prodigious chattering, and brilliant colours, in the maccaws and parakeets ! What fresh, clean, and youthful salience in the *lynx* ! What a variety of dogs, all honest fellows apparently, of the true dog kind ; and how bounding, how intelligent, how fit to guard our doors and our children, and scamper all over the country ! And then the *Persian* greyhound ! How like a *patrician* dog (better even than Landseer's,) and made as if expressly to wait upon a Persian Prince ; its graceful slenderness, darkness, and long silken ears, matching his own gentlemanly figure and well-dressed beard.

We have life enough, daily, round about us—amazing, if we did but think of it ; but our comparative indifference is a part of our own healthy activity. The blood spins in us too quickly to let us think too much. This sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, remind us of the wonderful and ever renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. Men in cities hardly look as much !—and horses dragging hackney-coaches are not happy specimens ; but the horse in the new carriage is one, if we considered it. The leaves and flowers in the nursery-gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life ; and the sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks millions of miles at us, out of the depths of millions of ages ; but it is a visitor as good-natured as it is great, and therefore we do not think too much even of the sunbeam. This bounding creature, however, in its cage—this is not a common sight ; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon our reflection. What brilliancy in its eyes ! What impetuous vigour in its leap !—What fearlessness of knocks and blows !—And how pleasant to think it is on the other side of its bars ! What a sensation would ensue, if that pretty-coated creature, which eats a cake so good naturedly, were suddenly out of its cage, and the cry heard—"A tiger loose !"—"A panther !"—"A lion !" What a rush and screaming of all the ladies to the gates !—and of gentlemen too ! And how the human voices, and those of the parakeets, would go shrieking to heaven together ! Fancy the bear suddenly jumping off his pole upon the cake shop ! A tiger let loose at day time would not be so bad as at night. Perhaps he would be most frightened himself. There was an account of one that got loose in Piccadilly, and slunk down into a cellar, where he was quietly taken ; but at night, just before feeding, it might not be so pleasant. The papers gave an account some weeks ago, of a lion which got out of one of the travelling caravans in the country, and after lurking about the hedges, tore a labourer that he

met, in full day light. Nervous people in imaginative states of the biliary vessels—timid gentlemen, taking easy rides—old ladies, too comfortable in their homes and arm-chairs—must sometimes feel misgivings while making their circuit of the Regent's park, after reading paragraphs of this description. Fancy yourself coming home from the play or opera, humming "Deh vieni, non tardar," or "Meet me by moonlight alone;" and as you are turning a corner in Wimpole-street, meeting —— a tiger!

What should you *say*? You would find yourself pouring forth a pretty set of Rabelaisque exclamations:—

"Eh—Oh—Oh Lord!—Hollo!—Help!—Help!—Murder!—Tigers!—U—u—u—u—u—u!—My God!—Policeman!"

Enter Policeman.

Policeman—"Good God!—A gentleman with a tiger!"

[Exit Policeman.]

In one of Moliere's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts, is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in his arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate; and, among others, flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him at last his Royal Highness. The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind legs, looking the man with horrible indifference in the face, and half dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes, and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth) the first words he utters respecting his "Royal Highness" are, "shoot him."

Not without its humour, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions (I forget which.) Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, and was getting boy-like on his shoulders. "Be quiet," said he, "get down." The unknown did not get down; and the man looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror. "Oh, mate," exclaimed the carpenter, "*it's a bear!*" Think what the man must have felt, when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders. No tragedy, however, ensued.

Pleasant enough are such stories, so ending; but of all deaths, that by a wild beast must be one of the most horrible. There is action, indeed, to diminish the horror; but frightful must be the unexpectedness—the unnaturalness—the clawing and growling—the hideous and impracticable fellow-creature, looking one in the face, struggling with us, mingling his breath with ours, tearing away scalp or shoulder-blade.

To return, however, to our Gardens, places safe enough, doubtless, and only to be mentioned on this point by way of jest. The next thing that struck me was *the quiet*; and in connection with this, *the creatures' accommodation of themselves to circumstances*, and the *human-like sort of intercourse into which they get with their visitors*. With wild beasts we associate the ideas of rage and howling. On reflection, we recollect that this is not bound to be the case; that travellers pass deserts in day-time, and neither hear nor see them; and that it is at night they are to be looked for in true wild beast condition, and then only if raging with appetite. It is no very extraordinary matter, therefore, to find them quiet by day, especially when we consider how their wants are attended to; and yet we cannot but think it strange that they should be so, put, as they are, into an unnatural condition, under bars and bolts. More of this, however, presently. Let us look at them as making friends with us, receiving our buns and biscuits, and being as close to us (by permission of those same bars), as dogs and cats. This is a very different position of things from the respectful distance kept in the African sands or in the jungle. I am afraid it breeds contempt in some, or at least indifference; and that people do not always find the pleasure they expected in the sight. I could not help admiring one visitor the other day, who hastened from den to den, and from beast to bird, twirling an umbrella, and giving little self complacent stops at each,

not longer than if he were turning over a book of prints, while waiting to transact some business. "Hah!" he seemed to be saying to himself, "this is the panther, is it? *Hm*—Panther. What says the label here? '*Hyæna Capensis*.' *Hm*—*Hyæna*—ah! a thing untameable, '*Grisly Bear*.' Hah!—*grisly*—*hm*. Very like. Boas—'*Tiger Boa*.'—ah!—Boa in a box—*Hm*—Sleeping I suppose. Very different from seeing him squeeze somebody—*Hm*. Well! I think it will rain. Terrible thing *that*—spoil my hat." Perhaps, however, I am doing the gentlemen injustice, and he was only giving a glance preparatory to a more than usual inspection. When a pleasure is great and multitudinous, one is apt to run it all over hastily in the first instance; as in an exhibition of paintings, or with a parcel of books.

It is curious to find one's-self (literally) hand and glove with a bear; giving him bumps, and watching his face, like a school-boy's, to see how he likes them. A reflection rises—"if it were not for those bars, perhaps he would be eating me." Yet how mild they and his food render him. We scrutinize his countenance and manners at leisure, and are amused with his apparently indolent yet active lumpishness, his heavy kind of intelligence (which will do nothing more than is necessary), his almost hand-like use of his long, awkward-looking toes, and the fur which he wears clumsily about him like a watchman's great coat. The darker bears look, somehow, the more natural; at least to those whose imaginations have not grown up amidst polar narratives. The white bear in these gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. Some Roman tyrant kept a bear as one of his executioners, and called it "*Innocence*." We could imagine it to have had just such a face. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you; only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would sup milk, or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him, like the man in *Molière*. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the bear in *Piccadilly*, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of *Nessus*, or to your own great-coat (to ask it to be not so heavy), or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language.

Another curious sensation arises from being so tranquil yourself and slow in your movements, while you are close to creatures so full of emotion and action. And you know not whether to be more pleased or disappointed at seeing some of them look so harmless, and others so small. On calling your recollections together, you may know, as matters of fact, that lynxes and wolves are no bigger; but you have willingly made them otherwise, as they appear to you in the books of your childhood; and it seems an anti-climax to find a wolf no bigger than a common dog, and a lynx than a large cat. The lynx in these gardens is a beautiful bounding creature. You know him at once by his ears, if not by his eyes; but yet he does not strike you like the lynx you have read of. You are obliged to animate your respect for him, by considering him under the title of "*cat-o'-mountain*!"

"The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-o'-mountain."

But poor cat-o'-mountain is not abroad here, in the proper sense; he is "abroad and at home," and yet neither. You see him by daylight, without the proper fire in his eyes. You do not meet him in a mountain-pass, but in a poor closet in *Marylebone*; where he jumps about like a common cat, begging for something to eat. Let him look as he may, he does not look so well as in a book.

I saw no lion. Whether there is any or not, at present, I cannot say. I believe there is; but friends get talking, and one of them moves hither or thither, and carries away the rest; and so things are passed by. I did not even see the rhinoceros; nor the beaver, which would not come out (if there); nor the seal (which I particularly wished to see, having a liking for seals and their affections;—there is one species in particular, remarkable for the mobility of its expression, which I should like to get acquainted with; but this is not the one in the garden catalogue.) The lioness was asleep, as all well-behaved wild beasts ought to be at that hour; and another, or a tigress, (I forget which,) pained the beholder by walking incessantly to and fro, uttering little moans. She seemed incapable of the philosophy of her fellow-captives. The dogs are an interesting sight, particularly the Persian greyhounds already mentioned,

and the St. Bernard dogs, famous for their utility and courage. But it was a melancholy thing to see one of them barking and bounding incessantly for pieces of biscuit, and jerked back by the chain round his neck. It seemed an ill return for the Alpine services of his family.

The boa in his box was asleep. He is handsomely spotted; but the box formed a sorry contrast in the imagination with his native woods. He seemed prodigiously to want "air and exercise." Is not the box unconscionably small and confined; could not a *snake-safe* be contrived of good handsome dimensions? There is no reason why a serpent should not be made as comfortable as possible, even though he would make no more bones of us than we do of an oyster.

The squirrels are better off, and are great favourites, being natural crackers of nuts; but could no trees be contrived for them to climb, and no grass for their feet? It is unpleasant to see them so much on the bare ground.

The elephant would seem more comfortably situated than most. He has water to bathe in, mud to stick in, and an area many times bigger than himself for his circuit. Very interesting is it to see him throw bits of mud over himself, and to see, and *hear* him, suck the water up in his trunk and then discharge it into his great red throat; in which he also receives, with sage amenity, the biscuits of the ladies. Certainly, the more one considers an elephant, the more he makes good his claim to be considered the Doctor Johnson of the brute creation. He is huge, potent, sapient, susceptible of tender impressions, is a good fellow, likes as much water as the other did tea, gets on at a great uncouth rate when he walks, and though perhaps less irritable and melancholy, can take a witty revenge; as witness the famous story of the tailor that pricked him, and whom he drenched with ditch-water. If he were suddenly gifted with speech, and we asked him if he liked his imprisonment, the first words he would utter would unquestionably be—"Why, no, Sir." Nor is it to be doubted, when going to dinner, that he would echo the bland sentiment of our illustrious metropolitan, on a like occasion, "Sir, I like to dine." If asked his opinion of his keeper, he would say, "Why, Sir, Hipkins is, upon the whole, 'a good fellow,'—like myself, Sir, (smiling) but not quite so considerate; he knows I love him, and presumes a little too much upon my forbearance. He teases me for the idle amusement of the by-standers. Sir, Hipkins takes the display of allowance for the merit of ascendance."

This is what the elephant manifestly thought on the present occasion; for the keeper set a little dog at him, less to the amusement of the by-standers than he fancied; and the noble beast, after butting the cur out of the way, and taking care to spare him, as he advanced (for one tread of his foot would have smashed the little pertinacious wretch as flat as a pancake,) suddenly made a stop, and, in rebuke of both of them, uttered a high indignant scream, much resembling a score of cracked trumpets.

Enter the three lady-like and most curious giraffes, probably called forth by the noise, which they took, however, with great calmness. On close inspection, their faces express more insipidity and indifference than any thing else—at least the one that I looked at did; but they are extremely interesting from their novelty, and from a singular look of cleanliness, delicacy, and refinement, mixed with a certain *gaucherie* arising from their long, poking necks, and the disparity of length between their fore and hind legs. They look like young ladies of animals, naturally not ungraceful, but with bad habits. Their necks are not on a line with their fore legs, perpendicular and held up, nor yet arched like horses' necks, but make a feeble-looking, obtuse angle, completely answering to the word "poking:" the legs come up so close to the necks, that in front they appear to have no bodies; the back slopes like a hill, producing the singular disparity between the legs just mentioned; and the whole animal, being slender, light-coloured, and very gentle, gives you an idea of delicacy amounting to the fragile; the legs look as if a stick would break them in two, like glass. Add to this, a slow and uncouth lifting of the legs, as they walk, as if stepping over gutters; and the effect is just such as has been described,—the strangest mixture in the world of elegance and uncouthness. The people about them seemed to be constantly currying-comb them after a gentle fashion; for an extreme cleanliness is necessary to their health, and the novelty of the spectacle is completed by the appearance of M. Thibaut in his Arab dress and beard,—the Frenchman who brought them over. The

one I spoke of, moving its mouth, but not the expression of its countenance, helped itself to a mouthful of feathers out of a lady's bonnet, as it stooped over the rails.

The sight of new creatures like these throws one upon conjectures as to the reasons why nature calls them into existence. They are conjectures not very likely to discover anything; but Nature herself allows their indulgence. All one can suppose is that, besides helping to keep down the mutual superfluity of animal or vegetable life, and enabling the great conditions of death and reproduction to be fulfilled, their own portion of life is a variety of the pleasurable, which could exist only under that particular form. We are to conclude that, if the giraffe, the elephant, the lion, &c., were not formed in that especial manner, they could neither perform the purposes required of them in the general scheme of creation, nor realize certain amounts of pleasurable sensation peculiar to each species. Happiness can only be added, or at least is only added, to the general stock under that shape. And thus we can very well imagine new shapes of happiness called into being: just as others appear to have been worn out, or done with, as in the mammoth and other antediluvian creatures. If we can conceive no end of space, why should we conceive an end of new creations, whatever our poor little bounds of historical time might even appear to argue to the contrary? What are a few thousands of years? What would be millions? Not a twinkle in the eye of eternity. To return, however, to our first proposition, human beings, brutes, fish, insects, serpents, vegetables, appear to be all varieties of pleasurable, or pleasure-giving vitality, necessary to the harmony and completeness of the music of this state of being; the worst discords of which (by our impulses to that end) seem destined to be done away, leaving only so much contrast as shall add another perfect orb to the spheres. (Permit at least this dream by the roadside of creation. Who can contemplate the marvellousness of God's works, and not think his best and most adoring thoughts on the subject?)

[Extract from an article in the August Number of *The New Monthly*, equally distinguished for feeling, pleasantry, and most benignant philosophy.]

MEMORY.

THERE is an isle! where ling'ring plays
 The sunlight of those earlier days,
 When o'er the soul's most sadden'd feeling
 Some joyous future would be stealing,
 And every passing moment brought
 Some rapt'rous sense—some glowing thought—
 Effacing that which went before,
 Like waves upon the moonlight shore,
 Which come, and die—so quick—so bright—
 That to the wilder'd brain the sight
 Conveys th' idea, from this its seeming,
 'Tis but the same wild wave thus beaming.
 The breeze may blow, the waves may roll,
 That isle is centered in the soul!
 Nor tempest's chill can ever tear
 The flowers which bloom for ever there.
 'Tis Memory!

Moments there are! when we must brood
 O'er broken vows in solitude;
 Then, who does not delight to turn
 A tearful eye to Friendship's urn!
 As, through the shades of Time, he traces
 Those long-beloved 'familiar faces.'
 Whose fond affections used to cast
 A radiant halo o'er the past.

And there are hours! when earth and sky
 Whisper the sad heart mournfully;
 When cheerless as the winter's snow
 Were life, did not that light still glow.
 For, as upon the crumbling pile
 The moonbeams rest with sadd'ning smile—
 So, gently on the heart's decay
 Will shine the pure and quiet ray
 Of Memory!

The feeling tear! that crystal gem
 Set in the warm heart's diadem,
 Were but a cold, a senseless thing,
 Did it not sparkle from the spring
 Of Memory. And, dark the mind!
 The senses dull! the soul confined!
 Did deep Oblivion's stream surround
 That little consecrated ground.
 What feelings were there then, to bind
 Our social hearts to human kind?
 For who would idly seek to cherish
 Joys that he knows must surely perish?
 Like those, whose life, as many deem,
 Depends upon the sunny beam,
 Yet die when in that beam you've laid them,
 Destroyed by the same beam that made them.
 So would our joyous hours depart,
 And leave no incense on the heart—
 No Memory.

If there's a music can control
 The softer breathings of the soul—
 Whose magic chords have power to bare
 The mysteries recorded there;
 It is the deep—the moral tone,
 Which springs from Memory's Harp alone,
 When, mingling with its solemn lays,
 Are voices heard of by-gone days.
 As o'er the cold and icy lake
 The winds of Spring their pinions shake—
 Making that chilly depth to soften,
 Where they have dipp'd their wings so often;
 So will the heart again expand,
 Touch'd by that sweet song from the Land
 Of Memory!

Y. N. T.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

Among the most pleasing sensations which occasionally hover over us in the midst of this busy and troublesome world, none make a deeper impression than the gratifying intelligence of the discovery how to accomplish a long wished-for end; the mariner tossed to and fro on the wide and unruly waves, hears with ecstasy, the long expected sound of "land a-head." With what raptures then, will the child of nature receive the intelligence of the accomplishment of his godly designs? The vicissitude of a sailor has the consolation that the compass will guide the helm to the place of destination; the philanthropist, on the contrary, though he knows the point he aims at, yet he is

conscious of the deficiency of a magnetic power to guide him into a safe harbour. The philanthropist on a voyage of discovery, roams from port to port to seek a safe anchorage; his object is to ameliorate the condition of mankind, but he has yet to discover the means how to accomplish it. How envious then is the position of the virtuous, whose reason conducted them through the uncertain steps of the path of life, when they can announce to their fellow beings, the direct road to happiness; with what palpitation will fellow labourers receive the convincing announcement to "be assured that the man who makes others happy, cannot himself be miserable." Need we any other stimulus to comfort the bereaved widow, or to sooth the helpless orphan, than to know that our own happiness depends on their contentment? No! It is therefore easy to contemplate how joyfully the members of our Institution will receive the welcome intelligence that the deputies at Derby devised a plan to ease the destiny of the unfortunate widow and the imbecile infant; who can refrain envying the deputies who participated in this God-like action—how serene and content must they have retired to reflect on their successful day's labour—how grateful will they feel when they find those for whom they have toiled are assisting them in their endeavours? How happy will be our lot, when we are satisfied that our wives and our children will have guardians to protect them when we have paid the debt of nature; how pleasing it is to look into futurity with hopes of happiness; how cheering to the fond attachment of a mate, cherished by our warmest affection, to be conscious of having sympathising bosoms to dry the tears of virtue in distress. What contentment will reign in our Lodges to behold the erection of the temple on the foundation laid at Derby; should we not reap all those benefits, should the expectation of the warmest friend of humanity not be realized, the fault will be our own,—the blame will be attached to ourselves. It will be through our ignorance in not knowing our resources—it will be through our indolence, by not putting our own shoulders to the wheel, if this blessing be now suffered to elude our grasp. Our united efforts are capable to accomplish much, such a numerous body should convince mankind that they do not associate for a mere useless hobby; we should show the world that our objects are worthy the notice of the most humane philanthropist,—that our aim is to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and that from 60 to 70,000 men in the bloom of life, are determined to carry into execution this heavenly design. It is with such feelings we should enlist to support the efforts of the deputies at Derby; we should remember the legislative body of the Order have done their duty; *the profits of the Magazine are to be distributed for the RELIEF of the WIDOWS and ORPHANS of SUBSCRIBERS!* It is now with us to do our duty; every member in the Order should be called upon to subscribe to that publication, each member should act as if on his individual exertions, depends the existence of the Institution. We should impress on our minds, each member, by subscribing to the Magazine, will realize to the body a clear profit of £2000* per annum, which is to be applied to the relief of the wants of widows and orphans of departed Odd Fellows. As an instructing and an amusing publication, the Magazine is well worth the encouragement of the members; say nothing of the facilities it affords to communicate the progress of Odd Fellowship, and if we add, that the profits arising therefrom, will be distributed among the widows and orphans of our Institution, there is no doubt, but every Odd Fellow will cheerfully become a subscriber. The plan suggested by P. G. M. Powell, each Lodge to appoint a Secretary exclusively to look after the subscribers of the Magazine, has already increased the circulation materially; but when those Secretaries will tell the members, if you become subscribers, we shall have every year £2000. to be distributed among our widows and orphans,—when he tells them the profits of the Magazine will relieve with four shillings per week, two hundred Odd Fellows' widows and orphans each year. When this Secretary tells the members, drink one single glass of beer less every two months, (one fourth of a penny per week) and that will realise an additional sum of £3000. per annum; when he tells them with £5000. you will be able to relieve with four shillings per week, a widow and orphan in every other Lodge in the Unity, who will then stand mute and not enrol himself a subscriber to the Magazine? Who will not cheerfully pay one farthing per

*60,000 members, each taking four Magazines per annum, will amount to 240,000 copies: the prime cost of the Magazine is 3½d. to leave out the fraction, we will rate them at fourpence, the copy being sold at sixpence each leaves twopence profit, which amounts to £2000. on 24,000 copies.

week to partake of the feast in preparation? Where is the man whose heart will not gladden at the thought of being able to accomplish so much good at so little an expense? I will answer, not among the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. I know enough of the benevolent disposition of our members, to libel them with remaining passive, when such an easy and virtuous action is within their grasp. Remember, my friends, none but the widows and orphans of SUBSCRIBERS can participate in the benefits of this Fund; be speedy, then, or you may lose the glorious opportunity of contributing to the happiness of helpless thousands yet unborn.

I am, respectfully,

J. PEISER.

Apollo Lodge, June, 1836.

YORK CATHEDRAL.

(Extracts from an American Traveller.)

All I could think of, however, was the Cathedral whose colossal towers had long been in my eye—the far-famed York Minster, as I have called it before, the wish to see which was one of the earliest of my youth—for if any one has a hunger and thirst after such sights, it is an American, who can never appease such a hunger at home. I left the steamer, with my friend, baggage and all, and we rushed towards the tavern that had so much captivated our eyes far down the Ouse. I can describe no such thing as this. I can tell you how long, how wide, and how high—but such an overpowering mountain of rock thus regularly hewn out, thus regularly piled up, thus sculptured and carved, the eye must see for the mind ever to feel the magnitude of the undertaking. The first question in the reveries of the spectator is, who can have put together on this plain such a mountain for a church—it must be the growth of centuries. It must take the wealth of worlds. And then a long train of reflections arise—of the power of the Catholic priest to extort such labor in the darker ages from the rude and poverty-stricken peasant obedient to his control—or, if not from him, from the refined baron or king who feared a god that he did not know. Such a work now it is said, could not be erected without a sum nearly as large as the whole annual expenditure of the government of the twenty-four United States, nor in less than fifty or even one hundred years. The estimated expense of merely repairing it, after the lunatic Martin destroyed all the carved oak wood by setting fire to it in 1829, was nearly 325 thousand dollars. We could not tarry long to look at the outside of the majestic pile, for the view is but a narrow one at its base, huddling around as there do, so many miserable buildings in narrow streets; and our curiosity too was rapidly urging us on onward and inward. The door was opened and I pushed by its guardians. By heavens, it seemed as if it was not *made*, but as if the very stone had grown up in trees and tracery, with arms inlaid with arches, as if some day or other, upon some rows of mighty oaks then filled with men and kings, a sudden petrification had come, and left all as they were for ages—for here are columns resembling trees, images resembling the men of ancient days, and the kings from William the Conqueror, to Henry the Sixth, all in a stone screen, as large as life, carved not as if it were the work of man, but as if they had stood there when they died, with their royal insignia on, and become stone! I feel as if I had left the land of the living, and was already in the abyss of the dead. Even the echo of my footsteps along the aisle and the vault disturbs me, for I seem to tread on holy ground. There is a sad solemnity overcoming one—an awe that makes him speak in whispers, and tread the pavement with a fear. I moved cautiously along the nave and transept, (the cross aisles of the Cathedral.) I went into the choir and gazed at the lofty organ and its immense pipes. I stared with astonishment at the high stretching windows of stained glass representing I know not how many saints of the Calender—the first I had ever seen. I wandered among the tombs, and the monuments upon them—but this new sensation was soon over—thus do we rapidly change—and a new one came upon me.

The service of the day was about commencing in the Cathedral, and one of the officers delivered us to the care of a guide, who, after we had listened awhile to the

sounds of the organ as they swelled and rolled from aisle to aisle, and from pillar to pillar, renewing yet more warmly all the solemnity such a scene is calculated to inspire, began his operations of guidance. Our guide, though of the Cathedral, was one of those men who have but a single knowledge—a single idea—and this so magnified, so ever effervescing, that he bursts whenever he delivers it. ‘You must admire,’ he commenced, ‘you *must* admire, gentlemen’—with all the gravity of an owl—while I was oppressed with admiration, which from that moment was turned to ridicule—‘you must admire,’ with a yet louder voice, the more he repeated it, ‘that incomparable vista of 524 feet in length.’ ‘You must admire,’ he went on, ‘that majestic window 75 feet high and 32 broad, the grandest object of admiration in the world!’ Whew! for this was said with a flourish unequalled even by Mr. McDuffie’s best, even in his greatest oratorical spasms. And by this time, as my companion was in convulsions of laughter—I assure you I was in no condition to admire any thing at all. But he continued, aroused by the importance of his office, ‘you *must* admire, gentlemen, the amazing solidity of these clustering piers, and the vastness of the span of the arches,’ and all this too with a rotundity of enunciation that made me roar outright with laughter. The honest guide believed that the greater the spasms into which he threw himself, the greater would be ours, and so he continued to have these spasmodic oratorical affections till the whole Cathedral was served up in regular order. In the same tone, he gave us the measurement of the organ, which, it appears, has 4500 pipes. One can judge then what glorious musical festivals there are at times, within the walls of the Cathedral, with 600 vocal and instrumental performers as there have been, all at once, and what a crash of choruses this must make, and what melodious long drawn notes of softness through such a space! Our guide took us into many other parts of the Cathedral among the monuments, into the crypt, and showed us the wonderful reflection of the stained windows over its entrance: but I will not weary you with more particulars after I have spoken of the Vestry. There, in this antique room, he showed us a silver Crosier that the Queen Dowager of Charles II. brought from Portugal, then a large ivory vessel called Ulphus’ horn, a drinking horn belonging to this Prince, by drinking wine from which before the altar of God, he enfeoffed this church with all his lands and revenues, by which relic the church holds valuable lands to this day. Then he set forth a wooden head, found in the grave of an Archbishop, silver chalices also found in Archbishops’ graves, a canopy of state carved over the head of James I. when he visited York, but, which was the most interesting, an antique chair that used to stand within the rails of the altar, in which several of the Saxon kings were crowned, and in which Richard III. and James I. were also crowned, a chair that bears about it all the marks of time, for were it not fastened together by bars of iron, it would have tumbled to pieces long ago.

After this display of antique relics, we dismissed our grandiloquent guide, and ascending 273 steps, came to the summit of what is called the Lantern Tower, on which in 1666 a turret of wood was erected to serve as a beacon to alarm the country if the Hollanders or French should attempt a landing. The turret is gone now, and hence we had the whole range of the summit, a view of the grand pile under our feet, the red tiles of the dwellings of York, and a prospect as far as the eye could reach over a plain of highly cultivated country, with tasteful country seats in the distance on the long stretch of the Ouse and Fosse. And then what a rush of history in one’s mind, for over this now fertile plain, Briton, Scot, Roman, Saxon, and Norman have shed rivers of blood. Upon almost every spot some man has bit the ground in death. But now a sweet peace reigns over this former scene of desolation. All is as a garden. No hostile Soot threatens to plunder the crops luxuriantly growing. The cattle graze in peace. Man wanders abroad fearless and unawed, with no war armor on, no spear nor arrow in his hand. Such are the fruits of religious civilization.

I left the cathedral to look at other things in the city of York,—but all is tame after such a sight. I idled about the ruins of St. Mary’s Abbey, a fabric founded by William Rufus. I moved along the walls and the walks about it. I peeped into the windows of the old churches, of which York is full,—and the old, the narrow, the antique-fashioned lanes of the city; but as this was the first cathedral I was ever in, I could think of nothing else. At eleven o’clock at night, in company with my friend, in the then yet luminous twilight (mark what a contrast in time with ours), we took a survey again of its outward proportions, for a misty light looms up the more even such

a prodigious pile. We met the watchman of the cathedral with a lantern in his hand (for a watch has been kept ever since the incendiarism of 1829), just entering the door upon his round. We solicited permission to enter, and he gave it. The dark lantern was kept closed, and the least whisper of ours could be heard all along the arches. My softest footsteps seemed like heavy trappings of some huge beast. I clung to my friend, if not in terror, at least in awe. There was a shivering of horror in the whole frame. We went among the tombs and monuments once more. A little misty twilight entered the stained window. My fancy was wrought up. I thought I saw the feudal lords spring to life, with all their armour on. The mitred bishop, with the crozier, seemed to stand before me, as did his statue. The sculptured images were ghosts. The stony angels seemed to stretch their wings and blow their trumpets with a real life. I never before felt such a terrible illusion, such an awful sense of loneliness. I would not take the watchman's office for a cathedral, and yet I have no fear of grave-yards nor of ghosts—but I fear the antiquity there is here—I dread these hideous forms of sculptured stone. I could not forget the thousand superstitions of the days in which they lived, and which I half believe, philosophy in spite. I went home to a troubled bed, dreaming all night of mitred bishops and ugly barons.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

(By the same.)

THE Cathedral of Cologne is the greatest curiosity in the city, which, though never finished, is said to be one of the finest monuments of ancient German architecture. It is built in the form of a cross. The arches are supported by a quadruple row of sixty-four columns. The two towers which were intended to be 500 feet high, remain unfinished. In one of these towers is the great bell which weighs 25,000 pounds. It requires twelve men to put it in motion, and when it strikes, causes the immense tower to shake. The walls of the choir of the Cathedral are covered with tapestry, the designs of which were taken from several drawings by Rubens. The stone statues of the twelve apostles, clothed in robes embroidered with gold, are beautiful monuments of old German sculpture. The paintings on the windows in the interior of the choir, are well worth attention, though nothing so very remarkable after one has been at York in England. The great show of the Cathedral, however, is, the chapel of the three kings behind the altar, who, it is pretended, worshipped our Saviour. The chapel is of marble, and is of the Ionic order. The lower part of the tomb there, contained the bones of the three kings, whose heads were placed separately in the middle, on the lid of which are these three names now formed by rubies, *Caspar, Melchoir, Belthasar*. The French robbers of the revolution made sad havoc amid this gorgeous plunder. When the grand chapter of Cologne fled from the storm in terror, they took a great part of the treasures of the cathedral, among which was the famous tomb,—but when it was returned to Cologne, the sculptures were much disfigured,—many of the precious stones, gems and enamels were lost,—the superb crowns were wanting, but all has been replaced as well as imitations would permit. I went into the Golden Chamber too, to see the dresses of the priests. Beautiful curiosities here were shown us, but here too, the French robbers had penetrated and despoiled it of its former glory. I sympathised with the indignation of the priest who acted as our guide, and ejaculated his "*Mon Dieu,*" as he threw himself into attitudes, exclaiming against this robbery of the French marauders of the revolution, but I could not help believing that he had practised these attitudes so often, that he had lost all the spirit and all the temper with which he originally began them. Cologne is full of churches, many of which are worth seeing, and many of which I saw, but you shall be bored with no more details of them. Rubens' beautiful picture of the crucifixion of St. Peter, his *chef d'œuvre*, it is said, is in St. Peter's church. The French stole this, and took it to Paris, and while this picture was at the Louvre, a copy of it, the same size, was made by a Prussian student, and this is now exhibited as the original, the former being placed on one side of the frame, and the latter on the other. The ancient convent of the ladies of St. Ursula is remarkable for its relation to the legend of that saint, and 11,000 virgins. All the churches are filled with bones, which are variously disposed in glass cases and frames. Some of these cases contained 24. and others from 90 to 100 skulls. There is one

apartment called *Goldene kammer* (golden chamber) in which are preserved the heads of many of these 11,000 virgins. The French had a revelry in plundering this ancient city, of vases, urns, ancient gods and drawings, from the best painters of every school,—and the churches, convents, and chapels they either destroyed or converted into warehouses, manufactories, or stables for their cavalry,—taking what was valuable and moveable to Paris—then the blazing focus of the treasures of a world,—or desecrating what remained at home—doing this single good in such a week of mischief, that they put to flight 12,000 mendicants, it is said, who had particular stations, which they left as an inheritance to their children.

THE BIBLE.

LAMP of our feet ! whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray ;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace !
Brook by the traveller's way !

Bread of our souls ! whereon we feed ;
True Manna from on high !
Our guide and chart ! wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky !

Pillar of fire—through watches dark !
Or radiant cloud by day !
When waves would whelm our tossing bark—
Our anchor and our stay !

Pole-star on life's tempestuous deep !
Beacon ! when doubts surround ;
Compass ! by which our course we keep :
Our deep-sea lead—to sound !

Riches in poverty ! Our aid
In every needful hour !

Unshaken rock ! the pilgrim's shade,
The soldier's fortress-tower !

Our shield and buckler in the fight !
Victory's triumphant palm !
Comfort in grief ! in weakness, might !
In sickness—Gilead's balm !

Childhood's preceptor ! manhood's trust !
Of age's firm ally !
Our hope—when we go down to dust—
Of immortality !

Pure oracles of Truth Divine !
Unlike each fabled dream,
Given forth from Delphos' mystic shrine,
Or groves of Academe !

WORD of THE EVER-LIVING GOD !
WILL of HIS GLORIOUS SON !
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won ?

BARTON.

THE SEA.

THE sea—the broad and billowy deep—
Proclaims thy master-hand,
Whether its waves in tempests leap,
Or rippling kiss the strand.

"There go the ships!" There spout and hiss
Leviathans at play ;

And there the tiny nautilus
Holds on his fearless way.

The mighty winds that come and go,
Bear music on their wings,
With which the list'ning earth below,
And heaven's high archway rings.

BARTON.

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I SAW, in yonder silent cave,
Two fountains running side by side.
The one was Memory's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o'er my lips the Lethe past,
"Here in this dark and chilling stream,
Be all my pains forgot at last."

But who could bear the gloomy blank,
Where Joy was lost as well as Pain ;
Quickly of Memory's fount I drank,
And brought the Past all back again :
And said, "Oh Love ! whate'er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too !"

MOORE.

THINGS IN LONDON.

(Written by an American Author.)

I HAVE been travelling to and fro about this immense city for a week, and I have seen neither the beginning nor end. I have walked for miles, and then I was miles from the end. I have sought the end in long rides in Omnibuses, but wherever they carried me, all was city, city—one perpetual glittering of shops,—one continued trampling of feet, one endless rattling over the pavements. Not yet have I been over the Thames, and there is a great city over there. Not yet have I seen a single show, and yet I have run about till I was wearied and flushed with sights and novelties innumerable. In all other cities that I have been, one can find at least a place for the beginning of an observation,—but there seems to be none here. The very magnitude of the distances to be run over deters one from attempting it at all. There is so much to see that one does not know where to begin to see it. Six New Yorks would make but one London. The whole of Maine crowded upon one continuous territory, and then multiplied by four would not make one London,—so thickly is man jostled by man,—such is his love for society! How would Daniel Boone feel here, he who could not endure the sight of his neighbour's smoke, or to hear the barking of his dog? The Penny Post which is established here is a most admirable contrivance for connecting together the parts of this great metropolis. For twopence, about four cents, I can send a note to an acquaintance six miles off,—and receive an answer the same day. The offices of the Penny Post are scattered all over the city,—and then there is a travelling man with his letter bag, who jingles his bell under almost every window. The accuracy with which business is done in this miniature Post Office Establishment proves that it is under good regulation,—and I have been told that it is profitable, as it must be, when the notes of so many people daily run through it.

The first day I was in London I delivered myself up to street reveries, going just where a fancy carried me, without caring much where it was,—and though I started as soon as breakfast was over, night was upon me before I dreamed of its approach.—Much of the architecture was novel, such as an American never sees at home,—the huge pile of Westminster for example,—the tower of London, the images about Temple Bar, the lofty St. Pauls, the many antique churches in the middle of the most crowded streets. Equipages, the carriages, the rich liveries of servants, with their flashing caps and plumes, outriders, &c. &c. were all new. Here were a tribe of them in deep black with cockades on as signs of mourning,—and there were others in flaming red, and forcibly contrasting white. All looked like a grand parade day of officers of an American militia. The Club Houses, magnificent structures attracted my attention. I gazed with surprise upon the massive bridges of stone over the now smoked and dirty Thames. I fell upon St. James's Park,—and indeed I thought I was in a paradise. Here in the heart of a city is the *rus in urbe*,—a charming Lake, artificial though it is,—the most beautiful lawn I ever saw—walks as delightful as fancy can desire,—trees of magnificent foliage—a little wilderness even of wild bushes, aye all the fascinations of country life, and this too open to the public in the heart of a city! You would have but to wander a short way from the turbulence of the Strand, or the bustle of Pall Mall, or *Pell Mell*, as they call it here,—and you are all alone, with the wild birds, chirping most merrily over your head, the lamb frisking about you, and the fish with his shining sides in the lake at your feet.

Before I had seen these pretty things, I fancied Boston Common to be the most charming place on earth of the kind; but St. James's Park is as much its superior in beauty, as that is the superior of the common field. About it, there is a most delusive regular irregularity. Art has so managed, as to conceal itself in Nature. The trees have seemed to come up as they pleased. The bushes have apparently had their own way. The margin of the Lake is not as on Boston Common of regularly laid stones, but of stones apparently tumbled in by some chance or other. In all these things the English so much excel us, that we have the lessons of years to learn. The Parks in and about London are many—some public, more private; but all little Edens, made admirably beautiful by art, and enjoyed the more as in such a wide-spread city. I wandered over Hyde Park, by the House of the Duke of Wellington, over Green Park, and by the Regent's Park, the largest in the city, much of which however is private

property. Wherever the English could reserve a green spot to be ornamented with walks and shaded by trees, much to their credit they have reserved it,—and this it is which has made the West of London, the fashionable end, so charming a residence. Regent-street seemed like a street of palaces,—and many of the people in it, and about it in the fashionable hour, such is the rush of carriages—the display of pomp and tinsel—appeared as if they had dropped from some more dazzling sphere. There is a place in it called the Quadrant, in form of a quadrant,—and a prettier place for effect, architecture could not well design at an equal expense. And then the shops (they never say stores here as we do)—I cannot describe the wealth they display, such is the profusion of it,—of silks and jewellery—of silver and gold—of all that can attract or fascinate the eye, set forth in unrivalled tastes. An American woman (I never say lady when I can help it, except in a certain case, for a woman is a better word) would grow frantic here, unless she had money enough to spend,—and then if she had, have mercy on her husband's pocket amid so many temptations! Indeed I can hardly avoid purchasing almost every cheap portable thing I see, and every thing is cheap here compared with our prices, as I see by the labels of prices in the windows—every thing in the silk, woollen, and linen line,—of hosiery, and stocks, and neckcloths, and jewellery, &c., but as to what is leather, or of leather, the price here is nearly double what it is in America. Of books, I make no purchases,—guide books except. The price is enormous, Fanny Kemble's work, for example, selling for about four dollars, for there is an excise of about six cents a pound on paper, and the expense of advertising, without which a book will not sell here, is monstrous. But—the splendour of the shops of London I could not exaggerate in description, if I were to make the attempt. All the wealth and splendour of the world seems to centre and sparkle in some of them. For money, a man can have every thing he wants, almost any thing he can fancy, whether it be of comfort or of luxury. I love to wander among them for hours, and I often find myself lost from my way, as I have been tempted from street to street. But adieu for the present. To send this by the next packet, I must send it immediately. You shall hear from me again, profusely too, when the next Liverpool packet comes.

THE RIVALS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

“ Then come the school, the college, rivals, friends;
And but with life Man's education ends.”

NEW ENGLAND! loved land of my infancy and childhood! dearly cherished source and centre of a thousand heart-endearing recollections! rugged nurse of Virtue and Valour! strong citadel of Freedom!—how many hoarded memories are summoned from their dim repose by the mention of thy glorious name! How many scenes of youthful gladness and of Nature's loveliness are brought freshly before the mental vision!—Yet among them all there is none to which imagination reverts more frequently or fervently than to the lovely village of C——, Connecticut, where the better portion of my maturer youth was passed in the pursuit of knowledge.

— “ Dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

Few places, indeed, present greater claims on the attention of the wayfarer, or the remembrance of the denizen. The beauty of its site, and of the rich and variegated scenery of hill and dale, which fill up the wide circle bounded by its horizon, is heightened to the traveller by a neatness and rural simplicity truly enchanting. An academical institution, founded and endowed by one now no more, attracts to its quiet shades many of the youth of both sexes from all parts of New-England, and its existence gave rise to the incidents narrated in the following tale.

Has it never been remarked ere now that a village, which is the site of a literary institution, is usually remarkable for the beauty and grace of its daughters? Such, at least, was true with regard to C——; and among the many, there was none more

Vol. 4—No. 4—Z

beautiful than the blooming and accomplished Mary L——. Although she could not be called eminently handsome, there was something in the expression of her features, in the calm, contemplative look, and half-pensive cast of the countenance, that was more interesting and touching than the splendour of the brightest beauty I had ever known; to which were added a sweetness of temper, refinement of manners, and a cultivation of mind which secured the admiration of many, and the esteem of all within the wide circle of her acquaintance. She had come to C—— for the purpose of studying the different branches of female learning taught at the school.

One evening, after the hours of study were over, she was sitting at the window, looking out on the broad blue arch of Heaven, spread over the shining earth like the imagery of some enchanting dream; the full moon was riding through the azure firmament in her proudest triumph,—and the stars, that innumerable and incalculable host of worlds, shed down their additional rays upon the slumbering earth. Every breath was laden with perfume. Absorbed in reflection, she was aroused from her reverie by approaching footsteps. Augustus T—— was at the gate. His tall, manly figure, his graceful form and manners seemed to awaken a new emotion this evening, and she felt that not to love him was to banish happiness for ever. As she met him at the door, and received his extended hand, he seemed more fascinating than ever her heart had acknowledged, even to itself. They seated themselves at the open window from which Mary had just risen.

Augustus T—— was pleasing in his person, of an intelligent and interesting countenance, with an eye of fire, in whose brilliant lustre spirit, enterprise and urbanity were happily blended. His deportment was manly, mild, and unassuming, and his manner peculiarly gentle and engaging; uniting the polish of the gentleman with the frank simplicity of the scholar. And mind, the glorious god-like attributes of mind, were his in their most dazzling brightness. Affection's purest current flowed unfettered within his heart, and his countenance glowed with the soft and cheering light of benevolence.

Marvel not, reader, that Mary L——'s feelings became concentrated to one object and one aim—to be the idol of that proud heart's pure homage—to weave the chains of Love around his spirit's daring pinions. Yet think not that she gave her love unsought. No—she was loved as deeply, as devotedly in return.

Hours past in sweet, oblivious converse upon the thousand little topics so dear to lovers, though, alas! so trifling to all the world beside—upon the beauties of the evening—the sweetness of the summer rose, as it sent up to them its fragrance from beneath the window. He was sentimental, romantic, and even philosophic—and as their eyes roamed together through the immensity of Heaven's works—the solitude of the hour only broken by the gentle murmur of their voices—in that hour of deep heart-communion, when she hung enraptured on his words, fraught with tenderness and sublimity;—it was then her spirit bowed to a spell never to be broken—a tie to be severed only by the hand of death; and the bright stars above them bore witness to their burning vows of eternal love and truth.

But, alas! their happiness was doomed to be overclouded. Their love was not destined to be the harbinger of unalloyed felicity,—there was one bitter drop to be mingled in their cup of happiness. A fiend stepped between them and heaven, and dashed the uplifted cup from their lips.

William H——! How many, many bitter memories has the mention of that name awakened! * * * * *

He came to C—— for the purpose of fitting for college. I will not describe his person, though in his piercing, restless eyes, his thick-set form, and dark features, the close observer might detect the impress of the spirit which ruled within.—He had been a traveller in various parts of the world, and a close observer of the evil propensities of mankind. This extensive acquaintance with man, and his knowledge of the human heart, had served but to render him an adept in vice—a connoisseur in villany. The woof of his character was deception, and there was treachery and suspicion even in his looks.

He too preferred love to the admired and peerless Mary L——. He saw the barrier between him and the object of his passion; and it seemed to him at times like a death-knell to all his hopes.

"I must and will have her," he repeated to himself;—"Shall mere man stand in the way of all my earthly hopes? Why should I suffer another to win the being who is the idol of my affections?—to plot against my happiness until its destruction is complete? No! By the worth of mine eternal soul! prating fools may call the promptings of Nature sin, and rate me as they please; but I will be successful and revenged! She shall be mine! No power on earth shall foil my fixed determination! As for T——, may all the agonies of the lost become his portion! Oh! were he now before me!—I hate him—loathe him—curse him! Let the world scoff—let fools deride—let fashion frown—let proud ancestry discard—she shall be mine!"

He continued in this manner, feeding his heart with thoughts of vengeance, and muttering curses against him who had disturbed his dream of happiness, till evening; then leaving his chamber with an unsteady step, he sought the house of a friend, where there was to be a convivial gathering of his daily associates. He there declared publicly, that he would compel T——, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed "his mistress," and that if he did not relinquish all claim to her hand, "one of us shall bite the earth."

T—— was rarely, if ever, tempted into company of this kind. On this occasion, he came unexpectedly, on a casual invitation.

In a country village, as is well known, every one is acquainted with his neighbour's business, even before it is fully understood by himself. The tale of the rivalry had already been widely circulated, and excited a universal sensation. A strong curiosity, therefore, at once arose to witness the expected collision.

"I quaff this glass," at length H—— broke silence, as the wine circled round, "to the health and happiness of Mary L——, the fairest of the fair—the idol of my soul—the angel of my raptured dreams! All happiness to Mary L——! and my sure and speedy vengeance on him who dares to cross me in my purpose of winning her affections!"

For a moment there was a profound silence. All eyes were turned on T——, who, calm and unmoved, seemed determined to take no notice of the insult. Perceiving that the universal expectation awaited his retort, he arose:—

"I know not in what polished land yon gallant has acquired the politeness and delicacy of feeling which impels him to make the affections of the pure and lovely, the honored subject of libertine boast and bacchanalian quarrel. I will not sully the name of one so precious, by breathing it on such occasion. Enough for the present, that I alike despise the insolent bravado, and defy the author."

"Ha! 'despise! defy!'" exclaimed H——, already stung to madness by the coolness of his opponent—"it were vain to waste words with one who knows not even the bearing of a gentleman! There are insults which blood alone can expiate, and this is of them. You will meet me, Sir, to answer for your language—I would not involve a friend in this business," he added, after vainly glancing around the room to discern one on whom he might rely; "enough that we meet—where? when?"

"Never!" responded Augustus sternly; "whatever the demands of justice, I am not an executioner. It would ill beseem the character which I have hitherto borne, the principles by which I have professed to be governed, and the vows which I have proffered in the sight of Heaven, were I ready to violate the laws of God and man, at the call of every ruffian who choose to tempt me."

"Coward! miscreant!" shrieked H——; "you shall not by this wretched cant escape the chastisement you have merited!"—and he rushed with his uplifted stick upon his unarmed antagonist. Another second, and the descending weapon was wrenched from his grasp by the left hand of T——, while a blow was dealt from his right, which laid the assailant prostrate at the farther side of the room. So sudden and unexpected was the collision, that none could dream of interference; but now each was surrounded by his companions, and borne from the scene of strife, before either was fully conscious of what had occurred. Another moment, and the apartment of mirth and revelry was abandoned to solitude and darkness.

* * * * *

I would I could picture to you, fair reader, the scene which presented the next

morning at the hour of re-assembling for the studies of the day. It might shake your faith in the charitable dogma that a seminary is but a repository of diurnal dullness—a place where blockheads vegetate like cabbages—a ‘moral desert,’ alike barren of incident and of feeling. I fancy that if some of us looked forward to the day of judgment with half the intense interest, with which that morning’s events were anticipated, we might be wiser and better men. Nine o’clock—the bell ceased to ring its jangling peal—the scholars were assembled—the morning devotions were concluded—very much, I dare say, to the edification of all who attended to them, which sum total was made up of our worthy Principal—and then a few moments passed in ominous silence. We were waiting, with what appetite we might, for a morning lecture on our misdeeds; which the lecturer was at least quite as willing to bestow as we to receive—but it was evident that all was not ready. Anon the door opened, and enter William H—, apparently just risen, and bearing no particular tokens of fitness for exploring the mysteries of Science.

I will not dwell on the trial—the omniscient shrewdness of our Principal in ferreting out the transactions of the preceding evening—amply sufficient to warrant the suspicion of magic or espionage. Enough that he did not desist until the whole was unravelled, nor until he had portrayed the enormity of the affair in glowing colours. I need not say that T—’s refusal to fight was the only incident in the evening’s adventure, which did not receive his hearty reprobation; and none who were present escaped a reprimand of unwonted severity. As for H—, there was but one event possible for him. After adding sundry prior misdemeanors to his account, in view of a general settlement, the books were finally ‘balanced and closed’ by his expulsion from the school, with a forfeiture of all its privileges and honors.

* * * * *

“Enough!—I will hear no more, Mary,” said the exasperated William H—, as he rose to take leave of her for ever; “you reject me for a branded coward—a being with whom no true gentleman can associate without dishonor. It might suffice to show me that you hate me, without telling me also that you spurn me for my disgraced and hated enemy.”

“William H—!” interrupted the offended girl; “it was not enough that I assured you I could never love you—you could not be satisfied without the reasons for my—must I say aversion? If you have inferred from my strong detestation of duelling any partiality for Augustus T—, I shall discuss with you the justice of the inference. But sooner—far sooner—would I that any one whom I esteem should incur the sneers of the licentious, the dissolute, and the blood-thirsty, whom you call the world, than the reprobation of the wise and virtuous, the keen upbraidings of his own conscience, and the retributions of a righteous God!” * * * *

Need I pursue the thread of my narrative any further? Need I trace my hero—for such is he who nobly dares do right, in defiance of the impulses of his own passions and the promptings of the Moloch whom men misname Honour—through school—through college, to a situation in life which entitled him to claim the hand, as he had long possessed the heart, of Mary L—? Nay, I will not so tax your patience. Suffice it that he still lives, prosperous, happy, and respected; and that around his fireside glad, sweet children now hush their wild merriment to listen at their mother’s knee to the tale of his temptation, and to bless his firmness of principle in giving heed to the precept thundered from Mount Sinai—“Thou shalt not kill.”

(From the New Yorker.)

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

I could cite a hundred instances, which would prove that animals have invention independent of the instinct handed down from generation to generation. I will, however, content myself with one instance of superior invention of the elephant, which

occurred at Ceylon. Parties were employed felling timber in the forests of Candia, and this timber, after having been squared, was dragged to the depot by a large party of elephants, who, with their keepers, were sent there for that purpose. This work was so tedious, that a large truck was made, capable of receiving a very heavy load of timber, which might be transported at once. This truck was dragged out by the elephants, and it was to be loaded. I should observe, that when elephants work in a body, there is always one who, as if by common consent, takes the lead, and directs the others, who never refuse to obey him. The keepers of the elephants, and the natives, gave their orders, and the elephants obeyed, but the timber was so large, and the truck so high on its wheels, that the elephants could not put the timber in the truck according to the directions given by the men. After several attempts, the natives gave up the point, and retiring to the side of the road as usual, squatted down, and held a consultation. In the mean time the elephant who took the lead summoned the others, made them drag two of the squared pieces to the side of the truck, laid them at right angles with it lifting one end of each on the truck, and leaving the other on the ground, thus forming the inclined plane. The timber was then brought by the elephants, without any interference on the part of keepers or natives, who remained looking on, was pushed by the elephants with their foreheads up the inclined plane, and the truck was loaded. Here, then, is an instance in which inventive instinct—if that term may be used—was superior to the humbler reasoning powers.

That animals have the power of memory as well as man, admits of no dispute. In elephants, horses, and dogs, we have hourly instances of it; but it descends much lower down—the piping bullfinch, who has been taught to whistle two or three waltzes in perfect concord, must have a good memory, or he would soon forget his notes. To detail instances of memory, would therefore be superfluous; but, as it does occur to me now, I must give an amusing instance how the memory of a good thrashing overcame the ruling passion of a monkey,—which is gluttony,—the first and only instance that I ever saw it conquered.

I had on board of a ship which I commanded, a very large Cape baboon, who was a pet of mine, and also a little boy, who was a son of mine. When the baboon sat down on his hams, he was about as tall as the boy was when he walked. The boy having a tolerable appetite, received about noon a considerable slice of bread and butter, to keep him quiet till dinner time. I was on one of the carronades, busy with the sun's lower limb, bringing it in contact with the horizon, when the boy's lower limbs brought him in contact with the baboon, who having, as well as the boy, a strong predilection for bread and butter, and a stronger arm to take it withal, thought proper to help himself to that to which the boy had been already helped. In short, he snatched the bread and butter, and made short work of it, for it was in his pouch in a moment. Upon which the boy set up a yell, which attracted my notice to this violation of the articles of war, to which the baboon was equally amenable as any other person in the ship; for it expressly stated in the preamble of every separate article, 'All who are in or *belonging* to.' Whereupon I jumped off the carronade, and by way of assisting his digestion, I served out to the baboon, monkey's allowance, which is, more kicks than halfpence. The master reported that the heavens intimated that it was twelve o'clock, and, with all the humility of a captain of a man-of-war, I ordered him to 'make it so;' whereupon it was made, and so passed that day. I do not remember how many days it was afterwards that I was on the carronade as usual, about the same time, and all parties were precisely in the same situations, the master by my side, the baboon under the booms, and the boy walking out of the cabin with his bread and butter. As before, he again passed the baboon, who again snatched the bread and butter from the boy, who again set up a squall, which again attracted my attention. I looked round, and the baboon caught my eye, which told him plainly that he'd soon catch what was not 'at all *my eye*;' and he proved that he thought so, for he actually put the bread and butter back into the boy's hands. It was the only instance of which I ever knew or heard, of a monkey being capable of self-denial when his stomach was concerned, and I record it accordingly. (Far *paranthèse* :) it is well known that monkeys will take the small pox, measles, and I believe the scarlet fever, but this fellow, when the ship's company were dying of the cholera, took that disease, went through all its gradations, and died apparently in great agony.

LETTERS FROM A RAMBLER,

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS, OF THE CUMBERLAND LODGE.

No. 4.

DEAR L——,

Guernsey, August, 183—.

A stroll through Guernsey, although the stranger will miss the rich luxuriance of Jersey, presents many objects well worthy of attention; and though nature has been less prodigal in her gifts, art, aided by human skill and industry, has done more than in the sister island. The houses, generally speaking, are larger and of a superior description, and many are surrounded with pleasure grounds, laid out in the very best style. The most picturesque spots are the bays of Fermain, Petit Bo, and Moulin Huit, and they, particularly the latter, are very beautiful, though they fall far short of those I described in my last. Near Fermain Bay is St. Martin's Church, situated on a high hill, and is the principal land mark for approaching the island from the south and east, for the immense shoals and ridges of rock skirting the island in every direction, render the navigation perilous in the extreme; here is also a pillar of great height, erected in honor of General Doyle, but the view from the top does not recompense the adventurer for trusting his neck to the dark, winding, and, in some parts, delapidated stairs leading to it. The island contains about a dozen churches, exclusive of those in the town, chiefly built between the years 1120 and 1400; they form, by far, the most prominent feature of the landscape, and the situation of some is pleasing and romantic. The only place, except St. Peter, deserving the name of a town, is St. Sampson's, about three miles to the north of the former; it possesses a good harbour, and has some trade, principally fishing: the only objects of interest to the stranger are the castle and the church, the latter is the oldest in the island, having been erected in 1111, being, by rather a singular coincidence, of the same date as the oldest church in Jersey.

Proceeding onwards from St. Sampson's, the tourist will soon find himself in a bleak, barren, tract of land, which extends along the north-western coast; at one extremity of it is an extensive but indifferent race course, and if the running be upon equal par, the "turnout" of the Guernsey races must be a poor affair. At some distance thence, upon the same tract of country, are to be seen the principal, if not the only remains of antiquity to be found in the island. These relics are Druidical, and consist of several large stones firmly fixed upright in the ground, with others lying upon them; thus most probably, forming an altar, on which the sacrifices, *generally human*, of the votaries were offered. There are also a number of stones, of much greater height than the former, apparently the remains of a circle originally surrounding the altar; at some distance are other huge masses, which may have formed part of some buildings for the exercise of the Druidical rites; though they are too irregular in their appearance to warrant a conjecture as to their precise use. Some more romantic visitor might have had a vision of the priests of the oak, with their long beards and mistletoe boughs; the cries of the victim, and the crackling of the ascending flames, while the grey, rough-hewn pillars reflected the votive fires, and seemed by their ghastly glare, the fitting temple of a Moloch, from whose shrine, ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, yelled their demoniac chorus over the hapless beings consigned into their power. To your less imaginative friend, however, no such visionary array presented itself, though no one, I should imagine, can behold the relics of those blood-stained rites, without feeling the exhilarating contrast presented to them, by the benign influence of the mental light which now irradiates that once gloomy hemisphere. But enough of this digression.

The island contains numerous genteel country residences, and the seat of Lord de Saumarez is as beautiful a specimen of a miniature palace as can well be imagined. More than this, in description of scenery of Guernsey, cannot well be said without going too much into detail; but we must not forget the inhabitants. The *country* people are divided into three classes:—first, the landowner, then the small farmer, and then the cottager; the first class are distinguished from the second by cultivating their own land, and breeding cattle for exportation, as well as being more extensive dealers in potatoes, cider, &c. The same frugality almost invariably accompanies both classes, and as often meets its reward, a poor farmer being very rarely to be met with; though

by that term you must not imagine that the *rich* farmers are similarly circumstanced as those in the agricultural districts in England. Thirty English acres is here considered a *large* farm, and the majority are much smaller. It also often happens that the smaller farmers who live on the coast, are owners of a fishing-boat, or have a share in one, and thus unite the two vocations of exacting produce from both land and water; the disposing of the fish in the market generally falling to the lot of the female part of his family. The cottages are generally kept in the cleanest and neatest possible order; scarcely one being without flowers or evergreens, creeping up the walls and mantling over the door. One article of furniture is generally to be seen in the house of a genuine Guernseyman, and is almost exclusively the characteristic of this island, it is called the "*lit de veille*," and consists of a broad frame, similar to a bed-frame, about a foot and a half high, placed in the corner of the kitchen or common room, boarded over, and covered with dry fern or hay; a lamp is suspended from the ceiling over it; and on this "*lit de veille*" the young people of the house and their neighbours, assemble on winter evenings, sitting in a circle, feet to feet; there they sew, knit, sing, or pass the time in any other work or amusement. There is much sociality in this custom; and some say it has had its origin from combining those two qualities so essential to the country taste—company and economy. It might at first be supposed, that such a custom would be apt to introduce habits not very congenial to morality, but I do not think that such has ever been the case; from some cause, however, probably the increased intercourse with the English, the "*lit de veille*" is not near so general as it once was. The most amusing object in the dress of the country people is the bonnet, which is of very large dimensions, and does not, like the English one, extend far in front, but has a high crown, with huge sides or *wings* reaching over the ears, and sometimes as low as the shoulders: they are made of silk or other stuff, are generally white, and set off with a number of bows, ribbons, &c. This prominent part of the costume is falling rapidly into disuse, and it is seldom that a young girl is seen in it, though the elder matrons cleave to it with all the tenacity of long attachment. The native language is also undergoing the same change as the dress, and gradually approximating to English. A few years since, scarcely any but the inhabitants of St. Peter's could speak either English or genuine French, their own language being a most barbarous mixture of French and Norman; but now it is rare to find a person, except in the most remotest parts of the island, who cannot answer an English question in the same language. The language of Guernsey is quite different from that of Jersey, and what is still more singular from that of Serk; so dissimilar, indeed, is it from that of the latter place, that notwithstanding the shortness of the distance, only nine miles, and the daily communication existing between them, a native of either island is perfectly unintelligible to a native of the other.

I must now say a few words on the state of society among the more opulent classes, or as they are, perhaps, better known, the higher orders. A great portion of this class of inhabitants consists, as in Jersey, of English; but there is considerable difference between the state of the same rank of society in the two islands: and in the comparison, Guernsey has decidedly the advantage; the causes of this are manifold; but as the discussion of them forms no part of my plan, I shall simply state that such differences do exist. The line of distinction between natives and English is not drawn so strong, or observed so closely here as in the sister island; neither is there so much party spirit respecting local affairs, which has been one great cause of dividing the society of Jersey into such numerous sub-divisions. There is also far more real opulence in Guernsey, and many wealthy English families, whereas the greater number of Jersey *exclusives*, are, as I before observed, naval and military officers, retired on half-pay, and who form a system of society, sufficiently exact in the *appearances* of gentility, but woefully deficient in the *realities* of its enjoyments. The commerce of Guernsey consists, in a great measure, of the carrying trade, in which vessels are employed to take cargoes from one foreign port to another, as there is but small dependence upon the inland market. During the wars of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, smuggling was carried on to a vast extent, but the strict regulations now in force have almost entirely destroyed it. The imports and exports are nearly the same as those of Jersey, but owing to the small size of the island and its less cultivation, they are not near so extensive. Potatoes form one great staple of export.

The Guernsey cow has long been justly celebrated, but the exportation of them is not so large as might have been expected, as the farmers prefer rearing them for the

sake of the milk and butter than for sale. I have ascertained that there are seldom more than 520 cows and calves exported in one year. The spirit of rivalry in this breed of cattle is carried to such an extent between the two islands, and a Guernsey farmer could not on any account be induced to admit a Jersey cow among his stock. One thing connected with their management appears rather strange to one, like myself, accustomed to see cattle feeding at large in the extensive pastures of the English agricultural counties; it is the practice of always tethering the cows, allowing to each a small extent of ground; when this appears pretty closely eaten, the stake is moved a few yards, giving a fresh range on one side of their former one, and so on till the whole field has been taken in time. The consequence of this arrangement is, that the grass is not wasted or trodden down, and much less land is required to keep a cow than on the English system; a desideratum, when the extent of land is so small, of great moment.

The government of Guernsey is vested in the bailiff, twelve jurats, chosen by the inhabitants of the different parishes, and the attorney general of the royal court; together with the beneficed clergy of the island, the constables and "douzaneers" of each parish, in all 174. The governor or *lieutenant* governor, (deputies again 1) for the time being has a deliberative voice at all meetings of the "States," but no vote. The government of the island is not affected by any act of the English Parliament, unless it be by a special enactment; the revenues consist of harbour dues, a duty of one shilling per gallon upon all spirituous liquors imported, a small license upon inns, and a few other similar dues; the above being the only duty paid upon spirits, the prices of them and all other exciseable commodities are about the same as in Jersey. the particulars of which I have previously mentioned. The established religion of the island is the Church of England; service is performed in most of the country churches in French, and in the town, alternately in French and English. In addition to the establishment, are numerous bodies of dissenters, and all the fanatical sects common in England, find here great support; the "unknown tongues" have lately appeared, and have been warmly received by many persons: one Rev. Gentleman of the English church has been expelled by his diocesan, (the bishop of Winchester) for not only countenancing those extravagant notions, but for introducing them into the service of his church.

The proximity of Guernsey to several small islands at the distance of from four to twenty miles, combined with the paucity of amusements on shore, cause sailing to be the recreation most in vogue; almost every person approximating to a gentleman either has a boat of his own, or is part owner of one: the pleasure boats are very numerous, and form a beautiful object when viewed from the shore, as they are skimming along the sea. I have made several excursions to the islands above mentioned, the particulars of which I must reserve for my next. The enjoyment of sailing requires great caution, and a good knowledge of the coast, on account of the variableness of the weather, and the sudden gales of wind frequently rising, as also from the innumerable rocks and shoals which are thickly set in every direction; I have been out more than once with the sky delightfully fine and clear, when in less than half an hour, a fog has enveloped us with such an impervious veil, that it was impossible to distinguish even the massive walls of the old castle, from which, at the time, we have not been more than two hundred yards distant. Mackerel fishing is also a favourite amusement in the proper season; and also lobster fishing, which latter is effected by sinking large baskets among the rocks at night, and drawing them up in the morning; the fish gains admission into these baskets by the same means as a mouse creeps into a trap, and the consequences of its intrusion are pretty similar. This description of fishing is much followed by gentlemen, and is considered a great amusement, though I must confess, I had very small relish for it, which was by no means increased, by the chance of an unskilful fisher oversetting the punt (or small fishing boat) by the weight of the lobster trap, as it must be drawn up into the boat to obtain possession of the prey.

But it is time I brought this epistle to an end; the signal is up of the packet being in sight on her way from Jersey to England, as she only stops here to take on board passengers and letters, I will bundle it off to the post office, and then, I suppose, by the end of three or four days, the red-nosed guard of the * * * mail, will give it in charge to the nimble-heeled postman, who will deliver it to you; and then it will doubtless soon meet its due, by being transferred from your hands to—the fire.

Yours, truly,

G. P. J.

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY G. F. JENNINGS.

No. II.—Shakespeare.—Milton.

SHAKESPEARE.

“ His was the wizard spell,
 The spirit to enchain ;
 His grasp o’er nature fell,
 Creation own’d his reign.”

Blackwood’s Magazine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, our greatest of dramatic writers, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d April, 1564. His father is, by some authorities, stated to have been a butcher, by others a woolstapler, and it is very probable that he united both those trades. The circumstance of his having a large family, prevented him from bestowing more than a slender education upon his children. William, who appears to have been his eldest son, received the principal part of his scholastic instruction at the free-school of his native town, and he seems to have been indebted to his natural genius and industry for the greatest part of his learning. The history of his first introduction to the drama, if its authenticity can be relied on, is singular ; he had the fate to become acquainted with some young men who were in the habit of stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, near Stratford ; for which he was severely prosecuted by that gentleman, and in order to revenge himself, wrote a satirical ballad, in which Sir Thomas was depicted in no very favourable colours : this raised so bitter a persecution against him, that he was obliged to leave his home, and take refuge in London, where, it is said, he obtained subsistence by holding the horses at the door of the theatre, belonging to gentlemen who came to witness the performance.* He afterwards appeared as an actor, but we do not hear of his showing any marks of excellence in that department ; but his connexions soon roused the sparks of genius, which burst forth with so resplendent a lustre. His career is comprised in two words—HE WROTE ! It is impossible to state the exact order in which his works appeared. *Romeo and Juliet* was produced in 1597, and is generally said to have been his first attempt, but good evidence exists to show that he had written some of his dramas six or seven years before.

His plays soon became extremely popular, and were acted before Queen Elizabeth and the members of the court ; and it is said, that her Majesty was so highly pleased with the character of *Falstaff* in *Henry IV.*, that she requested Shakespeare to continue the character in another piece, and to represent him in love. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was the piece produced in compliance with the Royal request, and certainly the picture of Sir John’s love is quite in unison with his other accomplishments. He also found many powerful patrons among the nobility, particularly the Earl of Southampton, who is recorded to have presented him, at one time, with £1000, in those days an immense sum ; he was also on intimate terms with the leading literary characters of the day, among others, “ rare Ben Jonson.” The last of his plays was produced about the year 1614, between 25 and 30 years from the appearance of his first.

On his leaving the stage, the exact time of his so doing is not known, he retired to his native town of Stratford, where he lived in a private manner till his death, which

* This mode of visiting the theatre may seem strange to play-goers of the present day, but at that time the performance commenced about four o’clock in the afternoon.

happened on the 23d April, 1616, being the day on which he entered his fifty-third year. He was interred among his ancestors in the church of that town, and a handsome monument was erected for him; and in 1740 another very splendid one was raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

On the stone covering his grave, in Stratford church, are the following lines, said to have been written by himself:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Bleste be ye. man yt. spares these stones,
And curst be he yt. moves my bones.

The brief outline of Shakespeare's life naturally suggests the propriety of a few observations respecting the early history of the drama; for nothing can be more dissimilar than the character of theatrical representations during the earlier ages, and the state of those entertainments at the present day.

The origin of the theatrical performances among the ancients have been traced back to a Grecian strolling singer reciting verses in a cart to the honour of Bacchus. Our European exhibitions were almost as rude in their commencement; they were for a long time devoted to pious purposes, and went by the name of *mysteries* or *moralitys*.* These appear to have been introduced by pilgrims, who, in retiring from their travels, composed canticles or verses, of which the history of Christ, the apostles, and their miraculous deeds, formed the themes. They recited these verses in the public streets, and sometimes the piety of the citizens prompted them to erect a stage or scaffold for their accommodation. It is also highly probable, that the recitations of the bards or chanters, mentioned in the introductory article to this subject, in the last Magazine, partook, in some measure, of the character of dramatic dialogue. The first dramatic performance of which we have record, took place about the year 1110, and for a long period after that time the "mysteries" continued to represent "either the sufferings of the martyrs, or the miracles wrought by holy confessors," and appear to have been acted at all times of festivity, and to have been divided into several portions, which were represented on different days. "Mysteries" are recorded to have been performed at Chester, at the expense of the incorporated trades, in Whitsun week, in 1328, and they were thought to contribute so much to the instruction of the people, that an indulgence of one thousand days was granted by the Pope, and another of forty days by the Bishop of Chester, to all persons who attended their representation. The subjects chosen were all scriptural, beginning with the "Creation," and including the "Deluge," "Abraham and Lot," and many others. It is also recorded, that in 1486 "The Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ" were performed in great triumph and splendour.

In process of time, these religious exhibitions were interspersed with another description called *Sotties*, which differed from the former by being of a ludicrous nature, and somewhat resembling the farces of the present drama. As the history of scriptural characters formed the subject of the "Mysteries," so the intrigues of the heathen deities, Venus, Mercury, &c. were a principal subject of the "sotties." From these varieties the transition was natural to historical and national pieces, and tragedy and comedy began to assume a more distinct form, the one arising from the graver, the other from the lighter sort of "moralitys." Great numbers of historical plays were produced during the reign of Henry VIII., most of them by men of high attainments and great education; and in the time of Elizabeth, the appearance of Shakespeare's plays gave a richness to the drama which it had never before possessed; and from that time they have continued to be the brightest ornaments, not only of the drama, but of English literature in general.

To take even a cursory survey of all Shakespeare's characters would require the whole space of this Magazine, instead of the corner I must be content to occupy. His portraits are as numerous as the shades of human character, and as varied as the man-

* In imitation of these ancient performances, Lord Byron named his beautiful drama, "*Cain, a Mystery*."

ners of the times, and the pursuits of the originals. He is above all others, the poet of nature; he has held familiar converse with her in all her glorious magnificence, from the lovely tints of sunset to the terrific raging of the tempest; and has depicted mankind with equal reality from the "cloud cap towers and gorgeous palaces," with their lordly inhabitants, to the starvelling wretch who eked out his miserable existence by vending to a desperate man the ready means of destruction.

The great variety of Shakespeare's characters preclude my entering into an analysis of them; but I cannot forbear noticing the resemblance that has been drawn between his "Richard III" and Milton's "Satan;" and it is supposed by some authors that Milton borrowed from Shakespeare's conception: a careful comparison of the two characters greatly favours the supposition; both are alike terrible and insulated, but Milton's "Satan" has the advantage of personal grandeur; there is something in the appearance of the rebel Spirit that tells of the height from which he had fallen, while Richard comes misshapen and unnatural,

* * * * "curtailed of man's fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature."

And his principal aid in wending his way from the dukedom to the throne, each step of which passage is more blood-stained than the preceding one, is

"A tongue can wheedle with the devil,
I can smile, and murder while I smile."

Yet even though his crimes compel us to detest *the man*, his boldness in the front of battle almost demands some respect for the *warrior*; and when the appalling visions which haunt his couch on the eve of the fatal day, wring from him the exclamation, "Oh! tyrant conscience, how thou dost afflict me!" The first clang of the martial trumpet recalls his energies:—

"Never shall it be said
That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!
Conscience avaunt! Richard's himself again.
Hark—the shrill trumpet sounds to horse. Away!
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

As example of his power of adapting sentiments to the persons who utter them, let us take the opinions of two of his most prominent characters on that airy, shadowy, undefinable something, called honour. The first is the sentiment of the rash but daring Hotspur, the second definition comes from the lips, and heart too, of that pink of cavaliers, Sir John Falstaff, a warrior who "had as lief hear the devil as a drum," and whose immense *corpus* was only equalled by his mendacity and cowardice. Hotspur exclaims with all the ardour and impetuosity of his character,—

"Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the hollow of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowning honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities!"

Now for *lean Jacks's* opinion:—

"Honour pricks me on. Yea, but if honour prick me off when I come, how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word? Honour. What is honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o'Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it;—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

Though these quotations may give some idea of his peculiar powers. Yet he must be studied as a whole, to have his merits fully appreciated. For (as his great commentator, Dr. Johnson, observes) his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue.

I cannot dismiss our bard without noticing an objection, and to some a most serious one, against his writings, viz., that many expressions contained in them are of a gross and immoral tendency. In answer to this, it must be allowed, that numerous passages are far from accordant with strict moral propriety; but is it fair to pronounce sentence of condemnation for a few breaches of good manners, when so much sterling talent and worth of sentiment is found to oppose to them? Besides, it is the opinion of all the commentators of Shakespeare, that many expressions, and, in some instances, whole scenes, have been introduced into his plays to suit the taste of the debauched age which followed a few score years after his decease; and it must further be recollected, that Shakespeare lived and wrote in an age by no means so refined in expression as the present one; and even her Majesty herself is well known to have uttered many expressions in her court, which would infallibly be attended with loss of *caste* to any high-bred damsel who might venture to sport them in the present state of society; and fairly considering all circumstances, the altered manners of the age, and the facts I have above stated, I think every candid reader must allow, that the objections against our poet lose much of their weight when examined in their proper light; and, as it is universally acknowledged, that perfection is a Utopian search, let charity throw a veil over the faults, while he is charmed with the beauties of the Bard of Avon.

MILTON.

“ His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high;
A temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.”

Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN MILTON, the renowned author of “Paradise Lost,” was born at London, December 9th, 1608: he was descended from an ancient and highly respectable family; his father had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and suffered severe persecution for renouncing that creed in favour of the Protestant. At the age of seventeen our author entered the University of Cambridge, where he showed signs of that genius which was afterwards to astonish the world. He was at first intended for the church, but he soon relinquished the idea, and, having taken his degrees, he quitted the University. He travelled for some time in various parts of the continent, and upon returning to London, established a school, and devoted himself to study. He remained in retirement till the death of Charles I., when he wrote a treatise in justification of that event. Shortly after he was taken into the service of the commonwealth, and made Latin Secretary to the Council of State, an office he had not long enjoyed when he entirely lost his sight; but this misfortune, though to ordinary men it would have prevented attendance either to public business or literary pursuits, seems to have made no impression on his vigorous intellect. He continued his office of secretary, taking an active part in the political events of those turbulent times, till the restoration of Charles II., when he once more retired into private life.

He now devoted himself to his literary labours, and finished his great work, “Paradise Lost,” in 1667; the precise time he was employed in its composition is not known, but it is supposed to have been about eleven years from its commencement to publication; and the copyright of it, for three editions, was soon after sold for *fifteen pounds*.* He afterwards wrote and published “Paradise Regained,” and is said to have greatly preferred it to the former poem, though the universal opinion of succeed-

* Some writers, in these last few years, have received near *one thousand pounds* for poems which are mere fragments compared with this.

ing generations has placed it at an immeasurable distance below it, on the scale of merit. About the same time he published "*Sampson Agonistes*," probably the last poetical work he produced, though he subsequently wrote several pieces in prose. The powers of his mind and vigour of his intellect appear to have continued unabated till his sixty-sixth year, when his life was terminated by a fit of the gout, on the 18th November, 1674. His remains were deposited in the family vault at St. Giles, Cripplegate, and in 1737 a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

I cannot give a better analysis of his great work, "*Paradise Lost*," than by borrowing the language of Dr. Johnson:—"It is a poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second among the productions of the human mind. The subject is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire; but the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and earth. Great events can only be hastened or retarded by persons of elevated dignity; before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consorted, and on whose rectitude or deviation of will depended the fate of terrestrial nature and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe. Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions; the rest were lower powers—

‘Of which the least could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions’—

"The characteristic of his poem is sublimity: he sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace, but his natural post is gigantic loftiness. He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to have known what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others;—the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful, Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and must therefore, yield to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetic narration, the texture of fable, the variety of incidents, and all the stratagems which surprise and enchain attention. But of all borrowers from Homer, Milton is, perhaps, the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: his great works were performed under discountenance, and in *blindness*; but difficulties vanished at his touch, and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first."

Milton is said to have been, in his youth, extremely handsome, so as to be called the Lady of the College; he was vigorous and active, and his habits were temperate and severely studious; he was skilled in music and the accomplishments of the period, and was master of several languages. He was married three times, and his last wife survived him fifty years: he had three daughters by his first wife, but they do not appear to have possessed any share of the genius of their illustrious parent.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

Whit-Monday last being the day appointed to celebrate the Second Annual Festival of the Loyal Surrey Lodge, it was intended to proceed in procession to church, with the view of having a charitable Sermon preached, and the amount of the collection presented to some public benevolent Institution; consequently, application was made to the Rev. Mr. Mapleton, of Mitcham, to favor us with the church and his talents for the occasion, not gratuitously: this gentleman gave us a refusal. The Rev. Mr. Marsden, of Tooting, was next solicited, who gave a direct refusal;

Carshatton was our last resource, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Rev. Mr. Vernon. After explaining the cause of our visit, and presenting some Magazines for perusal, he desired the deputation to call two days after for an answer; they did so, when the Magazines, with a note, were delivered to them by a servant. This gentleman also refused, because, he says, our "religious views are essentially and awfully defective." Under such an impression, would it not have been his duty, nay, would not any pastor of the Lord have embraced the favourable opportunity of delivering a sermon, pointing out our errors—the dangerous path we were pursuing, and direct us what course to take, in order to reach the place of everlasting happiness? But no! we are *awfully defective* in our religious views, and so we may remain, for aught the Rector of Carshatton cares or feels for our earthly welfare, or our soul's future happiness. It appears by this Rev. Gentleman's note we are on the high road to perdition, and there we may continue, unless we can intuitively find the right path leading to salvation. Is it right that the clergymen whom we are bound to support, should refuse to expound the scriptures to us? It wears the appearance of a mere mockery of religion, and is eminently calculated to bring both the Establishment and cloth into hatred and contempt.

A procession, however, we had, and a very large concourse of people assembled to witness it. Never was there a company of individuals more joyful, each considering it the happiest day of their life. The unanimity and brotherly love displayed, made a lasting impression on those who beheld the proceedings, and led them to think the social system of Odd Fellowship was the best calculated to promote earthly happiness, and to fit us for another and a better world.

Yours, truly,

JOHN BOWER, P. G.

Loyal Surrey Lodge, Mitcham Surrey, June, 1836.

We turn from these men, who deny, by their actions, the doctrines they enforce by their words, with feelings more of sorrow than of anger—surprised, nevertheless, at their mental and moral darkness. The reasons assigned for *not* assisting us, are the *only ones* that can be produced, for which their assistance *can, at any time*, be required. "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep," they tell us, and yet will not attempt to bring one of us back to the fold—verily they shall have their reward! Their heavenly Master came to *heal the sick*—but let that pass. These Reverend gentlemen do not understand their position in society. The Egyptian monarch saw not the signs of the times, even when the waters of the Red Sea were divided, and the children of Israel led across in safety and in triumph.

As a contrast to this anti-christian conduct, we insert the following Extracts from the Kendal Mercury, of the 28th of May last:—

ON Tuesday the members of the Odd Fellows' Society celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of the institution, by a public procession and dinner. The Rev. John Hudson, Vicar of Kendal, preached a sermon on the occasion, from the 2nd verse of the 6th chap of Galatians:—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." The discourse was admirably adapted to the occasion, abounding with truths of the most sterling and important nature, clothed in the most energetic and persuasive language. The sermon was greatly edifying and instructive, and was listened to by the numerous auditory with the most earnest attention and delight. In the course of the day it was resolved that a deputation should wait upon the Rev. Gentleman, to communicate the grateful thanks of the society for his kindness, and to request a copy of his excellent discourse, with a view to its immediate publication. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Fell in a beautiful and impressive manner. Nor were the exertions of the organist and choir wanting on this occasion to give solemnity and effect to the interesting services of the day.

The services of the *sanctuary* being completed, the members of the Odd Fellows' Institution were re-marshalled, and went in procession through the principal streets of the town. Soon after two o'clock, the chairman, Mr. Daniel Carter, entered the Hall, accompanied by the Vicar, by John Richards, Esq., Mayor, W. J. Voules, Esq., Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, Rev. Mr. Fell, and two or three other gentlemen, who had been invited to attend the festival, and proceeded to the head of the table.

Mr. Thomas Greenhow was the vice-chairman ; and the seats at the head of the side tables were occupied by Mr. Lamb and Mr. Scott. The Vicar said grace before and after dinner.

The MAYOR, whose health was given with four times four, rose and said, the strong and marked manner in which they had just testified their respect, deprived him of the power of expressing his gratitude in suitable terms. He felt a particular pleasure in being present on that occasion, for the company differed in one respect from that in which he generally found himself :—there they were of no party—they met on neutral ground—and the applause with which his name had been received was therefore doubly grateful to his ears. He begged to say that that was not the first time in which he had come in contact with Odd Fellows ; for he had then in his possession a testimonial of the respect of a part of their body—an address on silk, signed by 83 members, presented to him for some little supposed service, which he (in conjunction with the late Mr. Isaac Whitwell) had been so fortunate as to render,—a testimonial that he would hand down to his son, who might preserve it as an evidence of the respect in which his father had been at one time held by a portion of his fellow townsmen (applause). He had been frequently accused, he understood, of courting popularity : if the kindness exhibited towards him that day were to be considered as the fruits of such courting, he saw little reason to be dissatisfied with the result (cheers). He was deeply sensible of the honours which he had obtained at the hands of his townsmen. Twelve years ago he came amongst them a stranger ; and although he hoped his conduct since that time had been such as to give him some little claim upon their good opinion, yet it did not, he was sure, entitle him to all the distinctions that had been placed upon him, more especially with regard to the office of their Chief Magistrate, which he had been called upon to fill. Since, however, they had elevated him to that office, he hoped he should never be found to fail in his duty when called upon to punish those who did wrong, or to encourage others whose designs were laudable and good (applause). Before resuming his seat, he desired to make another observation—and that was, to express the pleasure which he experienced at seeing their worthy Vicar amongst them that day (applause). He hailed his presence as an augury of better things, and as an earnest that asperities arising out of party and circumstances were about to be put an end to (applause). He was confident that were the Rev. John Hudson better known to his townsmen—were he often to mingle amongst them—no man would be found to stand higher in their esteem, (applause). His Worship begged to add, that the tribute of respect shown him that day he should long hold in grateful remembrance, and though they were called *odd* Fellows, he hoped there would soon be many more “ odd ones ” like them in the country. In conclusion he proposed “ Prosperity to the Nelson Lodge,” and sat down amidst reiterated cheers.

Mr. RICHARD WILSON next rose, and proposed the health of the Vicar, which was drank with very great applause.

The VICAR, on rising, was greeted with rapturous cheering. He said the kind manner in which his health had been proposed, and the enthusiasm with which it had been received, unfitted him to render a suitable return. Approving as he did of every institution which had for its object the welfare and happiness of his fellow-men, it was impossible that he should not be struck by the large, orderly, and respectable assembly then before him—assembled for one of the best purposes that could animate mankind—to give advice, assistance, and support to each other under circumstances when those were most wanted. The means adopted, too, by this Society for carrying its object into effect, appeared to him highly praiseworthy. Civilized society itself was founded on the same principles as this institution, for it was to give aid, advice, and support to each other that had led mankind to associate, and without which we should be naked and helpless indeed. With respect to those differences which had been alluded to by the Mayor and the respected friend who had proposed his health, he begged to assure them, that all that he had done in the high situation which he filled, had been matter of deep concern to him,—that he had acted upon the fullest consideration, and taken no steps which did not seem to him demanded by justice, and by his duty ; and also that the future efforts of his life should be directed to enable him to live in peace, to cultivate the good opinion, and contribute to the concord and comfort of his parishioners and of all mankind (loud applause). He hoped nothing had escaped his lips that day which was not in unison with the feelings he had just expressed, and as

public speaking at meetings of that sort was not quite his forte, he should sit down with assuring the company of his sincerest regard for them all, and with drinking to the health and happiness of every individual member of the Odd Fellows' institution (very loud cheering).

The VICE-CHAIRMAN rose, and begged to propose the health of W. J. Voules, Esq., an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner for England and Wales.

Mr. VOULES returned thanks in an eloquent speech. If those gentlemen who had lived nearly all their lives amongst them were overcome by the manner in which their names had been received, how much more reason had he, a stranger, to feel grateful for their kindness. He had considered the invitation sent to him to attend that day a great favour, but that favour had been vastly increased by the way in which the toast just proposed had been by them received. He could not, however, lay the "flattering unction to his soul" that the compliment was merely personal, but considered it as an expression of their regard and approval of that Board which he had the honour to represent in this district. In that sense, indeed, it was more gratifying to him to receive the compliment than in any other, and it was also more honourable to them, for it bespoke on their parts an intelligence and a feeling to see and to appreciate that the efforts of the Board were calculated to benefit mankind, and to cherish the highest qualities of the heart. Although he was bound by the limits of an Act of Parliament, while they exercised brotherly assistance and used the words of kindness, yet he believed their object was the same, and that their efforts would be found mutually conducive to improving the condition of the labouring and all other classes of the community. In the discharge of his public duties the sentiments of that Society should ever have a powerful influence over his conduct. The measure which he had come to put in execution amongst them was little understood by many—was viewed with prejudice by some, and assailed with abuse by others—yet his conduct hitherto, he trusted, had not made him an enemy, whilst he hoped he had made some friends (applause)—but of all the friendships he had formed, he saw reason, from the sentiments which he had heard in that room, *to be more proud of their connexion and good opinion than of any other*; for that was a legitimate and celestial object which they were assembled to promote. He trusted the present was not the last time he should have the honour of meeting them; and, collectively and individually, he should at all times endeavour to evince his regard and esteem for men who acted upon the noble principles of their institution (loud applause).

The MAYOR said from what he had heard, it appeared to him that the Society was much indebted to the exertions of their Chairman. To him they owed the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and *the man who had earned the blessing of the widow and the orphan had a strong claim upon human affections* (applause). He begged to propose the health of their worthy Chairman. (four times four).

The CHAIRMAN expressed his acknowledgments.

Mr. R. WILSON begged to propose the health of the Rev. Gentleman who had that day officiated in the performance of divine service with their worthy Vicar—Mr. R. C. Fell (four times four).

The Rev. Mr. FELL expressed his thanks to the company, both for the cordial manner in which his health had been received, and for the politeness of their invitation to dine on that occasion. What had occurred that morning, perhaps they would allow him to say, was not the work of accident. Having heard that a sermon was to be preached to the members of their institution, and having a great respect for such societies, he requested his respected and dear friend the Vicar, to permit him to join in the performance of the service, which was granted, and had afforded him the highest pleasure (applause). Something in the course of the speaking that afternoon had been said with respect to the "condescension" of gentlemen attending the meeting; but from the excellent manner in which every thing had been conducted, he could see no "condescension" in the case; indeed from all that he had witnessed, he did not hesitate to say, that were he a resident in the town he should become a member of their institution (tremendous applause). He hoped they might long be able to maintain their association in health and prosperity.

Soon after Mr. Fell had resumed his seat, the leading guests rose to take leave,

the May or assuring the company that the afternoon had been one of unalloyed pleasure to himself and friends.

In conclusion, we beg to refer our brethren, (those of Mitcham in particular) to the forthcoming *ALMANACK*, which will contain the names of the numerous clergyman who have honoured the Independent Order with their support and assistance, as well as the time and place where the sermons were preached, &c. &c.

BUD OF HOPE LODGE, BONSALE.

MONDAY, July 25th being the anniversary of this Lodge of the Manchester Independent Order of Odd Fellows, host Mather's house was at an early hour the scene of some bustle, as proceeded the pleasing duty of decorating with garlands, &c. the lodge-room for the day's festivities. That being finished in a very chaste style, the Brothers of the Order (of which at this time there was a strong muster) preceded by the Matlock Bath brass band, dressed in their military costume, walked in procession, decorated in their regalia, carrying banners, &c. to the Baptist Chapel, which was crowded to excess, where a most learned and impressive discourse was delivered by Mr. Adam, of Matlock Bath, from Job 5th and 7th. From thence the procession moved back to the lodge-room, and partook of a most excellent dinner, which did credit to the worthy host. After dinner, the *Sunday scholars* (for whom there had been a collection at the chapel door) came in procession to the front of the lodge, and sang a hymn. They then formed in line with the Brothers of the Order, and paraded with them, preceded by the band, as before, through the village, accompanied by a very numerous and highly respectable concourse of spectators. The children at parting, sang another hymn; and the whole procession being formed in a line, in one of the most enchanting parts of Bonsall Dale, gave to the whole a most beautiful and imposing effect. The procession again halted at Brother Tomisson's, mine host of the Rising Son, and partook of a glass of his sparkling beverage. They then proceeded to the Lodge; and the chairs being taken by Brothers Bird and Tomisson, the greatest hilarity prevailed, ever and anon enlivened by the "*vocal voice*" and the brass band. Indeed the whole of the evening was spent in that harmonious mingling of souls that maketh brethren so delighted to congregate.

EXTRACT FROM THE SERMON.

Job 5th and 7th verse—"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards." He commenced by observing:—

"It may be necessary to enquire into the character of this book, as it is confessedly one of the most difficult portions of sacred writ, and in consequence of this some have been led to doubt its divine authority. First, then, let us consider its antiquity. The concurrent testimony of the church, both ancient and modern, is, that it was written soon after the giving of the law,—the law being the first written document given to man in the compressed sign: thus God himself graciously condescended to communicate to man the knowledge of this brief mode (by a few simple and compendious characters) of communicating our ideas in a written language to each other; when he wrote the law on the two tables of stone,* all the previous methods being the hieroglyphic or picture writing, clearly expressed in Job 19th and 24th—"Graven

* The size of the two tables, which Moses was able to carry, would imply this; besides it must, I think, be admitted, that God would write his *own* law in the most PERFECT manner, as being most accordant with all his proceedings. So struck was Gilbert Wakefield with the surprising fact, that the stupendous edifice of human knowledge, should be reared by the simple use and transposition of 22, as in the Hebrew, or 26 characters, as in our own language; that he could ascribe its origin only to divine inspiration. "*Philosophical Transactions*,"—"Paper on the Alphabet."

Tests:—a, Exod. 24 and 12.

with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever," decidedly indicating the mode of chiseling out the figures or symbols, as adopted in Egypt. The best authorities admit that Moses was the author of this book, who wrote it for the benefit of the Israelites during their painful sojourn in the wilderness. As Job lived prior to the Exodus, Moses must have acquired the knowledge of the history of this eminent patriarch, while dwelling in the land of Midian in the house of Jethro, his father-in-law, which was contiguous to Idumea, where the scene of these transactions is laid; as there can be no doubt that the report, respecting the life and sufferings of Job, would be handed down by oral tradition through the patriarchal times; and sung or recited at their religious feasts, perhaps, in the manner of the ancient bards in our own land.* Of the simplicity of those times, and the certainty that God preserved the knowledge of himself amongst a select few in that age of gross ignorance, Moses had a fine specimen in the person of Jethro, who was both priest and chief of the tribe over which he ruled, and who worshipped with his people the one true God *a*. The character of this ancient and beautiful book was next shown, as containing the purest morality—the sublimest philosophy—the simplest ritual, and the most magnificent creed in existence.

Its morality is seen from the statement it gives of the wretched and debased state of sinful man, "who drinketh iniquity like water," contrasted by the exalted holiness and transcendently pure character of God, who chargeth his angels with folly," and in whose sight "the heavens are not clean"*b*, therefore the necessity imposed upon man to obey the laws promulgated by so holy a God, as therein strongly enforced, and which Job did obey, *c* and the results of obedience in the increased happiness of the creature. *d* The moral and intellectual improvement of our kind is distinctly stated to arise from the "fear of God," which is the greatest preservative against sin, and the first initiatory step to, and REAL groundwork of all RIGHT knowledge, *e* "the fear of the Lord is clean enduring for ever."*f* The utter destitution of this blessed principle being the cause of so much wretchedness and crime in our world.

Its philosophy, or the knowledge contained in it of material things, so far exceeding the light of that and many subsequent ages. The most recondite principles of science are here touched upon with ease and sublimity,—the cause of rain from electrical phenomena, precipitating the cloudy vapour pointed out. *g* The balancing of those cloudy masses in the firmament of heaven, stated to be incomprehensible to man, and it is still so found, notwithstanding the advancement of science, and the splendid light of the nineteenth century *h*†. The form of our earth is implied in ch. 26 and 7‡, and the ease with which God called it into being stated; when "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy," at the display of God's creative power and infinite wisdom *h*, and who can read from the 38th to the end of the 41st chapters

* The "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer were thus handed down for a considerable period, till after the invention of Greek letters, not being written till the days of Solon. Our own Celtic histories were also thus preserved. But to prevent errors Moses wrote this, as all the books of the Pentateuch, under *divine direction*.

† The general opinion is, that clouds are formed of minute hollow spheres, filled with hydrogen gas. But how this gas is generated, whether from the decomposition of an ultimate atom, affected within the integral particle of water of which it forms a part, or other causes, or how those spheres are formed and preserve their vascularity, subject as they are to violence and every possible change of temperature, are matters only resolvable into the will of the Creator.

‡ "And hangeth the earth upon nothing." That is in the vast expanse of ether, finely expressed by Milton in the following line:—

"And earth self-balanced on her centre hung."

A very different idea this to the uninspired notions entertained by the ancients, who supposed the earth an extended plain, supported in different ways as their fancy suggested.

Texts:—a Exod. 2, 15 and 16—*b* Job 15 and 16—*c* ch. 23 and 12—*d* ch. 36, 10, 11—*e* ch. 28 and 28—*f* Ps. 19 and 9—*g* ch. 37 and 11 and 16 verses—*h* ch. 36, 17 to the 33.—*i* 38, 5, 6, and 7.

without being convinced of the presence of a *speaking power*, far superior to the utmost stretch of mere human conception. The profundity of the knowledge—the surpassing beauty of the poetry, and the sublimity of the descriptions there given of heavenly and terrestrial phenomena, and of those gigantic and fierce beings that peopled the earth and sea, can never be exceeded; and the effect of the whole on the mind of Job to abate the natural pride and rebellion of the creature, and to exalt the *Creator*, who is over all blessed for ever. Amen. *a*

The simplicity of its ritual *b*. How different to the corrupt and ignorant mode⁸ which prevailed in that and succeeding times. Here are no splendid or gorgeous displays to impose upon the mind; no complex, cruel, or unmeaning rites, but the most natural and unaffected simplicity. A father at the head of his family and tribe, anxious for their future and eternal welfare, leading them to the pure and elevated worship of one supreme God, and that God known to be a God of unsullied holiness, inflexible justice, and spotless purity. Behold it in the anxiety of a father's heart, when his sons kept in succession their natal day. Oh! it is a lovely sight to behold a family thus united, and recording the happy event of the introduction of one of their number into existence, a boon we cannot rightly estimate until we reach the glories of the upper world *d*. Job, who knew the treachery of the human heart, feared, lest his sons, in the midst of their mirth and hilarity, should have forgotten God their maker, and transgressed against him ("for the thought of foolishness is sin" *c*), therefore did he offer continually the appointed sacrifice for each, with ~~unleavened~~ stones, raised for his altar *d*, the elevated rock for his pavement, and the blue vault of heaven for his canopy *e*; and as he lifted up his heart in prayer, and beheld ascending the smoke of the ~~accepted~~ *f* victim, his mind was led on from the type to the antitype, and his eye piercing through the vista of ages to come, beheld in prophetic vision "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. *g*" In the depth of his misery he remembered *this*, and then broke from his lips that elevated strain of strong immortal faith, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." *h*.

The magnificence of its creed. The majesty, unity, omnipotence and unsearchable character of God is clearly stated,—the question is asked "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? Deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea." The clear inference from this passage is, that not a part of illimitable space is exempt from his presence and control, not an instant of eternity *past*, or to come, but what is filled and identified with his existence.* His being one "eternal now." What lofty conceptions are these of the ever blessed God. How different from the earthliness and corrupt views entertained by the most enlightened of the ancient heathen. Hence we have the most incontrovertable evidence from the book itself of its divine authority, corroborated by other parts of sacred writ, and a beautiful instance given of the boundless love and infinite compassion of our God, that though he afflicts man for his transgressions, it is not to destroy but to save. It is as a father pities and corrects his child whom he loves. *i* "Ye have heard," says St. James, "of the patience of Job, and have seen the end, or purpose of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." *j* God crowned the last days of Job with glory and honour, *k* and by *him* furnished an instance of suffering, patience, and piety to every age of the church. His history connects the three great dispensations of God, forming one complete whole, in His moral economy and government of the church. In the divine records we have the patriarchal with its beautiful simplicity. The Mosaic with its splendid and typical ritual, and prophetic announcements. The christian with its *full* developements of the infinite purposes and love of God in the gift of his Son to redeem our race; all sealed

* In addition to this, Job believed in the *atonement* of Christ,—the following passages,—“He shall stand,” and “upon the earth,” and “in my flesh (or nature) shall I see God,” clearly imply this. This shows the faith of *believers* in *all* ages to have been but *one*. See ch. 19th, 25, 26.

Texts:—*a*, ch. 42, 1st to 6th verse inclusive—*b*, ch. 1st, 4 and 5—*c*, Prov. 24, 9—*d*, Exod. 20, 24, 25—*e* Judges 6, 26—*f*, 1st Kings 18, 38—*g* Rev. 13, 8—*h* Job 19, 25, 26, 27—*i* Ps. 103, 10, 13, &c.—*j* James 5, 11—*k* Job 42, 12.

and ratified "by the blood of the Lamb," and completed and closed by the testimony of the eternal spirit; and a solemn interdict laid upon man, not to add to nor to take from the sacred canon. *a* The truth of this book being established upon so broad and unquestionable a basis, their attention was called to the astounding fact in the text, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards." First, consider the fact; secondly, the cause; thirdly, the great specific or remedy proposed by God.

First, the fact. Can any doubt it? The records of a world prove it. Look into your heart and read its sad history of the past. Where is the individual that hath not experienced suffering and sorrow? Where that heart that has not agonized and felt at times the awful pressure of outward things over which it had no control. Look at the physical causes. The storm, the tempest, and the overwhelming flood, carrying destruction and desolation in their path. See it in the thunder of God's power, tearing and uprooting the oak of the forest as a thing of nought, and laying man *low* beneath its stroke in an instant. Behold it in the mighty earthquake, engulfing entire cities with their inhabitants, and shaking whole kingdoms to their very centre. But even these are of comparatively limited extent, to those *ills* that afflict humanity. Visit that hospital! and as you pass from ward to ward, mark well the number and complexity of the diseases that prey upon our nature; and learn from that emaciated frame—that pallid cheek—that sunken eye—or that ghastly wound, the truth of the text, "that man is born to trouble." It would be well if disease were confined within such limits; but it is as extensive and wide spread as the locality of man. No country exempt—no house uninfected. Heard you that groan? It comes from the chamber of suffering! or that exceeding bitter cry! It comes from the heart of the bereaved! The death of a brother, a sister, a parent, a child, or beloved friend is recorded by its deep and plaintive note! See it on the enlarged scale in the slaughter, produced by the hostile encounter of masses of men in the battle-field! Hear it in the murderous shout of the victors, and in the dying groan of the vanquished, with their garments rolled in blood! But what are even these evils to the moral desolation of the mind?—the evils that infect the intellectual powers, from *whence* these spring as from their native source and fountain. Behold it in the diversified passions of our nature, carried to excess "in the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life," *b* drunkenness, hatred, and every evil work; as summed up in a masterly manner by the great apostle of the Gentiles in his epistle to the Galatians *c*, and their awful results terminating at times in the utter prostration of the human intellect, when man becomes an exile from society, and excluded from mingling with his kind. Here man exhibits the total wreck of his nature! Here he reaches the climax of his wretched earthly condition; and we would weep and lament over him, in the beautiful and touching language of the prophet, when he wept over Zion:—"Once the joy of the whole earth;" sitting in her widowhood and her glory departed. "How is the gold become dim? How is the fine gold changed? The precious *sons* of Zion *comparable* to *fine gold*, how are they esteemed as *earthen pitchers d.*" But the whole frame work of society proves this fact; for what is the object of all governments, or the congregation of bodies of men into kingdoms and states? But by judicious laws, suitable to each, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak,—and so to repel, or at least to alleviate, the evils common to our present state; and so wide spread, and virulent is the moral disease *e*, that general laws alone will not do; we must have particular ones,—bye-laws for communities, for cities, and for parishes, and even so inadequate are these to effect every purpose in a complex state of society, and to ward off the general ills of life, through misfortune, sickness, and death, that we have sick clubs, and *such bodies as your own*, to effect what no laws can fully accomplish,—to stem the tide of misfortune, or mitigate its sorrows—to smooth the sick pillow, and to enable the aged and infirm, calmly to descend the vale of life, and close the brief span of existence with a decent funeral.

Secondly, the cause of trouble—Surely some terrible event must have occurred in the history of man to reduce him to such a wretched condition, to subject him to such fearful consequences, as those we have been now considering. That man has done something

Texts:—a Rev. 22, 18, 19.—*b*, 1 John 2, 16.—*c*, 5, 19, 20, 21.—*d*, Lam. 1, 1, ch. 4, 1, 2.—*e*, Is. 1, 5, 6, Rom. 3, 10, 23.

which materially militates against his well being—something which affects his moral constitution, is obvious, both from his character, and circumstances—and what is that? If you examine the profane histories of the past, or the chronicles of the present, you will in vain look for a rational answer to this question; nothing appears but the most fanciful and wild conjecture—nothing but the most absurd and ridiculous fables, unworthy the attention of a rational being. The unbeliever is utterly at fault here, being unable on his own principles to account for the existence of such accumulated evils, under the government of a *good* and *all-wise* God. To deny, as some do, their existence is refuted by common and bitter experience, and to resolve them simply into the necessary results of finite, or imperfect being, cannot be admitted; for MORAL EVIL, transgression, and rebellion against God, *cannot* be proved as a *necessary consequence*! The Bible alone gives the simplest, and *only rational* account of the cause of trouble, the most consistent with the character of God, and the equity of his government. The statements of scripture are clear, and explicit on this head, observe the following:—"God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions," again, man "had corrupted his way,"—"wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned"^a. Here sin, or disobedience to God, is stated as the true, and only cause of all our woes. From hence we may learn, that it pleased God to create man a rational and intelligent being *b*, made subject to law *c*; because endowed with a capacity to understand, and a power to obey it, as such a condition is *best* adopted to *rational* existences, whereby we perceive man to be allied to a superior order of beings—even the Angels on high, who are under the moral government of God, and subject to laws as tests of obedience, by which they exhibit their gratitude and love to the ever-blessed God, and their *perfect* submission to his will. Now it must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that man being so constituted, and subject to law as a *test* of obedience, transgression, or disobedience to *that law*, was possible—was within the range of probability. We hence learn the rationality of the Scripture account, and see the infinite goodness of God, in the *simplicity* of the test to which he subjected his creature.—But one simple prohibition easy to be obeyed—one thing withheld out of the most unbounded munificence—and the penalty attached clearly announced, that there might be *no* mistake—*no* possible misapprehension—on the part of the creature *d*. This was just and gracious of our God—for God's justice is inflexible and uncompromising *e*—all his attributes *being like himself*—*infinite*; consequently not one of those attributes can be merged to suit the will or the caprice of his creature. If sin is committed against a finite being, the nature of the crime is finite; if against an infinite being, it must be infinite—it must partake of the character of the being against whom it is committed. Hence the magnitude of man's sin is infinite, because committed against an infinite God. But is it possible man, so delightfully circumstanced—so munificently endowed by his Maker—(every sense gratified to its utmost extent)—could alone, *uninfluenced* and *unabetted*, have rashly sinned against his Maker? Oh, no! And here the veil that hides eternity from view, is for an instant withdrawn, in the intimation given that sin had its origin prior to the existence of man; that it raised its hydra-headed form amongst angelic beings, and dared to invade the hallowed precincts of God's throne. Angels dared to match their power with God and fell^f; and instant as they sinned their doom was fixed, and from their "lofty stations, hurled to endless, pitiless, unmitigated woe *g*;" because the nature of their sin admitted of *no* cure, no remedy. Satan, their head and chief, thus utterly ruined and wretched in himself, desired to involve God's fair creation in his fate, and defeat, if possible, the benevolent intentions of God. Look at the scripture account of this fact. Satan first suggests the doubt respecting the infliction of the penalty attached to disobedience—"yea hath God said," and then boldly puts forth the *lie*—"ye shall *not* surely die;" adding the promise, the better to secure its *full* effect on the mind of his victim, "ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil,"^h (an awful knowledge). Thus through the desire of unhallowed knowledge and detestable pride, "first born of sin," did man fall, and bring ruin on his race. "Satan," still "the God and prince of this world *i*," exercises

Texts :—*a*, Eccles. 7, 29; Gen. 6, 12; Rom. 5, 12.—*b*, Gen. 2, 7.—*c*, Gen. 2, 16, 17.—*d*, Gen. 2, 17.—*e*, 1 Sam. 15, 29.—*f*, Jude 6; 2 Peter, 2, 4.—*g*, Rev. 20, 10.—*h*, Gen. 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c.—*i*, 2 Cor. 4, 4. and Eph. 2, 2.

a fearful and despotic sway over man; he sitteth closely by the cauldron of the human heart, to stir up its deadly sins, and give them point and direction; and when man vainly fancies he acts from himself, as a free agent, he is but made the tool of extending the dominion of Satan, and perpetuating the reign of this hateful being over himself. It is he that lights the torch of pride and passion—it is he that gives the attractive colouring to the picture of earthly pleasure—and like a skillful angler, or cunning fowler, he suits his net and bait to his prey *a*. But, blessed be God, a kingdom has been already set up, which puts a limit to his power, and is destined to extinguish it altogether *b*, and roll back the full tide of human ills upon himself, their origin and source.

Thirdly, the remedy. Having thus shewn the wretched state of man, from the physical and moral ills to which he is exposed, and the cause, through transgression, by which he has become subject to the fearful dominion of a power far superior to himself; which, though unseen, has usurped *entire* dominion over him, and subjected him to the most debasing vassalage—a vassalage of the most tyrannical and hopeless kind, arising from the utter incapacity of man now become spiritually dead—the whole springs of his nature, mental and bodily, (once so fresh and vigorous,) completely dried up. Let us next inquire into the remedy proposed.—And first, the remedy must be adequate to the disease—the curse of a broken law lay upon man; for it is stated, “In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” And again, “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.”*c* And that law, as we have seen, must be infinite in its requirements, as partaking of the character of God, who is so. The same nature that sinned must pay the debt, and man cannot help himself. Angels,* however exalted, powerful, and holy, cannot redeem him; for all the exertion of their powers, and all the devotion of their being, *cannot overstep* in the least the *demands* of the Creator upon them. *They*, then, can have nothing to pay, and from them *NOTHING* can be expected.* Where, then, are we to look for deliverance?

The state of man is wretched—his danger imminent! Behold and wonder! The Son of God undertakes our cause—“Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me to do thy will, O God.”*d* “In the councils of eternity, God, foreseeing the fall of his creature, devised with his Son the mighty and wondrous scheme of human redemption *e*—“God so loved the world”*f* (though lying in wickedness) “that he gave his only begotten Son.” The Son so delighted in man *g*, though become an apostate, that he pitied our state—for he knew it well—and in the fullness of the appointed time he assumed our nature *h*—took it up with all its infirmities, apart from its sins *i*—that in that nature he might yield absolute obedience to God’s holy law, and repair, by his obedience, the breach made between God and man *j*. He obeyed it in thought, word and deed, and *so complete* was that *obedience* that he challenged his adversaries to convict him of sin *k*. And Satan came but found not a speck in him *k*. He magnified that law and made it honorable *l*, having yielded to it the obedience of a God, and thus opened the way to a restoration. But this was not all—the fearful guilt of the past still hung over man. Man had sinned, and no subsequent obedience *m* of his could render satisfaction to the insulted Majesty of Heaven—could remove the threat of a broken law impending over man—without entire satisfaction being given; therefore did the Son of God not only come to obey, but to *subject* himself to suffering and to death, and that—“the death of the cross.”

Let us approach for an instant the hallowed scene of his unexampled sufferings, and see “if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow” *n*; and here we shall learn the cause why he was so amazed and sore troubled in the garden, when a Stephen—a Peter—and a Peter *o*, and hundreds of the first christians, gloried in the sufferings of *the*

* See Rev. 5, 3; Is. 68, 5; Mat. 26, 42; Acts 4, 12. These passages will fully bear out the above observations.

Texts:—*a*, 2 Tim. 2, 26.—*b*, 1 John, 3, 8.—*c*, Gen. 2, 17, Ezek. 18, 20.—*d*, Ps. 40, 7, Heb. 10, 7, 10.—*e*, Eph. 1, 4, 5, 9, 10, &c.—*f*, John 3, 16.—*g*, Prov. 8, 31.—*h*, Gal. 4, 4.—Heb. 2, 16.—*i*, Heb. 4, 15.—*j*, Gal. 3, 13, 58, 12; 2 Cor. 5, 12.—*k*, John 8, 46, 14, 30.—*l*, 42, 21.—*m*, Is. 64, 6.—*n*, Lam. 1, 12.—*o*, Gal. 6, 14, &c. Acts, 4, 13, ch. 7, 55, to the end.

cross, and went cheerfully into peril, and to death triumphing, in the name of Christ to the astonishment of their enemies. They endured, thus triumphing, because they were pardoned through his blood, supported by his strength, and had *no guilt to atone for*. But Jesus came expressly as the substitute of man to do this—to bear human guilt—for it is stated “the Lord laid upon him the iniquities of us all” *a*: it was this wrung from him that prayer, “if it be possible, let this cup pass from me” *b*; and such was the inconceivable agony of soul which he endured under its pressure, that “his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground.” *c* What else could be the cause of this? Here was no rugged, thorny, crown to tear his sacred brow, none of the insult and mockery of an infuriated multitude then reached his ear to oppress and bow down his spirit—as yet, the nails pierced not his sacred body—the stillness of the night was around him, and the seclusion of the garden yet uninvaded. What could it be but the accumulated guilt of a world? What but the bitter cup of suffering due to our sins poured out in full measure upon him? Behold him on the cross, and hear that cry, after enduring the scorn and contempt of his creature with the meekness of a lamb; whom he could have annihilated in an instant with the slightest putting forth of his power. What could have forced from him that bitter cry—“My God! my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” *d* but that he was “tasting death for every man”: but that the wrath of God rested upon him. The dense cloud of human guilt gathering around his devoted head, hid the face of His Father from him; whilst the fierce rays of that wrath concentrating in him, found their proper focus, and exhausted their utmost fury on his soul. Here the Redeemer’s sufferings reached their climax; and then he bowed his sacred head, and exclaimed “It is finished” *e*—then and not till then, had he rolled away human guilt; past, present, and to come—then, and not till then, had he fully satisfied the divine justice, and brought in everlasting righteousness: (attested by heaven and by earth*). And now it is freely proclaimed, “he that believeth shall be saved” *f*; by this God is just, and the justifier of him that believeth *g* in Jesus.

It was to the accomplishment of this mighty event that Job looked forward with exulting expectation *g*—an event which has changed the destiny of man from one of helpless wretchedness and misery, to that of glowing expectation, glory and triumph. An event, which, while it secured the utter destruction of the *foe*, and rescued man exhibited the justice and holiness of God in the most transcendent and glorious light *h*, an event that angels witnessed with *intense* interest, as unfolding in a manner, far, exceeding any former manifestation, the amazing love and infinite wisdom of God *i*—an event which introduced a *new order j* of things, commensurate; in *all* respects, to remedy human ill; which softens the asperities of life, and by a strict, but wholesome discipline, and a series of beautiful “formula,” prepares man for the higher and more enduring realities of a better world *k*. An event destined to unite man in *one* common brotherhood, even on earth, and to raise him finally to the higher destiny of a Son of God, and an heir of heaven; where with angels, and archangels, and the myriads of the blessed, he will reap the enjoyments of *unending* felicity, and mingle in the song of *undying* praise to God and the Lamb. “Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable *are* his judgments, and his ways *past* finding out! *l*”

To whom be glory and honor for ever and ever. AMEN.

* See the whole account of his suffering as given in the Gospels.

Texts:—*a* Is. 53, 5, 6, 7, &c.—*b*, Mat. 24, 39.—*c*, Luke 22, 44.—*d*, Mat. 27, 46.—*e*, Heb. 2, 9.—*f*, John 19, 30.—*g*, Job 19, 25, 26, 27.—*h*, Ps. 85, 10, 11.—*i*, Eph. 3, 10., 1st Peter 1, 12.—*j*, Is. 66, 22.—*k*, 2 Cor. 4, 17, 18.—*l*, Rom. 11, 33.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND.

BY MR. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace—
 Grace, that with sense and tenderness combin'd—
 To form that harmony of soul and face,
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the Maid, who, in the morn of youth,
 In virgin innocence, in Nature's pride,
 Blest with each art, which owes its charm to truth,
 Sunk in her father's fond embrace—and died.

He weeps! O, venerate the holy tear!
 Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
 The parent mourns his child upon his bier;
 The christian yields an angel to his God.

AN ACROSTIC.

GUIDE, O most sacred Truth, my pen and heart;
 Error, deceit, and flattery, hence depart.
 O! may you know how to appreciate
 Refined taste, good-sense, and talents great;—
 Gifts which from Heaven's bounty do descend;
 Employ them, then, to some important end.

Pursue fair Virtue's path thro' all your days—
 Remember whose all-seeing Eye surveys
 Your thoughts, words, deeds, and all your secret ways—
 Maintain your rank—let Wisdom be your guide—
 Embrace Religion, and in her confide.

Join not the giddy multitude in sin—
 Enter the narrow way, and walk therein.
 Never profane God's gifts to sordid use,
 Nor your good talents sinfully abuse;
 Indulge no carnal sensual appetite,
 Nor in vain companions take delight:
 Go with the wise, and you shall wiser grow—
 So shall you taste the bliss of Heaven below.

SONNET BY MR. MASON.

Written September 14, 1797.

With more than seventy summers o'er my head,
 A birthday brings a serious cast of thought—
 From the great World's experience daily bought—
 It comes by prudence to retirement led.

Yet not one plaintive tear the Muse shall shed,
 But in this day's return her voice shall raise;
 Call pious Gratitude t' inspire her lays,
 And sober Happiness around her spread.

Heaven has forbidden time to take away
 Some consolations of departing age;
 Has left me health, with feeble steps to stray
 In my trim garden's variegated bounds;
 Eyes that still love to explore the classic page,
 And power to taste the concord of sweet sounds.

ON THE FORMATION OF WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUNDS.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success :
 But we'll do more, my brethren, we'll deserve it."

THE Derby A. M. C. having resolved, without a dissenting voice, that the profits of the Magazine should be appropriated towards the formation of funds for the above charitable purpose, it behoves every one who has at heart the establishment of them (and I would ask, where is the Odd Fellow whose bosom can be callous to such a beneficent design ?) strenuously and instantly to bestir himself, and without delay to bring before his lodge and district a motion for the formation of a committee to frame regulations for the government of this long wanted and much desired Institution. It will readily be admitted that Odd Fellowship had previously provided funds wherewith to relieve the sick—to bury the dead—to succour the distressed—to extend the hand of benevolence to the traveller and the sojourner, and that it only wanted this fund as the remaining link to complete the chain of our charitable institutions.

We have amongst us individuals whom I am certain will lend a willing hand to promote the instant formation of District Committees—we have individuals amongst us who have talent to apply themselves to this good work ; and I call upon them—earnestly call and entreat them to do so. There are many amongst us who by fortune or honest industry have procured competences, and I call upon them respectfully but urgently to support an institution from which (although their widows and children will never want support) yet numerous instances will occur in which it will prove a protecting shield in the hour of adversity to the wives and orphans of their poorer and, perhaps, equally deserving brethren. I call upon every member of the Order for his support ; for where is there an individual who cannot spare his penny for the support of the widows and orphans of the departed brethren of the Order ?—Of those who in their day extended their aid to those cases of distress which came before them. I would have all to recollect, that though this is not a dry consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, but an appeal to those feelings of the human heart, of which I hope every one belonging to us is possessed. I am not so uncharitable as to suppose that any individual is to be found so callous to these feelings as to oppose the formation of funds in their respective districts ; but if any such there are, which charity forbids, I must say I do not envy their feelings or their midnight reflections. I must here observe, that those who allow the time to pass by, and do not support the measure, are guilty of the crime of omission. I am well aware there will be differences of opinion as to the way in which the necessary funds shall be collected and how they shall be applied ; but I hope that individuals will waive all *little* differences, and support the general measure of the formation of a District Fund, on principles best suited to local circumstances. All must be aware that it is next to impossible to frame a code of laws to answer all the purposes of the proposed Institution, but experience will be our guide, and a year or two will, I trust, enable us to provide sufficient for the good management of it. I know that numerous districts have formed funds, and for the information of

districts I subjoin the Rules of the Pottery and Newcastle district. I earnestly entreat the co-operation of all in support of the orphan and the widow, and will most willingly answer any questions which may be addressed on this to me, (and I trust to every one) important subject—to those willing to support the measure, I would observe, “that he who gives early, gives twice.” Allow me to subscribe myself the Order’s well-wisher,
J. S. MYERS.

Town Hall Buildings, Manchester, 26th August, 1836.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

FOR THE

POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE WIDOW AND ORPHANS’ FUND.

1st.—That an Institution be established for the relief of Widows and Orphan Children of deceased Brothers of the Manchester Order, belonging to the Pottery and Newcastle District, and shall be denominated the POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS’ FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESSED WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

2nd.—That the affairs of this Institution shall be conducted by a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee of Past Officers, who shall remain in office twelve calendar months, when they may be re-appointed or fresh ones chosen in their stead. The officers to be appointed at a district, special or quarterly committee; the members of the committee to be composed of a Past Officer or Brother, who has taken the Golden Degree, from each lodge, who shall be appointed by their own respective lodges. If either or any of the officers neglect their duties, and proof thereof be made to a district committee, he or they shall forfeit their office, and others appointed to fill up the vacancy. If any member of the committee shall be suspended, expelled, or in any other way disqualified to serve on the committee, then his lodge shall on their next lodge night appoint a fresh one in his place, and within three days after such appointment shall inform the secretary of the same, together with the newly-appointed member’s address, or in case of neglect shall be fined.

3rd.—That when application is made for relief to this Institution, such application shall be made by the lodge to which the deceased Brother belonged, who shall minutely inquire into the circumstances of the parties, and faithfully report the same to the committee. No application shall be considered which has not *previously* been before the lodge for its recommendation, such recommendation must be signed by the presiding officer of the lodge.

4th.—That all applications for relief shall be made to the president, who shall within two days from the time he received such application, give notice to the secretary, who shall summons the members of the committee to whom seven days’ notice shall be given. Any member or officer neglecting to attend after being duly summoned shall be fined unless ill, or more than miles distant from hence; and if more than half an hour later than the time for which the committee is called shall be fined. If ill, a certificate shall be sent from a surgeon or the N. G. of his lodge. Five shall be competent to act.

5th.—That if either of the officers should neglect to call the committee together when legally applied to, shall, for the first neglect, be fined five shillings, and should they be guilty of neglect a second time, shall forfeit their office. The fines to be added to the funds of the aforesaid Institution.

6th.—That the profits of the sale of the Odd Fellows’ Magazines be appropriated in assisting to raise a fund for this Institution. Any Brother not choosing to be a contributor to the Magazine shall pay such sum quarterly as shall be equivalent to the amount realized by a contributor, and that each lodge be allowed to raise any further contributions as may be required in such ways as they shall think best.

7th.—That a sum not less than fifteen pounds and not exceeding twenty pounds be placed in the hands of the Treasurer to prevent any unnecessary delay in the payment of a gift.

8th.—That lodges shall retain in their own hands all moneys raised by them for this Institution, except such sums as named in the seventh law, but that no monies so raised shall be applied for any other purpose.

9th.—That when it is found necessary to call on lodges for assistance, a rate shall be levied, so much per member, as shall meet the sum required; the secretary shall immediately inform each N. G. of the same, stating the amount voted for. Any lodge neglecting to pay the same to the treasurer, within ten days after receiving such notice, shall be fined.

10th.—That a register-book shall be kept, containing an alphabetical list of the Brothers in each lodge. The secretary of each lodge shall within fourteen days after suspension or initiation, make a return of the same to the secretary of the Institution, or be fined two shillings and sixpence; the secretary shall be empowered to inspect the books of any lodge to ascertain the correctness of such returns. The C. S. of the district shall immediately after each quarterly committee of the district furnish the secretary with a statement of the number of Brothers in each lodge.

11th.—That the committee shall be empowered to vote any sum not exceeding seven pounds as they shall consider the merits of the case requires; but that no money shall be given, except in such cases where extreme necessity requires, and then *particular* regard shall be had to the character of those who receive it, but that such articles shall be purchased for the widow as shall assist her to procure a livelihood by honest industry, either by purchasing for her a mangle, or by such other means as shall best suit her circumstances and constitution. But should the sum above stated be found insufficient in extreme cases, the quarterly or special committee of the district shall be empowered to vote such further sums as they may think fit.

12th.—That when any grant is made, it shall be the duty of the lodge who made the application to advise with, and to inquire into the proceedings and circumstances, from time to time, of the parties so relieved, and report the same to each annual committee of the district or be fined.

13th.—That when a widow and family apply for relief, a statement shall be given of their number of children, their ages and situation shall be particularized. The committee shall use their endeavours to cause the children to be sent to some Sunday-school, which the mother shall approve of, to receive instruction, and also further endeavour to see that such as are able to work shall be placed in situations wherein they may acquire habits of honesty, industry, and sobriety. And your committee cannot but hope that the time will soon arrive when this society will be enabled to take care of the education of all orphans unto a certain age, and oversee their being placed in situations.

14th.—That the committee shall hold a meeting annually, such meeting shall take place in order that their accounts, together with a report of their proceedings, may be brought before the annual committee of the district for their inspection.

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS,

I have the honor of transmitting to you the Memorial of the various Lodges in the Pottery and Newcastle District, which was unanimously adopted by a large and respectable meeting, specially convened, and which was ordered to be signed on behalf of the District, by the District Officers, and also by the Past Officers whose signatures it bears. It is also the wish of the District that you should give it publicity by inserting it in the Magazine, as it contains the fixed and unanimous determination of a District, containing one thousand members, to stand by you, and to give you their support, under all circumstances; and by all constitutional means in the legal and conscientious discharge of your duty.

By Order of the G. M.

ENOCH TURNER, Prov. C. S.

Pottery and Newcastle District, Sep. 5, 1836.

THE MEMORIAL

OF THE

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS OF THE POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Memorialists view with unfeigned regret, the base attempts that have been made by disappointed and unprincipled individuals in the Manchester District, to bring into contempt the Resolutions adopted by the Derby A. M. C., and also to sow the seeds of discord in our beloved Order. They also feel it their duty to express their disapprobation at the very disgraceful and treacherous conduct of those who have betrayed the confidence reposed in them, by giving in an illegal and in an unconstitutional manner the Purple Degree to persons unqualified to receive it. A Degree, the attainment to which they ought to have considered one of the greatest honours the Order could have conferred upon them, but which by their treachery and misconduct they have shewn themselves unworthy to have received.

Your Memorialists also view with abhorrence the cruel and malignant attempts that have been made to destroy the reputation and to injure the character of our justly esteemed C. S., Mr. Thomas Armitt, by circulating a false report, viz. that he was deficient in his accounts with the Order. The indefatigable exertions of Mr. Armitt, the correctness of his accounts as reported each successive year, by impartial auditors, and the great sacrifices he has made for the welfare of the Order, has obtained for him the deserved esteem, not only of your Memorialists but of the Order in general. These considerations, they trust, will bear him up superior to the calumnies and falsehoods of a despicable few, who would do better to follow his example than to attempt unjustly to injure his reputation.

Notwithstanding your Memorialists have to regret, that attempts have been made to sow the seeds of discord in our beloved Order, yet they feel no small degree of pleasure in expressing their entire confidence in your government, assured that while you maintain the steady, unflinching, and impartial course you have hitherto pursued, and a determination to uphold the constitution of our beloved Order, as established by the laws of Annual Moveable Committees, you will not only see the Order flourish under your fostering care, but will also see peace restored, disaffection rooted out, and the difficulties you have now to contend with removed.

Under these circumstances your Memorialists beg to assure you of their attachment to, and their zeal to promote the best interests of, the Order, and their determination to support you to the utmost of their abilities in the discharge of your arduous duties.

Signed by order, and on behalf of the Officers and Brothers of the various Lodges of the Pottery and Newcastle District, specially convened, this twenty-second day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six.

DANIEL STANAWAY, G. M.
DANIEL LAWTON, D. G. M.
ENOCH TURNER, P. C. S.
EDWARD POWELL, P. PROV. G. M.
FLETCHER MANDLEY, P. P. G. M.
WILLIAM COOK, P. PROV. G. M.
WILLIAM WELSBY, P. G.

LINES

*Written on reading the Resolutions of the Derby A. M. C., relative to the pecuniary
Loss of C. S. Thomas Armitt.*

SAY, how shall we measure and fill up the breach
Or infirmity, which hath it wrought,
Shall we feel all the precepts we hallow and teach,
And let sympathy govern each thought?

Say for one who has cherished our friendship so long,
Who amongst us has toiled life's best sunshine away,
Unsuited his honour, no interest would wrong,
Save his own, which invertedly suffer decay.

Can we feel not those lively emotions to glow,
Which gratitude yields for the virtuous mind?
Can we share not the bitter poignance of woe,
But inflict what despair threatens yet more unkind?

NO! Odd Fellowship says, from the heart, and denies
By its worth and experience alike understood,
We, its votaries, forget not, neglect or despise,
Who are honest, yet frail, but promote what is good.

There are scenes on the ocean of life,
Imperceptibly steal on our state,
That entangled 'midst quicksands of strife,
Might o'erwhelm by impotence our fate.

Be the work of Oddfellowship still to sustain
Its true dignity, and to find solace for those
Who may labour and lose, yet unchanging remain,
Though fears wound the heart, and dangers oppose.

J. E.

Nottingham, August, 1836.

BIRTHS.

March 15, 1836, the wife of P. G. John Duncan, of the Bee Hive Lodge, Preston, of a daughter.—April 27, the wife of brother Thomas Sedgwick, of the Bee Hive Lodge, Preston, of a daughter.—March 24, the wife of Host Dunkeley, of Lancaster, of a daughter.—March 29, the wife of John Wilkinson, of the same place, of twins (son and daughter).—April 28, the wife of P. Prov. D. G. M. Edw. Jackson, all of the King William IV Lodge, Lancaster.—May 3, the wife of C. S. Geo. Thompson, of the Stokesley District, of a daughter.—June 6, the wife of P. G. F. Webster, of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal of a son.—May 9, Mary, the wife of brother John Keighley, of the Mona Lodge, Douglas, Isle of Man, of a daughter.—March 19, the wife of N. G. John Sugden, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Silsden, of a son.—May 29, the wife of P. Sec. Clayton, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, of a daughter.—February 19, the wife of P. G. James Thornton, of the Beaumont Lodge, Huddersfield District, of a daughter.—January 8, the wife of brother Thomas Garner, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Stockport, of a daughter.—April 8, the wife of brother William Royle, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—May 19, the wife of P. G. Crawford, of the St. Olave's Lodge, London, of a son.—July 9, the wife of Host Samuel Packer, of the Devizes Independent Lodge, of a daughter.—July 14, the wife of Host George, of the Good Intent Lodge, of a daughter.—March 10, the wife of P. G. Pearce, of the Rock Lodge, Chichester, of a son and heir.—August 5, the wife of N. G. Virgo, of the Brunswick Lodge, of a son.—August 5, the wife of brother Lanawug, of the Brunswick Lodge, of a son.—June 1, the wife of brother Merreweather, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, of a son.—March 19, the wife of P. G. John Stevenson, of a daughter; and May 31, the wife of N. G. Wm. Goddard, of a son, both of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, Ilkiston District.—July 16, the wife of P. G. Benjamin Winwood, of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley, of a son.—August 10, the wife of N. G. Thomas Nest, of the same Lodge, of a son and heir.—August 9, the wife of N. G. Nathaniel Hopton, of the Famed Waterloo Lodge, Cookley, of a daughter.—August 5, the wife of brother Isaac Kabbury of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, of a son.—August 5, the wife of V. G. Payne, of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley, of a son and heir.—Dec. 14, 1835, the wife of P. G. George Heigh, of the Industry Lodge, Bradford, of a son.—July 13, 1836, the wife of brother Squire Fearnley, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, of a son, it being twelve years since they had one before.—July 18, the wife of P. G. James Moss, of the Good Intent Lodge, Bradford, of a son.—August 5, the wife of brother John Whitehead, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, of a son.—August 7, the wife of P. Sec. Charles Stanley, of the St. Martin's Lodge, Tunstall, of a daughter.—August 11, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Cork, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem, of a daughter.—July 29, the wife of V. G. James Leighs, of the Alfred Lodge, Fenton, of a son.—August 26, the wife of N. G. Joseph Hudson, of the Wear Mechanic Lodge, Bishop Wearmouth, of a son and heir.—June 22, the wife of G. M. Cowburn, of the Ashton under Lyne District, of a daughter.—June 7, the wife of P. G. Jackson, of the Amicable Lodge, Ashton under Lyne District, of a daughter.—July 3, the wife of brother Thomas Atkinson, of a son; and August 3, the wife of P. V. John Hodgson, of a daughter, both of the Kirby Lonsdale District.—January 8, the wife of brother Wm. Eason, of the Bagot Lodge, Abbots Bromley, of a daughter.—August 25, Hannah, the wife of N. G. Thomas Boardman, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Wigan, of a son.—July 24, Mary Ann, the wife of P. V. Robert Horrocks, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, of a son.—The wife of brother Geo. Dutton, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, of a daughter, who died the day following.

MARRIAGES.

May 5, 1836, N. G. Adcock of the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, to Miss Eliz. Hayton; and same day, brother Richard Thornton, of the Evening Star Lodge, Preston, to Miss Susannah Hayton.—April 10, P. V. Francis Sturdy to

Miss Mary Ibbetson ; and, same day, V. G. John Gibson to Miss Martha Dalton ; the two happy bridegrooms both belong to the Harmony, Knarebro'.—Sep. 8, 1834, brother Thomas Newlen to Miss Ann Walton, of Glossop.—May 28, 1835, brother Geo. Dutton to Miss Ellen Robinson, of Glossop.—January 25, 1836, brother Edward Walton to Miss Mary Nutter, of Glossop.—August 7, brother Samuel Hall, of the Favourable Design Lodge, Heywood, to Miss Mary Ann Clegg.—April 28, brother Wm. Beaulands, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Silsden, to Miss Ann Laycock, of Bradley.—May 1, at Birstall, brother John Micklethwaite, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, to Miss Blackburne, of Wyke.—May 9, at Elland, V. G. Wm. Lord, only son of P. G. Wm. Lord, of the Odd Fellows' Arms, Bridgend, to Miss Schofield, daughter of P. G. Joseph Schofield, all of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse.—On the same day, at the Parish Church, Halifax, brother Wm. Marsden, of the same Lodge, to Miss Hoyle, both of Bridgend.—April 11, P. G. Samuel Rhodes to Miss Hannah Drake : April 12, P. G. James Ackam to Miss Mary Eyres, all of the Globe Inn, Bradford.—April 3, brother Richard Johnson to Miss Mary Morris :—14th May, P. V. John Owen to Miss Elizabeth Hitchen :—June 13, brother Thomas Brown to Miss Elizabeth Onions :—June 27, brother James Hanley to Miss Martha Bennett :—July 17, brother John Lees to Miss Mary Ann Rogers ; and, same day, Prov. C. S. Richard Yeomans to Miss Ann Boston, all of the Salopian Hope Lodge, Shrewsbury.—June 27, at the Parish Church of Snaith, P. G. Whiteley of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole, to Harriet, youngest daughter of brother Samuel Peniston, of the Loyal Wallace Lodge, Selby.—July 4, at St. Ann's Church, Soho, London, brother John Daniels, of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton, to Miss Powell.—July 3, brother Geo. Weldail, painter, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole, to Miss Mary Ann Atkinson, only daughter of Mr. J. H. Atkinson, Ship Inn, High-street, Hull.—July 1, brother John Wilson, shoemaker, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Goole, to Miss Tate, second daughter of John Tate, sail-maker, both of Goole.—July 9, P. Sec. Geo. Smith, of the Brompton District, to Miss Elizabeth Williamson, of Snape, near Bedale.

DEATHS.

March 3, 1836, brother Parkin, of the Shakespeare, Durham, leaving a wife and three children to deplore his loss.—Feb., brother William Whatman, of the Loyal Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley.—April 4, the wife of brother Anderson Shaw, of the Loyal Cleveland Lodge, Stokesley.—April 25, brother Robert Blackburn, of the Flower of the Tees Lodge, Yarm.—January 23, 1836, brother John Robinson, of the Benevolent Lodge, Langthorpe, Ripon District.—July 1, P. G. Joseph Ellis, of the Hero's Glory Lodge, Horbury, in the 30th year of his age.—January 14, brother James Newton, of the Earl of Thanet Lodge, Silsden ; he has left a widow and five children who sincerely lament his loss.—July 15, P. G. James Higham of the England's Glory Lodge, Middleton ; he was the first member and the first N. G. of the Lodge, and of which he was a regular subscribing member from the 24th June, 1816, up to the day of his death.—The second daughter of C. S. Salter, of the Brighton District, of the liver complaint, aged twelve months.—April 29, brother Geo. Pilkington, of the Good Hope Lodge, Thorne.—May 16, N. G. Captain Wm. Barker, of the same Lodge. It was a melancholy coincidence, that the first named deceased was R. H. S. to the latter : they died within three weeks of each other and their graves (unintentionally on the part of the sexton) happened to be nearly side by side. Their sudden departure proved a great affliction to the lodge.—March 7, aged 63 years, P. G. M. John Bishop of the Albion Lodge, Cheltenham. His universal kindness, gentlemanly address, and urbanity of manner, render him highly respected and regretted by all that knew him.—Lately, aged four years, Joseph, son of brother George Robertshaw, of the True Brothers' Lodge, Mirfield.—April 16, in the 31st year of her age, Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Prov. G. M. Thomas Hinchcliffe, of the Faith Lodge, deeply regretted and respected by all

who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.—June 5, the wife of brother Nunn, of the Surrey Lodge, Mitcham.—July 24, the wife of brother Edward Merreweather, aged 31, and on the 19th, John Simpson, son of brother John Simpson, all of the Brompton District.—June 4, P. G. Joseph Smith, aged 23, of the Earl Grey, Ilkiston District, leaving a widow and two orphan children to lament his loss.—August 2, aged 20 years, brother John Butler, of the Lord Hill Lodge, Leominster. His remains were attended to the grave (four miles from the Lodge-house) by nearly one hundred members of the Lodge, the superior members of which were decorated with silk hat-bands and scarfs on their arrival at Kingsland, where they remained for some time, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Aymestrey, attended, and read part of the funeral service, the church being very crowded. The members of the society then moved towards the grave, where the remaining part of the impressive and beautiful service was read by the clergyman; and P. G. Willam, the worthy Past Secretary of the Lodge, afterwards delivered the funeral oration, appointed by the Manchester Annual Committee. The brothers, after paying this last tribute of respect to their deceased friend, returned to the Lodge-house, thus evincing the benevolent and kind feelings which govern this excellent Institution; although the deceased had only been initiated six months, the society (which must feel anxious that its principles should be placed in their true light) will subscribe nearly six pounds to cover the expenses of the funeral: [*From the Hereford Journal.*]

August 1, after a long and painful illness which he bore with christian resignation, P. G. Lyons, of the Victory Lodge, Bewdley. The officers and brothers of the Lodge, together with a large circle of friends, assembled to pay their last respects to him, following him to that place from whence no traveller returns—

Where he's relieved to rest his weary head,
Till rocks shall rend, and graves give up their dead.

July 11, aged seven months, Jane, only daughter of P. G. James Murgatroyd, of the Industry Lodge, Bradford.—February 26, Jane, second daughter of P. G. George Heigh, of the Industry Lodge, Bradford.—July 28, aged 57, P. G. Robert Smith, of the Industry Lodge, Bradford.—July 29, brother John Binks, aged 22, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford.—August 1, brother Edward Simpson, of the Globe Lodge, Bradford, aged 26 years. A member who was highly valued and deservedly respected in the Wesleyan Methodist Society; his remains were followed to the grave by upwards of 200 of his brethren.—July 26, brother Charles Corns, of the Alfred Lodge, Fenton.—July 16, Hannah, the wife of P. G. Mountford, of the Alfred Lodge, Fenton.—August 20, the wife of brother Croft, of the Shakespeare Lodge, Durham.—March 30, the wife of P. Sec. Saul, of Wray, leaving six small children to deplore her loss.—June 17, brother Robert Taylor, of the Lonsdale Lodge, Kirby Lonsdale.—July 12, in the 40th year of his age, P. G. William Pearson, of the Good Intent Lodge, Scotts Green, Dudley District, who was suddenly killed by a fall of coals, and has left a widow and five children to lament his loss.—April 28, James Harris, aged 36 years, awfully sudden, having fallen from a building nearly thirty feet high. He has left a disconsolate widow and four children to deplore their loss: and same day, Thomas Page, aged 38 years, he left his work well and hearty at seven o'clock, and died before eight.—April 30, Andrew Irvin, after a severe illness of three months, all of the Earl of Oxford Lodge.—January 23, 1834, James Jarvis Armitage, son of P. G. Armitage, of the Hospitality, Holthead, aged one year and seven months. August 27, 1835, Susan, daughter of Secretary Daniel Sykes, of the Earl of Dartmouth, Holthead, aged two years and four months.—February 24, the wife of brother John Wilkinson, of the Minerva Lodge, Halifax District.—March 14, brother Wm. Walker, of the Trafalgar, Halifax, aged 35.—On the 25th of August, the youngest daughter of brother Thomas Hart, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge.—August 28, John, the youngest son of N. G. Thomas Boardman, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Wigan.



Wm Gray Esq.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1836.

BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM GRAY, G. M. OF THE ORDER.

The present Number having a portrait of G. M. Gray, something is necessary to accompany it ; but our G. M. is averse to give a history of his life. Unlike some of his countrymen, he will, now at least, not publish, or cause to be published, the clan he descended from, nor give the colour of the plaid, nor a description of the cap and feather his ancestors were adorned with. The reader, will therefore, be satisfied with a brief history of his rise and progress as an Odd Fellow.

In 1826 he was initiated in the Apollo Lodge, this being a newly opened Lodge, official situations were easy of access ; it is well known that newly initiated brothers are nearly forced into office. Perhaps this is the cause that we have so many inexperienced past officers ; if that really is the case, G. M. Gray must be taken as an exception to the general rule, but let this be as it will, five Lodge-nights after his initiation, he was elected Secretary to the Lodge, a situation which he only vacated while passing through the chairs, and which he retains to this date. Our newly appointed Secretary soon perceived that the Lodge was not conducted as it should be ; he found the presiding officers paid more attention to other affairs, than to see that the Lodge-funds were appropriated to the purposes for which they were collected. Under these circumstances, G. M. Gray found himself compelled to take the additional responsibility of Treasurer to that of Secretary ; he next proved to the members, the necessity of removing to another house, they themselves saw no alternative, and at a meeting called for that purpose, it was agreed to remove to the Moulders' Arms, Chorlton-street, where the Apollo Lodge is now held. In the new Lodge-house, G. M. Gray arranged matters more systematically ; Mr. Heyward, the landlord, who was unacquainted with any of the members except with G. M. Gray, on whose word kindly advanced about thirty pounds to pay what the Lodge were indebted, which, in a short time, the members repaid with many thanks ; it is certainly foreign to the present subject, to give a history of the Apollo Lodge, but it is not possible to enumerate a man's actions, without naming the cause of them.

At the time when G. M. Gray was appointed Secretary, the Lodge consisted of twelve members, who, with the exception of himself and another, have long since ceased to be Odd Fellows ; the Lodge at that time was thirty pounds in debt, but now it can boast of 160 members, and a fund of £180, independent of outstanding debts between twenty and thirty pounds. It must be admitted on all hands, that a person who has been Secretary ten years, will, of necessity, have considerable influence ; to show into what channel that has been directed, it will be sufficient to say, that there has not been a special committee, nay, there has not been a single grievance in the Apollo Lodge since 1829 ; and even at the regular committees of the Lodge, during that period, there has been no other transactions, but the usual routine, such as settling the books, &c. except the discussion of the propriety of building an Odd Fellows' Hall, and the formation of a Widow and Orphan's Fund.

To show the sort of repute our G. M. is in with the members of the Lodge, the reader no doubt will be satisfied when he is told, that G. M. Gray was the first past officer who had a medal presented from the funds of the Lodge, and since that time he was not only very frequently deputed to the District Meetings, but to every A. M. C. held in his time—except when he was a District, or an Officer of the Order—nor should it be supposed that, through his influence, he could defeat his opponents; we can inform the reader that he never had one to any of the A. M. Cs. except once: however ambitious some of the members might have been to represent the Apollo Lodge, they retired contentedly, being satisfied that he would under no consideration neglect the welfare of the Order.

In June, 1827, the Manchester Annual District Committee elected him one of the Board of Directors. The business of the Order was, at that time, conducted at Treasurer Hodgson's, the Prince's Tavern, Tasle-street. The Board agreed to remove to a more convenient office; and, under the guidance of G. M. Gray and P. G. M. William Armitt, they pitched the tents of the Order at 45, Smithy Door. The Order at that period had no funds, and Treasurer Hodgson refused to deliver the books, until (as he said) the debt owing to him was paid. To get out of this difficulty G. M. Gray introduced Host Heyward, who not only offered to guarantee the payment of Treasurer Hodgson, but also to advance £200. or £300. to the Board. At the final settlement of the books, after much expence and delay, Treasurer Hodgson paid £6. instead of receiving £59. which he claimed.

In January, 1828, our G. M. was elected Vice President of the Funeral Fund. At the A. M. C. held at Dudley, he particularly exerted himself to alter the law, so as to compel the G. M. to act in conjunction with the Board of Directors, the want of which gave a sort of tyrannical dictatorship to that officer. One office now followed another. In January, 1829, he was appointed President of the Funeral Fund; in June following G. M. of the Manchester District; and in June, 1830, D. G. M. of the Order. In the course of this year several of the neighbouring Districts sent propositions that the C. S. should be elected at the A. M. C's. Some even anticipated the results at Derby, that all the officers of the Order should be appointed there. Some of the members of the Manchester District considered this an innovation. The majority were of another opinion, and they soon convinced the Order how willingly they could part with any thing which might be construed into undue privilege. On the Monday following, at the Manchester Annual District Meeting, Mr. Gray was elected G. M. of the Order; in addition to this he was presented with a medal, value £5. At the A. M. C. held at Bury, he was appointed on the sub-committee to revise the general laws; at Hull, owing to the discussion in the House of Commons against the oaths of secret societies, he strenuously supported the abolition of the obligation at the initiation, nor was he a silent spectator at the alterations of the lectures. At the A. M. C. at Kendal in 1835, he was on the sub-committee also. About this time he resolved to retire from official situations, very satisfied with his share in accumulating a fund of better than £3000 in eight years. But how weak is human nature—how soon does the imagination of yesterday vanish before the reality of to-day—what a proof that we are only the creatures of circumstances,—a week after he resolved gently to glide through the path of Odd Fellowship, he is imperceptibly enlisted into active service. The proceedings at Derby are so recent, that it would only waste time to recapitulate them; but before we conclude we must inform the interested or inquisitive, that the reason the Deputies at Derby so readily adopted the electing of the officers by themselves was, that even anterior to the Liverpool A. M. C. opinions were entertained that the executive government should appoint their own servants, which they accordingly did, and the officers of the Order and Board of Directors will, in future, be appointed by the A. M. C.

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS.

BY G. P. JENNINGS.

No. III.—Chaucer.—Spencer.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, was born in London in 1328. It is uncertain at what University his studies were pursued, and little is known of him till about his thirtieth year, when he was brought into the notice of Edward III, who soon showed him very great favour. There is great reason to suppose that he accompanied his warlike monarch in his expedition to France, in 1359; and this supposition is strengthened by the record of his evidence in a military court, wherein he bears testimony to an event he had witnessed in that kingdom, while in the capacity of a soldier. In this expedition he had but little opportunity for displaying any military talent, and, from the fact of his relinquishing the profession at its conclusion, it is not probable that the army was congenial to him. In 1367 he received from king Edward a pension of twenty marks per annum—equal to about £200. of modern money—and a few years after he was presented with a grant of a pitcher of wine daily, and was appointed comptroller of the customs of wool and skins in the port of London. Hitherto he had sailed with the stream, and had prosperous gales—but a sad reverse was at hand. His patron, Edward, died, and was succeeded by Richard II; Chaucer soon became extremely unpopular in the new Court; and a dispute between the Court and the city of London occurring soon after, in which he espoused the civic side, led him into great misfortunes. It is impossible, at this length of time, to state the particulars of the occurrence, but it is certain that he was arrested and committed to the Tower. He escaped from thence, and fled into France, and afterwards to Ireland. On his return to England he was again imprisoned, and is said to have had great difficulty in obtaining his release. Fortune seems, however, again to have smiled on him, and, in 1394, he obtained a pension of £20., and a grant of a ton of wine per annum; the latter being in lieu of the daily pitcher he had before enjoyed. He then retired to Woodstock, and in 1398 the king granted him a patent of protection. On the deposition of Richard, and the accession of Henry IV in 1399, his original grants and pensions were renewed; but he did not live long to enjoy them, as he died on the 25th of October, 1400, aged 72 years: he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory many years after.

Chaucer has a pre-eminent claim to rank as the founder of English poetry, from having been the first to make it the vehicle of spirited representations of life and manners; from having raised it from the rude, and almost barbarous, state in which he found it; and from introducing into it the heroic measure, or line of ten syllables, which were till then unknown. His principal works are, the Temple of Love, Troilus and Cressida, the Flower of the Leaf, and the House of Fame; but the work which will immortalize his name is the Canterbury Tales, written in his "green old age," and full of the variety of his genius, and the pathos and romance of fiction. The subject of the poem is the journey and adventures of several travellers, going on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury: the characters are numerous, and contain a specimen of every grade in society, from the haughty knight to the humble plebeian; the enumeration of them in the opening of the poem is a full, racy scene; and the object of their journey removes the improbability which might appear in grouping together so many individuals, so widely separated in rank, were they upon any other mission. The age in which Chaucer lived must be considered as the most peculiarly adapted for the purposes of a poet; for, as the light of civilization was but in its earliest dawn, the difference of rank and profession were most strongly distinguished, and the individuals moving in them were placed in the greatest possible contrast. This contrast is well supported by Chaucer in his description of the demure

prioress, the genial wife of Bath, the rude, boisterous miller, and the polished knight. His characters are not mere names to furnish apology for a story, but they rise to the sight minutely traced, profusely varied, and coloured with the closest adherence to nature; so that through the whole book, the reader seems not to hear the narration through the poet's medium, but to live and travel with the personages he describes.

In the words of a modern and elegant writer "what an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we behold in these tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or than the antiquarian can discover by the cold light of his researches! Our ancestors are restored to us, not as phantoms from the field of battle or the scaffold, but in the full enjoyment of their social existence. After 400 years have closed over the features which formed the living originals of the poet's descriptions, his pages impress the fancy with the momentary credence that they are still alive; as if time had re-built his ruins, and were re-acting the lost scenes of existence."

The great length of the "Canterbury Tales," and the connexion which runs through the whole poem, preclude the possibility of making many extracts, uniting brevity with sufficient variety to give anything like an adequate idea of our poet's rich and humorous style. I have selected the following passages from the description of the travellers previous to commencing their journey, as being the most suitable for the purpose, and my readers will have a good specimen of the phrases and language of the fourteenth century.

"Befelle, that, in that season on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay,
Ready to wander on my pilriniage
To Canterbury with devoute corage;
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compaynie
Of sondry folk, by adventure y falle*
In felowship, and pilgrimes were they alle.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved Chevalrie,
Truthe and honour, freedom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lorde's warre,
And oft-times had he ridden, no man fevre,†
As wel in Christendon as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene.
In listes thries,‡ and ay slaine his fo;
This worthy knight hade ben also
Sometime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another heathen in Turkie;
And evermore he had his sovereign's prise,§
And though that he was worthy he was wise.

There was also a nonne,|| a prioresse,
And heir smiling was full simplenesse;
And she was cleped a Madame Eglentine,
Full wel she sange the service devine;
Entuned in heir nose ful swetely,
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly. b
Ful semely heir wimple pinched was,
Heir nose tretis c, heir eyen grey as glass;
Heir mouth ful small, and heir lips soft and red,
But sikerly she had a fayre forehed.

* Fallen. † Further. ‡ Thrice. § Praise. || Nun. a Called. b Neatly. c Straight.

It was almost a spanne broade I trowe :
 For hardly she was not undergrowe.*
 Ful fetise was heir cloke as I was ware ;
 Of small corall about heir arm she bare :
 A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene,
 And thereon hung a broche of gold ful shene ;
 On which was first written a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincet omnia*.
 Another nonne also with heir hadde she,
 That was heir chappeline, and preestes thre.

The miller was a stout carl for the nonnes,
 Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones ;
 That proved wel, for over all he came,
 At wrestling he wold bere away the ram : †
 His berde as any sowe or fox was rede,
 As also was the here upon his hede ;
 And thereto brode, as though it were a spade,
 Upon the top side of his nose he hade
 A wart, and thereon stode a tuft of heres
 Rede as the bristles of a sowe's eres.
 His nose-thrills ‡ blacke were and wide ;
 A sowrd and buckler bare he by his side :
 His mouth as wide was as a forneis :
 He was a jangler, § and a goliardies, ||
 And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
 Wel could he stele corne and tollen thries ;
 And yet he had a thomb of gold parde, ¶
 A white cote and a blew hode wore he,
 A baggepipe wel could he blowe and sounne,
 A therewithall he brought us out of toune.

EDMUND SPENCER

WAS born in London, in the year 1553, and was descended from the family of the Spencers in Northamptonshire: he was educated in the University of Cambridge. In 1576 he left the University and retired to the north of England, owing, it is generally supposed, to his being unable to obtain a livelihood in the scene of his studies. In the north he became enamoured of his Rosaline, who flattered his addresses for some time, and then, spite of the sonnets the poet had addressed to her, gave her hand to a richer rival—probably the gold of the one was more attractive to the lady's eye, than the verses of the other to her ear. Having been thus twice discarded—first by his *alma mater*, and secondly by his Rosaline—he determined to repair to London, which he accordingly did in 1579; and he shortly after had the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Sidney. This great patron of learning and science became his warm advocate and friend, and presented him to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was afterwards made Poet Laureat: the remembrance of the kindness of his patron was always vivid in Spencer's memory, and it is not unlikely that his gratitude was felt with greater force when contrasted with the contumely he had previously suffered. It is generally supposed that Sir Philip was the original from whom Spencer took the character of Prince Auther, in the *Fairie Queen*; and that it was written as a mark of respect and gratitude for the many favours he had shown to the poet. About this time he published his *Shepherd's Calendar*; and in the following year he went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. He returned in 1582, and continued in London till after the death of Sir P.

*Of low stature. †The prize. ‡Nostrills. §Great talker. ||Buffoon. ¶By this expression is meant that he was as honest as the others of the same calling.

Sidney, in 1586. The following year he returned to Ireland, to take possession of a large estate of forfeited lands in the county of Cork, granted to him by the Crown, and took up his residence in the Castle of Kilcolman, which had previously belonged to the Earl of Desmond. He now resumed his great work, the *Fairie Queen*, which was published in 1590: soon after this he married a country girl; and in 1596 he again visited England, and presented to the Queen a treatise on the state of Ireland, which was published some years after: he had also an addition made to his previous grant by a pension of £50. per annum. Having again returned to Ireland, he was chosen Sheriff for the county of Cork; but, on the rebellion of Lord Tyrone, his house was burnt, and all his property destroyed: it is said that one of his children perished in the flames. He then fled to England, and continued in obscurity, if not in poverty, till his death, in 1599. In compliance with his request he was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the spot where Chaucer was interred: his funeral was attended by the most celebrated poets of the day, many of whom threw into the grave verses composed in honour of his memory;—Ben Jonson was one of his pall-bearers, and Shakspeare is said to have been another. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory by the Countess of Dorsett.

The poetical productions of Spencer are of first-rate excellence: the *Fairie Queen*, in particular, is full of beautiful imagery, and richness of expression. His *Shepherd's Calendar* passed through five editions during his life-time, and in 1750 the whole of his works were published in six volumes. As this article has already exceeded its limits, further remarks must be dispensed with, to make room for the following short extracts:—

SONG IN THE FAIRIE QUEEN.

"Behold, O man, that toilsome pains dost take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows
How they themselves do thine ensample make,
Whiles nothing envious nature there forth throws
Out of their fruitful lap; how no man knows
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,
And deck the world with their rich pompous shows:
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care;
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field,—
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,—
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour.
Lo! lo! how brave she decks her bounteous bower,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamoure;
Yet neither spins, nor cards, nor cares, nor frets,
But to her mother nature all her care she lets.

"Why then dost thou, O man, that of them all
Art lord, and eke of nature sovereign,
Wilfully make thyself a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous hours in needless pain,
Seeking for danger and adventure vain?
What boots it all to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rue, that swimming in the main,
Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitless toil, and present pleasures choose."

SONNET.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
 I wish that night the noxious day would end :
 And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
 That further seems his term still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a mile.
 So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
 But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.

TO THE G. M., THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND THE
 ORDER IN GENERAL.

WE, the Officers and Brothers of the ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE DISTRICT, assembled in *Grand Quarterly Committee*, view, with unfeigned regret, the hostile measures exhibited by certain individuals in the Manchester District, who are unworthy of the rank they held in the Society.

It is certainly surprising to see a set of men, who are bound by every tie of sincerity to be true to each other, acting a part which would be degrading to the meanest reptile upon earth ; who ought to be hooted from society, and banished where the foot of man never trod. As many of the Independent Order may not know the reason why these men act the part they do, they will not be a little surprised when they are told : God knows we never could imagine that any such men could ever have a pretension to belong to any friendly society. Their sole reason is, because they have not had the power of electing the Officers of the Order, and the Directors, as usual.

The conduct of a certain notorious individual, and his infatuated followers, (towards our G. M. and C. S. in particular,) will be held in detestation by every man of correct feeling, and insure for the parties, *if possible*, the additional contempt of all those who know them.

At such proceedings we feel justly indignant ; and we, the Officers and Brothers of the Ashton-under-Lyne District, individually and collectively, are determined by every step of justice, by every tie of friendship and humanity, and by all that is sacred, to support the G. M. and Board of Directors in the due execution of their office ; and to maintain, in spite of any evil disposed party, the laws of our Institution inviolable, and endeavour to increase (instead of diminish) that honour and reputation, which we have already so justly obtained in society.

Hoping that speedily the "sheep may be separated from the goats," and a mark of infamy set upon those who have endeavoured to disturb the peace of the Independent Order, and set at defiance our laws ; we conclude, fully assuring the G. M. and Board of Directors, that as long as they pursue the straightforward, manly conduct, which has always characterised their feelings, we will never as long as animation swells within our frames, cease to support them in their prudent undertakings.

Signed on behalf of the Ashton-under-Lyne District,

JOHN PLATT, G. M.

JOHN FRANCE, D. G. M.

JACOB WHITEHEAD, C. S.

WILLIAM AITKEN, N. G. Platoff Lodge.

Ashton-under-Lyne, November 6th, 1836.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Being deeply impressed with the importance of Sunday Schools to the rising generation, we, therefore, as members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, thought it a duty incumbent upon us, to do something in aid of the great and benevolent work of instruction to our children; we, therefore, resolved upon granting the small donation of £5. to the various Sunday Schools in our neighbourhood, which were as follows:—£2. to the National and Sunday School, Tottington; £2. to the Wesleyan Sunday School, Do.; and £1. to the Wesleyan Sunday School, Summerseat, as an earnest of our best and sincere wishes for the prosperity and welfare of these most valuable Institutions.

THOMAS GRIMSHAW, C. S.

Virtue Lodge, Turton District, Aug. 1836.

IT WILL DO FOR THE PRESENT.

This common saying does as much mischief in society, as either gin shop, or beer shop. If I hear a man, whether a farmer, a mechanic, or any other person, often repeat that saying, and appear to act from the opinion that *it will do for the present*, I rely on it he is a sloven, a drone, or something worse. I know one of these *do-for-the-present* farmers, who never effectually repairs his fences, but when a breach made, he fills it with a bush which a sheep may remove; if a rail is broke, and another is not at hand, he takes the next billet of wood, inserts one end in the post, and ties up the other with elm or heckory-bark, he says—*this will do for the present*. His cattle learn to be unruly; to remedy this evil, fetters, shackles, clogs, yokes, and what he calls pokes, are invented, and his cattle and horses are doomed to hobble about their pasture, with a hundred-weight of wood or iron machines upon their fetters and necks: the man himself, in two years, spends time enough in patching up his fences, and making fetters, to make a good effectual fence around his whole farm, which would want but very little repairing in twenty years.

In family affairs, these *do-for-the-present* folks double their necessary labour; they labour hard to put things *out of order*, and then it requires nearly the same work to put them in order again. A man uses an axe, a hoe, or a spade, and throws it down where he uses it, instead of putting it in its proper place under cover; exposed to the weather, tools do not last more than half so long as when kept housed. But this is not all. A sloven leaves the tool where he last used it, or throws it down anywhere at random; in a few days he wants it again—he has forgot where he left it; he goes to look for it; he spends, perhaps, half an hour in search of it, or walks a distance to get it—this time is lost, for it breaks in upon some other business. The loss of this small portion of time appears trifling, but slovens and sluts, incur such losses every day, and the loss of these little scraps of time determines a man's future. A man whose family expends fifty pounds a year, if he can clear five pounds a year, is a thriving man. In order to get his fifty pounds, suppose he labours ten hours in a day, in this case, if he loses an hour every day in repairing the carelessness of the day before, he loses the tenth part of his income, this is five pounds; such a man cannot thrive, he must grow poorer from want of care, of order, and of method. So it is with a woman. A neat woman, who does business quick and thoroughly, keeps things in proper order with about half the labour that a slattern employs who keeps things forever *out of order*. If a pail or kettle is used by the former, it is directly made clean, and put in its place,—when it is wanted it is ready. But a slattern uses an article, and leaves it anywhere dirty, and unfit for use another time. By-and-by it is again wanted, and cannot be found; “Mary! where did you leave the kettle?” “I han’t had the kettle; Nan had it last.” “Did you have the kettle?” “Yes, but it’s dirty.” So the kettle is found, but it is half an hour’s work to fit it for the purpose required; in the mean time, the business must lie by. Yet, this is the woman who says, when she does anything,—*oh, it will do for the present!*—PORTFOLIO.

Leeds.

TO-MORROW.

How sweet to the heart, is the thought of To-morrow,
 When hope's fairy pictures bright colours display ;
 How sweet when we can from futurity borrow,
 A balm for the grief that afflicts us To-day.

When travelling alone quite forlorn, unbefriended,
 Sweet's the thought that To-morrow my wanderings will cease ;
 That at home, then, with care sympathetic attended,
 I shall rest unmolested and slumber in peace.

Or when from the friends of my heart long divided,
 The fond expectation, with joy how replete,
 That from far distant regions, by Providence guided,
 To-morrow will see us most happily meet.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
 When with hurry and toil have my spirits oppress'd,
 What pleasure to think as the last is receding,
 To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest.

And when the vain shadows of life are retiring,
 When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight ;
 The Christian, believing, exulting, expiring,
 Beholds a To-morrow of endless delight.

But the Infidel sees no joyous To-morrow,
 Yet he knows that his moments are hastening away ;
 Poor wretch ! can he feel without heart-rending sorrow,
 That his joy, and his life, must expire with To-day.

Travellers' Friend Lodge, Skipton, Nov. 2, 1836.

W. L. GATES.

THE GRAND PROCESSION

*Of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity, held in the
 Dudley District, July 4, 1836.*

At six o'clock in the morning, the parish bells of Dudley, Tipton, and King-swinford, began their merry peals, and continued throughout the day ; at seven o'clock in the morning, the brothers began to assemble at their respective Lodge-houses, and, soon after eight o'clock, the Lodges in Dudley began the procession to Holly Hall, there they met with the neighbouring Lodges of the District, and soon after nine o'clock the procession proceeded to the Trindle and Burntree, near the town. Soon after ten o'clock, the different Lodges of the District did meet at the Trindle and Burntree, with their medals and a large number of silver regalia belonging to each Lodge, of very massive and splendid workmanship ; the flags and banners of every Lodge were beautifully painted with mottos and devices of the Order : twenty-three Lodges formed the procession from the Trindle to the parish church. At a quarter before eleven o'clock, the grand procession moved from the Trindle to Saint Thomas' Church, headed by the Rev. Mr. Henry Cartwright, vicar and magistrate, accompanied by his two curates, with our worthy friend and brother, Mr. Moss, surgeon to part of the Lodges ; the past District Officers with gold coloured scarfs, District Officers with purple, the past and present N. G.s with scarlet, the Secretaries with plaid, and the whole of the brothers with blue scarfs, and all with rosettes according to the Degrees they had taken. The brothers were all well dressed, and made a grand appearance, with a band of music at the head of each Lodge. Dudley presented a scene of pleasure never before witnessed on any occasion in that lively and spirited town : trade was suspended, and the shops in High-street were closed, and the upper windows crowded.

The inhabitants and visitors of that populous neighbourhood began to assemble in large numbers from every direction as early as ourselves to witness the procession. The greatest order prevailed, although there were about 2000 in the procession, closely enclosed by fourteen times that number on each side along High-street, greeting with their welcome smiling faces as they passed along to St. Thomas' Church. They began to enter the church five minutes before eleven o'clock, and it was past twelve o'clock before they all got seated. After hearing an excellent Sermon, by the Rev. Vicar, from the 3rd chapter of the first epistle of John and the 11th verse—"For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning that we should love one another."—Coming out of church each band placed themselves at the head of the Lodges, and the good order, so much admired in going to church, still prevailed. They proceeded to their respective Lodge-houses, where excellent dinners were provided for them. The evening was spent with the usual toasts and sentiments of the Order till a late hour, when all separated with good humour and decorum. The fineness of the day added very much to the pleasure of the assembled multitude, who congregated together to witness the scene. Such as been the feeling towards the Order since the procession, that eight applications for Dispensations was made at our last District meeting, and found worthy and granted, and a larger number expected.

P. P. G. M. JOSIAH DUDLEY.

TO THE COMMITTEE AND EDITOR OF THE ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

It was with the greatest pleasure I saw in the Magazine for March, an article "On the Advantages that would result from Odd Fellows holding their meetings in Temperance Hotels, or other places, apart from Public Houses," and I for one feel deeply interested in this subject. In my opinion, there are two or three great advantages that would result from holding our meetings in places of our own.

1. A great deal of money might be saved. Take a Lodge composed of one hundred members, and see what the collective expence will be in the course of a year; I know there are some members who seldom or never attend, and therefore spend little or nothing; at the same time, there are others who always attend, and spend a great deal. Put together those who spend little, with those who spend much, I think three half-pence per member will be about the average expenditure; at this rate we shall have the sum of £16. 5s. spent in drink every year, and in a District like our own, (Stockport) containing upwards of 1600 members, we shall have the sum of £260. spent every year in drink. Taking the number of members in the Order at 70,000, at the rate of three half-pence per member every fortnight, we shall have the enormous sum of £11,375. 0s. 0d. spent in drink every year; besides, we have our monthly and quarterly lectures and committees, where money must also be spent: and I believe several Lodges allow fourpence in liquor to their steward, for every week's money he pays the sick, so that, taking these things into account, I believe the above calculation is far below the reality. What beautiful Odd Fellows' Halls it would soon build in every District; what poor widows would it not relieve, what fatherless children would it not keep from starvation and woe! Gentlemen, this is a subject that affects my heart, and it is my firm opinion, that the whole of the above sum might be saved, if proper exertion were made; I am sure it would be pleasing if in every District we had an Odd Fellows' Hall, where we might meet to transact our business, without being forced to spend our money in drink.

2. A deal of time would be saved; the long hours our officers are forced to sit in public houses on Lodge-nights, act as a drawback upon the respectability of our Order; respectable men, persons in trade, would oftener be found to take office in our Lodges, were it not for the late hours they must attend, but the most of our members are working men, and can ill spare the little time they have to enjoy by their fire sides with their families. I have often seen when a change of officers has taken place, we

could hardly get members to fill them, and for this sole reason, they could not stay till the Lodge closed. What is the remedy? Build or hire places of our own, and then we can leave when business is comfortably finished; and, by these means, time—precious time—might be saved, and spent in the domestic circle, or in the improvement of the mind.

3. Our character would be raised in the estimation of our country. A great many thinking men consider our Lodges as drinking clubs; witness the evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons. Our Order is rising in numbers and wealth very rapidly, but in order to secure the good will of all classes of society, two things are needful,—the abandonment of all meetings in public houses, and of all *Sunday meetings* whatever; and then, in my opinion, our Order will be at the highest pitch of perfection it is possible to attain.

Trafalgar Lodge, Stockport, May 2nd, 1836.

RENOVATOR.

WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE MAGAZINE.

SIRS AND BROTHERS,

Anxious to afford the various Districts an opportunity of judging for themselves, as to the best mode of forming funds for the above benevolent design, I forward you the arrangement of the Leeds District; they are on a completely different plan to any yet formed, and deserve the serious consideration of the Unity. The scale is rather under the government tables, but this I at present, think, is satisfactorily accounted for by P. G. Alexander, the Honorary Secretary of the Leeds Committee. I am proud to say, that the Manchester District have come to an arrangement as to the essential points; and a report of which was laid before the Quarterly Committee of yesterday, praying further time, and leave to print and circulate their propositions; leave was granted, and I am in sanguine hopes, that previous to the London A. M. C. a good and satisfactory Code of Laws will be framed, so as to meet the wishes of its warmest supporters. I am, the Order's well-wisher,

Manchester, December 13th. 1836.

J. S. MYERS.

(By the kindness of P. P. D. G. M. Parson the following Copy of Rules is inserted.)

ADDRESS TO THE OFFICERS AND BROTHERS OF THE LEEDS DISTRICT OF ODD FELLOWS OF THE MANCHESTER UNITY.

GENTLEMEN,

WE, the undersigned, were chosen to form a Committee to make a Code of Laws for the government of the "Widow and Orphans' Fund"—such Code of Laws to be afterwards taken into consideration by the Lodges of the Leeds District. According to your request we have given the affair our most serious consideration, and now lay the result of our labours before you.

You will perceive that the manner of admitting members has occupied much of our attention, and that the scale of payments and receipts has been a task of no ordinary kind, inasmuch as we felt it a duty incumbent on us to make the laws on this subject as impartial as possible, which, in our opinion, could not be accomplished so well as to allow members to insure to their widow or orphans, what sum they thought proper, thereby obviating all partiality between old popular or past officers, and the most humble member of the District.

You will also see that we have taken the election of officers and their duties into consideration, which, you will be well aware, must be speculative until the defects develop themselves in practically working out the principles of the Institution, which will be a work of time and often need the pruning hook of reformation.

As to the utility of a Widow and Orphans' Fund, it would be superfluous in us to say anything in favour of so desirable an Institution after so many valuable articles have appeared in the "Magazine" on the subject. We, therefore, now leave the

result in your own hands, hoping you will receive our labours in the spirit which they have been attempted, and pause ere you condemn an Institution so well calculated to soften the grief and gladden the hearts of the widow and orphan, and thereby add one link more to the chain of Odd Fellowship, and assist you in completing the principles of benevolence for which you are so *justly famed, applauded, and beloved.*

"The blind, the lame, the sick, their bounty own'd,
While seem'd soft pity in each heart enthron'd :
No limit had they for their kindly deeds,
To plead the Widow and the Orphans' needs."

PROV. G. M. ROBERT KAY, CHAIRMAN.
P. PROV. G. M. and C. S. SAML. NORTON.
P. PROV. G. M. JOSEPH NORTON.
P. G. GEO. SEWELL.
P. G. JAMES BROWN.
P. G. JOHN HIRST.
P. G. WM. ALEXANDER, SECRETARY.

LAWS AND REGULATIONS OF THE LEEDS DISTRICT ODD FELLOWS' WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLUTION 1.—That no Member or Members, Lodge or Lodges, be compelled to join the "Widow and Orphans' Fund"—but that all members, and the Lodges in the Leeds District, are hereby requested to become subscribers to the aforesaid Fund.

2.—That members of the Leeds District of Independent Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, may enter the Widow and Orphans' Fund by paying one shilling each before the Quarterly District Meeting, to be held in March, 1837, and be six months before free; but if he or they neglect to enter before the aforesaid meeting—the admission fee to rise one shilling per year after the age of thirty-five, and no member shall be allowed to enter that is above forty-five years of age, after the last Monday in December, 1837; nor shall any member be allowed to enter, except he is in good health, and can bring his register and a surgeon's certificate to that effect, if required.

3.—That any member bringing a card or clearance from any District that has a Widow and Orphans' Fund, and joining this District, he shall be allowed to become a member of this Fund on the following terms, viz:—If under forty-five years of age, by paying one shilling and sixpence; above forty-five years of age, two shillings and sixpence (providing the District Widow and Orphans' Fund where he has come from will receive our brothers on the same conditions, and he brings a clearance from the Widow and Orphans' Fund he has left); but if any person joining this District, from a District that has not established a Widow and Orphans' Fund, such brother shall only be admitted on the same terms as any new member.

4.—That if any member of this Fund draw his card or clearance from his Lodge, and throw the same into any Lodge in another District, he shall not be entitled to the benefits of this Fund; but if any member has drawn his card for the purpose of travelling in search of employment, he shall be entitled the same as any other member if he causes his contributions to be paid, and has not thrown his card into any Lodge in another District.

5.—That the Secretary of this Fund shall keep a register of the names, ages, trade, and residence of every member of this Fund: he shall also keep a Committee book, in which shall be recorded the resolutions of the Committee, and another book in which shall be entered the receipts and disbursements of the Committee of the Widow and Orphans' Fund: he shall likewise receive from the C. S. of the District the whole of the Magazines taken by the officers and brothers of the Leeds District, and distribute the same to their respective Lodges, and receive the money for the

same, and pay to the Treasurer of the District the cost price, and place the profits into the bank according to the 18th law.

6.—That all members entering the Widow and Orphans' Fund after the Quarterly March District Meeting, 1837, shall be twelve months from the time of entering, or paying their entrance money, before they shall be free and entitled to the benefits of the said Fund.

7.—That no member shall be entitled to the benefits, or considered financial in this Fund except he be financial in his Lodge; and any member neglecting to be clear on the books of this Institution once in every six months, shall, for every such neglect, suspend himself from the benefits for three months from the time he pays up his arrears; and should any member neglect to pay his contributions for twelve months, he shall not again be admitted on any other conditions but as a new member.

8.—That no member be entitled to the benefits of the Fund, unless he leaves a widow, or orphan children under sixteen years of age, or orphans incapable of providing for themselves, through natural or accidental causes, over which they had no control; nor shall the widow of any member receive any benefit from this Fund, unless they were living together at the time of such member's death.

9.—That the members of the Order of Odd Fellows of the M. U. having entered the Widow and Orphans' Fund belonging to the Leeds District, may insure to their widow or orphans the sum of £7. 10s., by paying 2s. per annum in quarterly payments, or £10. by paying 2s. 11d.; or £15. by paying 3s. 5d.; or £20. by paying 5s. 11d.; if, at the time of entering, their ages do not exceed 25 years; and for further information on this subject we refer you to the scale of payments, receipts, and ages, which are all calculated accordingly; but we wish you to understand 11d. will be allowed to every member that takes a Magazine towards the sums laid down in the scale; for instance, a member that is 24 years of age wants to insure £10. to his widow, he will have sixpence per quarter to pay, and take the Magazine, or 2s. 11d. per annum and not take the Magazine; £20. the highest sum to be insured for.

10.—That there shall be appointed by each Lodge, a person to act as Secretary to their members belonging to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, such person to take charge of the Magazines from the Secretary of the said Fund, and keep a clear account between the officers and brothers and the Widow and Orphans' Fund, his Lodge to provide a book for that purpose—he shall also make an entry of the names and ages of the wife and children of the members of his Lodge that are in the Fund, and pay all money he receives into the funds of his Lodge each Lodge night.

11.—That the following be the form of certificate required from the officers of any Lodge making a demand for any money due at the death of any member of the Widow and Orphans' Fund:—This is to certify, that _____ is dead, and that he was a free member of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and that his Widow or Orphans are entitled to the sum of _____ in consequence of such member's death, which took place on the _____ day of _____ in the year of our Lord _____. In witness whereof we have affixed our hands and the seal of our Lodge, this _____ day of _____ in this year of our Lord _____

Seal of Lodge.

(Signed)

12.—That when a member dies the elective officers of his Lodge, shall, on ascertaining the fact, together with the date of his death, sign a certificate to that effect, which shall be forwarded to the Secretary of the Fund; and the Secretary shall, on the receipt of each certificate legally signed, and finding the deceased good on the books of the Fund, draw a cheque upon the bank for his assurance money, which cheque shall be afterwards signed by one of the trustees, and after receiving such signatures it shall be sufficient authority for the bankers to pay the money to the person holding the same.

13.—That all money due at the death of a member of this Fund be paid on receiving a proper certificate, and not in weekly payments; the Secretary not to sign a cheque for the payment of any money without first receiving a proper certificate.—Should he neglect to obtain such certificate, he will subject himself to be dealt with as the Yearly Meeting may think proper; the Secretary shall likewise draw up a balance sheet of all receipts and disbursements, such balance sheet to be printed annually, and

one copy sent to each Lodge ; the Committee to have power to order or not any number to be printed for sale to the members of the Fund.

14.—That a Treasurer, Secretary, three Trustees, and Committee, be appointed by the Annual District Meeting to conduct the business of the Widow and Orphans' Fund : to continue in office twelve months, such officers to be subscribing members of the said Fund ; and should any of the said Committee die, or be returned bad to the Fund, or behave in any manner so as to incur the censure of the Committee or his Lodge, his Lodge shall appoint another in his stead, (and any member of the Committee shall serve again if re-elected.)

15.—That the Annual District Meeting appoint a President and Vice President, the G. M. and D. G. M. of the District be prohibited for the time they are in office from serving any office of this Fund ; the President, or Vice President in his absence, may call a Committee at any time he may see urgent necessity for the same to be called ; the President and Vice to have one shilling each, and Committee-men sixpence each for their attendance ; the President and Vice shall order good behaviour and decorum at all Committee Meetings of this Institution, and the same fines shall be inflicted in case of improper behaviour as if in open Lodge of the Order.

16.—That there shall be held annually, on the last Thursday in January in each and every year, at five o'clock in the evening, at such place as the Yearly District Meeting may think proper, a Meeting of Delegates and the Officers of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, for the purpose of altering or amending the laws of the Widow and Orphans' Fund—the outgoing officers to preside ; no person to be elected to office of President, Vice, Secretary, Treasurer, or Trustees, without he sends in a certificate stating the office he intends to stand poll for to the Annual Meeting of the District before business commences, and no Delegate be allowed to sit but such as are subscribers to the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

17.—That the Secretary of this Fund give security for £50. in two sureties, such sureties to be approved of by the Trustees of this Institution, and he shall lay before the Auditors his balance sheet of the receipts and disbursements of the last twelve months, such balance sheet, after having been audited, declared correct, and signed by the Auditors, shall be signed by the President before leaving office ; the Secretary's salary to be 5 per cent on the security given for the first quarter, viz : 12s. 6d. ; but should he find this sum insufficient to pay him for his labour, he shall lay the same before the ensuing Quarterly Meeting for their consideration.

18.—That all money on account of this Society shall be paid to the Secretary, and shall by him be placed in the bank to the credit of the Trustees of this Institution, at least once in each and every quarter, and that all moneys on account of this Society be paid by the bank on receiving a cheque signed by any of the Trustees.

19.—That there shall be appointed by the Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, on their first meeting night after coming into office, two qualified persons as Auditors for the Institution, who shall audit the ensuing twelve months' accounts previous to the same being laid before the next Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphans' Fund ; such Auditors' remuneration to be taken into consideration by the Yearly Meeting.

20.—That all propositions for altering, amending, or making new Laws of this Fund, shall first be sanctioned by a majority of the members of this Fund in some Lodge, such members to be subscribing members of the Lodge, and belonging to the Widow and Orphans' Fund ; no other members to be allowed to vote. And after so passing, they shall be signed by the officers of the Lodge, and then sent to the Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, and no proposition for altering or amending the Laws will be entertained but what are in strict conformity with the aforesaid.

21.—That should any dispute occur concerning these Laws, or other matters belonging to the Widow and Orphans' Fund, which the Laws do not specify, between the President, Vice, Secretary, or any other members, which they cannot conveniently settle, the same shall be referred to three parties, belonging to this Fund, on each side ; and if they cannot settle the same, the said parties shall call in another, who shall be considered as umpire. and whose decision shall be final and conclusive.

OF
THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND, LEEDS DISTRICT,
UNTIL THE MARCH QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE DISTRICT, IN 1837.

Entrance s. d.	Age.	Annual Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium		
		s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.
1 0	18 to 25	2 0	7 10	2 11	10	3 9	12 10	4 5	15	5 3	17 10	5 11	20			
1 0	25 to 30	2 9	7 10	3 5	10	4 3	12 10	5 0	15	5 9	17 10	6 11	20			
1 0	30 to 35	3 3	7 10	3 11	10	4 9	12 10	5 11	15	6 8	17 10	7 11	20			
1 0	35 to 40	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
1 0	40 to 45	4 3	7 10	4 11	10	5 9	12 10	7 5	15	8 3	17 10	9 11	20			

SECOND SCALE, &c., TO BE ACTED UPON AFTER MARCH, 1837.

Entrance s. d.	Age.	Annual Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium			To insure Annual thesum of Premium		
		s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.	s. d.	£. s.	s. d.
2 0	36	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
3 0	37	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
4 0	38	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
5 0	39	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
6 0	40	3 9	7 10	4 5	10	5 3	12 10	6 8	15	7 5	17 10	8 11	20			
7 0	41	4 3	7 10	4 11	10	5 9	12 10	7 5	15	8 3	17 10	9 11	20			
8 0	42	4 3	7 10	4 11	10	5 9	12 10	7 5	15	8 3	17 10	9 11	20			
9 0	43	4 3	7 10	4 11	10	5 9	12 10	7 5	15	8 3	17 10	9 11	20			
10 0	44	4 3	7 10	4 11	10	5 9	12 10	7 5	15	8 3	17 10	9 11	20			

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS,

At a Special Meeting, convened by desire of the Quarterly Lecture, and with the sanction of the Oldham District Officers, held the 20th day of November, at the house of P. V. William Ainsworth, host of the Violet of the Valley Lodge house, *it was unanimously agreed upon*,—That an Address should be presented to the G. M., D. G. M., C. S., and Book-keeper of the Order, and such of the Board of Directors as are at this time acting for the welfare of the Order at large. It is also the wish of the District that you give it a place in the next Magazine, as containing the desire and the determination of the Oldham District to stand or fall by the laws established by the A. M. C.

WILLIAM PATTERSON. P. P. G. M. and C. S.

*November 20th, 1836.*THE ADDRESS OF THE OFFICERS AND BROTHERS OF THE
OLDHAM DISTRICT.

It is with feelings of sorrow and regret that we see, at this time, so much envy, so much discord and ill-feeling existing, where all should be peace and good-will towards each other. You, to whom the whole Order is looking up for the support and maintenance of those laws which have raised the Independent Order high above others in the estimation of all thinking persons. At a time like the present it is the duty of every District—and, we may add, of every Odd Fellow—to stand forward and support the Officers of the Order in their arduous duty, so long as they continue to act for the general good, and to preserve those laws inviolable which have raised them to the present station they now hold in society, and to resist and expose, as far as lies in your power, all such base and unmanly attempts at laying open the secrets of the Order, but more particularly that of the PURPLE DEGREE, which every Odd Fellow ought to be proud in receiving and maintaining, and the man that can thus solemnly receive that Degree and make it known to others not qualified, ought to be for ever expelled the society of well-meaning men, and to pass the remainder of his days in obscurity and oblivion. But rest assured while you pursue the same steady and impartial course you have so far done, with a determination to persevere in the same, as established by the Laws of A. M. C.s, you will receive the sanction and support of a District containing upwards of 2700 members; and we also further hope that you will resist every attempt at having the Books of the Order re-audited, after having been proved, each year, correct, by men of the most consummate talents, and in whom the Deputies could place the most unbounded confidence for their honesty and integrity, as such a course would not only tend to cast odium and reproach upon the individuals thus selected by the Deputies at the A. M. C. but likewise upon the C. S. of the Order, whose steady and unflinching conduct, during a long series of years, may be imitated but never excelled. Therefore relying on your honesty and integrity, we hope that the seeds of discord will soon be dispelled, and our valuable and beloved Order will again shine forth in all its ancient beauty and utility.

Signed, by order and on the behalf the DISTRICT and the COMMITTEE, appointed this 20th day of November, 1836,

RICHARD LEES, PROV. G. M.

JOSEPH WORMALL, PROV. D. G. M.

WILLIAM PATTERSON, P. PROV. G. M. & C. S.

JAMES TAYLOR, P. PROV. G. M.

JOHN BRADLEY, P. PROV. G. M.

WILLIAM CORLESS, P. PROV. G. M.

JOHN SUTCLIFFE, P. G.

JONATHAN SLATER, P. G.

ESSAY ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCEPTICISM.

BY ALFRED SMITH.

BEFORE entering upon the few considerations which this subject has suggested to me, it will be proper to observe, that by the word 'Scepticism' you must not understand the peculiar tenets of that School of Philosophy of which Pyrrho was the founder, and which was opposed to the Dogmatists. I am not going to drag before you the exploded absurdities of the non-existence of all things, and the impracticability of ascertaining and defining the actual being of any objects; nor to present you with the ten great arguments upon which this very unsatisfactory system was built and supported. Neither do I use the word in that opprobrious and modern sense which divines and religious men have invested it with—assimilating, confounding and identifying the sceptic with the infidel, and torturing, in the curling irons of custom, a negative state of mind to a positive and deliberate rejection of, or dissent from, the peculiar doctrines of our sacred and revealed religion.

(Confining the use of the word 'Scepticism' to its original and legitimate meaning, I would characterize by it that morbid indecision of mind—that feeble and wavering uncertainty of determination—which, to the enquirer after truth, is so painful in itself, and so paralyzing to the energies of the intellect.

There is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable, in the history of the human mind, than the well-known circumstance that two men of equal education and intelligence, with similar candour of intention and intensity of application, with equal opportunities, "means and appliances to boot," shall arrive at different—sometimes, indeed, very opposite—conclusions, after the investigation of a given subject. In theology, in law, in medicine—nay, in the views taken of the common occurrences of life—this is equally true, and men of the greatest ability, and most disinterested character, differ, *tofo celo*, in opinion—the result of sober, candid, and industrious research. The enquirer, anxious to consult the highest and most acknowledged authorities on the science he is cultivating, applies with eagerness to one of them. He is directed. Firm after film of darkness falls from his astonished eyes; the rough becomes smooth; the lofty and impassable mountain becomes a level plain; and the deep, and miry, and dark pits, in his path, are filled up and covered with flowers. He congratulates himself on having consulted so able a preceptor, and goes on his way rejoicing. Nothing now remains but the acquirement of collateral confirmation, and he betakes himself to the works of another great master. But if the first was a great light, the second is a great extinguisher. He begins by demolishing, step by step, the arguments and deductions of his predecessor—convicts him of misapprehension here, and misrepresentation there—of exaggerating here, and diminishing there; and ends by exploding his theories as erroneous, and stigmatizing his application of them as unsatisfactory or injurious. Behold the perplexity of our student! Again the mists of doubt and darkness settle upon his mind; again mountains rise, and precipices yawn; and his distracted and wavering mind, like Noah's dove, can find no sure footing in the wilderness.

If he follow out the investigation into the works of the "*Servum picus*"—the swarms of second-rate writers; he finds them imitators and partizans of one or the other; copying their defects at least; perplexing the matter with fresh absurdities; and adding to it, perhaps, the thorns and briars of personal or party rancour.

If our student be one of powerful and original mind—thinking, as did his first preceptor, for himself; if he weighs, compares, and carefully appropriates the chief arguments of each; he, perhaps, finds the result of the whole, with the addition of his own knowledge, leading him to results different from either. He becomes then a dissenter from both, to be, in the like manner, consulted by new aspirants, and to be, like them, the founder of a new school, and followed by a similar herd of disciples and imitators. Or else—stopping short of this—he remains bewildered and perplexed; the pros and the cons are so nearly balanced that his mind can incline absolutely to neither side, and he becomes—*quoad that science*—"a sceptic," or a doubter. If, on the other hand, he be a man of weak judgment and ardent temperament—if he be easily dazzled with splendour of style, or seduced by specious plausibility of argument—

very often his feelings become enlisted on the one side or the other ; they bias and controul his judgment ; a kind of personal connection springs up between him and the author whose theories he has embraced ; he becomes a hot and violent partizan and admirer of the one, and as bitter and violent an opponent of the other. Then he begins to dislike and despise those who impugn the authority of his favourite ; investigation is at an end ; and, remaining nearly as ignorant as when he set out, he has learned, at least, to condemn and deride, when he should have been silent and docile. This man is now fitted for an acrid controversialist ; but, as a philosopher, he is lost for ever.

Our present business, however, is with the Sceptic, and I will present him to you under another form :

If it were always possible that, in our searches after truth, the intellectual should be the only faculties exercised—which is about as much as to say, if man were a purely intellectual, and not an animal, being—then the species of sceptic, whom I am about notice, would have no existence but in my imagination. If, indeed, the human mind could arrive at a period of sufficient power and energy to undertake and conduct a process of acquiring and arranging information—of making fair and clear deductions from it, and thus constructing theories solely from the pure materials of untainted and unalloyed truth—if, I say, it could arrive at a period capable of all this, without having previously collected an atom of prejudice or prepossession—without having contracted the least bias—without having gone through, or being placed in, circumstances which might seem to make this or that termination necessary or desirable—if no tinge of preconceived notion colour the telescope or the microscope through which he has to view the distant or minute atoms which have to make up the mass of his structure of knowledge and conviction—then, indeed, would philosophy be pure and defined—then would her truths be clear, and dazzling, and splendid as the noon-day sun in his glory—then would doubt and mystery, and error, and disputation vanish from our catalogue of human evils, and all “agree in the same thing.” But this golden age of philosophy has yet to come, and come it never can “till this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality ;” until our animal nature shall be merged in our spiritual ; and, unfettered by weakness, undimmed by prejudice, and unscared by phantoms, the mental eye of man shall range in bright and fearless liberty over the splendid works of his Creator.

In the mean time, we are the creatures of a thousand shifting and controlling circumstances. We are feathers tost hither and thither on the fluctuating waves of time, and, like the landsman who first ventures on the heaving bosom of the ocean, each new position serves but to increase our difficulties and confusion. Our reason—that noble and much-vaunted faculty, the only and the great instrument by which we can properly and profitably conduct our studies—is utterly at the mercy of our bodily sensations. A child can kick it from its throne for a season—a little wine can drown its perceptions and powers—an aching tooth interfere with its application and accuracy—and ten thousand nothings, arising out of the circumstances of place, time, education, or habit, warp, hinder, or confound its most important operations. With these considerations uppermost in our minds, we can have no difficulty in understanding the position of the man who, with the purest intentions, applies himself to the object of his pursuit. For months (it may be years) he follows the narrow path of patient and attentive study. He fixes his eyes upon what *he conceives to be* the great landmarks of known and admitted truth ; and, with what he believes the most unbiassed candour, he gives to each object in the landscape its appropriate name and importance. But the path becomes more and more rough and thorny—more dark and desolate. Every step is more painful than the last, and he finds himself entering upon a vast and dreadful wilderness, amid the howling of wild beasts and contention of the elements. He recedes in terror. On another side smiles a devious, but flowery and beautiful track, leading, it may be, to a sunshiny and happy land where no fear is ; and, repelled by the one, whose claims on his attention he has not yet learned to deny ; attracted by the other, whose charms he yet suspects to be injurious or deceitful, he stands between the two an undecided “sceptic.”

This, it is true, is metaphor, but it is, perhaps, the only way in which I could have at all shadowed forth that state of mind which I wish to describe.

There may be another shade of the same mental character. A man's natural temperament, pursuits, interests, or associations may so mingle with and influence the whole complexion of an intellectual capacity, originally powerful and excellent, and thus, without being able to obliterate, may distort or confuse the grand and leading features of truth so as to leave him in perplexity and doubt. Too much intimidated to follow out the process of reasoning with boldness and decision, yet too firmly convinced of the soundness of the principles he has already acquired, or too much seduced by the arguments he has admitted to retreat from or disavow them.

Further—There appears to me to exist, in the minds of some men, a kind of morbid indecision—a want, as it were, of tone and energy—which, as if it were bodily, it would incapacitate him from feats of strength, so, as it is mental, disqualifies him from the resolute adoption of any opinions. It is an irresolute and negative state of mind, which undecidably suspends the judgment; which, equally attracted on all sides, remains, somewhat like Mahomet's coffin, equidistant from all conclusions.

This kind of sceptic is not the sort of person generally characterized as "weak-minded." No—the weak-minded man either implicitly follows the lead of a more powerful one, or is tost about with every new and shifting gust of argument. He either never thinks for himself at all; never, on his account, examines the grounds of opinions at all, but pins his faith upon some other man's sleeve; or else, his vacillating convictions are always at the service of the next claimant. Of such a person it is evident nothing can be made, still less is he fit to be the leader of a sect. But the desultory and unstrung sceptic, whom I have endeavoured to describe, finds many to admire his irresolution as prudent caution, and his scepticism as philosophical distrust. If he be a man of sparkling wit and pleasing style; if, especially, as such men often do, he add the graces of poetry to his other literary charms, he is immediately the idol of an enraptured coterie—the "hot-pressed darling" of innumerable sentimentalists. The writings of such a man, when you read them, seem to be a collection of the lucubrations of a hundred different kinds of authors. Each part is something distinct from the rest. He is outrageous in this, that, and the other particular, as this, that, or the other humour happens to prevail; but, considered as a whole, like the acid and alkaline drugs in the chemist's shop, one set of opinions neutralizes and nullifies another, till the mixture of all is insipidity, doubt, and confusion.

The last, and by tenfold the most numerous class of sceptics, which I intend to notice, may be represented by the man who either possesses no ability, or no inclination to think for himself. Abandoning himself, perhaps, to those sensual and animal pleasures which blunt the delicacy and blight the energy of the mental functions; and ambitious, at the same time, of such distinction as may be derived from the affectation of singularity of opinion in important matters; he catches hold of some of the leading doctrines of the master-minds in scepticism, and professes himself dissatisfied with the evidence which he has never examined, and refuses his assent to truths which he has never investigated. He is loud and noisy in his declamations against those who, he says, are misled by prejudices, allured by hopes, or influenced by fears. He professes contempt of authority; boasts of that right of individual and self-dependant judgment which he could never exercise; and affects to treat with scorn and derision those who do neither entertain nor avow the bold and singular sentiments which he has adopted. This species of sceptic (if he be worthy the name) is to be known from others by the clamorous boast—the loud denunciation—the sarcastic sneer—in short, by all the insignia of an unquiet and frivolous mind; discontented with his own hastily formed and ill-digested creed, he is restless to impugn and discredit the sincerity of others; and feeling no sweet approbation in his own conscience, is ever anxious to disturb the peace of his neighbour.

Such are the rapid and imperfectly delineated outlines of a few varieties of the Genus Sceptic which the present opportunity enables me to trace, though it will neither allow me to fill up the sketches, nor to multiply the portraits. One or two considerations, which appear naturally to rise out of the subject, shall close the Essay.

Difficult as it is to apprehend and to analyse the workings of the human mind, and, little analogous as they are to the functions of material organization, it may be disputed whether it is, as the body is acknowledged to be, the subject, if not the slave, of habit. Whether the thoughts and feelings, accustomed to run in the same channels,

do or do not, *therefore*, lead generally to similar results ; or whether a kind of innate and constitutional bias predisposes men to their respective mental characters, may be an interesting subject of inquiry to the speculative metaphysician. That one or the other fact is true, must be acknowledged by every one who is at all accustomed to observe the marked distinctions of individual tone and complexion of mind. We seldom hesitate to conjecture—and we generally conjecture very accurately—what will be the opinion and conduct of two or more acquaintances in a given juncture of circumstances. Now if, as I incline to believe, the mind is influenced by habit, and its reasonings and decisions are apt to glide into the path they have been accustomed to pursue, we may understand how doubt or scepticism in one thing may lead to the same effect in many, until the result of the whole is an uncertain and tremulous (if I may be allowed the expression) indecision in the persons I have attempted to describe.

If any lesson may be learned from this very intricate subject, it is, perhaps, that, with the exception of the last noticed, none of the sceptics referred to should be the objects of our disrespect, and none of our persecution. The moral of this, as of all other fairly-conducted investigations of the physical and spiritual history of man, points to the same grand deduction—*Charity in judgment, and Benevolence in action*. No matter in what science, or from what era in the science, a man may set out—if he follow the path with honesty and attention, *here* is the grand termination of his researches—*this* is the delightful haven at which he is sure to arrive. *If he arrive not here, it is invariably because there was something vicious or incorrect in the profession of his studies, and he may be assured that where he lost sight of Charity, at that very point he lost sight of Truth.*

Ripon. July 11, 1836.

A SERMON

*Preached in the Parish Church of All-Hallows, Almondbury, before the Lodge,
No. 429, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows,*

BY THE REV. JOHN COATES,

Incumbent Curate of Longwood, in the Parish of Huddersfield.

Two are better than one ; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow ; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up. ECCLESIASTES ch. iv, ver. 9 and 10.

It requires no great observation or acquaintance with human affairs to convince us, that many purposes and designs are effected by societies better than by individuals.—This remark is confirmed by the frequent practice of mankind, as well as by the Holy Scriptures. On looking around us, we see men associating for the advancement of trade, of pleasures, of religion, and even for the furtherance of open wickedness ; so sensible are they of the advantage of united strength, of acting in a body in any cause in which they may embark. But I am, at present, to confine myself to that kind of society, the immediate object of which is to promote the temporal ease and comfort of individuals by relieving their distresses. Associations for temporal purposes, when well conducted and properly regulated, besides answering the end immediately intended by them, may have a happy influence on the morals. They have a great tendency to soften the mind and civilize the manners. They who live much to themselves, and seldom converse with their fellow-creatures, naturally contract a degree of moroseness and self-sufficiency ; but a little intercourse with mankind lets them see that they are only like other men. While they stand at a distance, their thoughts are very much taken up with themselves, and they are apt to dwell much upon their supposed good qualities, and to overlook their evils and defects ; for they have few or none near them to compare themselves with, whose better examples and greater knowledge, might convince them of their own errors and imperfections. Thus they become confirmed in an obstinate

and self-sufficient spirit, in a habit of thinking themselves wiser, and more knowing than others; and, of consequence, in a proud aversion to be indebted to others, for any assistance or any good they are in need of; whereas, a little free and friendly communication with those about them, so far as opportunity and innocence permit, would have a tendency to humble them, by giving them to see that other men have virtues equal and superior to theirs, and that they themselves have failings in common with the rest of the world. Society opens the contracted heart, and enlarges narrow conceptions; it infuses generous and manly ideas into the grovelling mind; it raises the abject, and encourages the desponding; it disperses the gloom of melancholy, and imparts fresh life and vigour to those who are dispirited with difficulty or opposition; it checks the haughtiness of the rich and great, by letting them see that they are but men; and while it gives comfort to the poor by imparting to them the blessings due to them as men, it shews the necessity and usefulness of different gradations of rank, and the subordination that is due to superiors. Good society shames vice, and it strengthens the hands of virtue; it greatly befriends the cause of humanity, and is a strong barrier against that savageness and barbarism, in which many of our fellow-creatures in different parts of the world, are wretchedly involved.

The reason why some are enemies to civil society, is, that it deprives them of their liberty. This it certainly does, if by liberty is meant, a power of acting with impunity in every respect, as their own inclinations lead them. Man's natural will and disposition are so depraved, that they must be laid under restrictions, otherwise the world would be thrown into the utmost disorder and confusion; there would be little peace and comfort, and no security to be enjoyed. So that if a man, by becoming a member of society at large, be obliged to give up part of his liberty, it is only to partake of greater privileges than he could otherwise possibly possess. He is necessitated to lay down what would be his hurt, his disgrace, his ruin, for the sake of advantages, which, when properly estimated and improved, constitute his glory and happiness as a rational creature.

"In associations where the property of different persons is mixed together for the sake of mutual interest, each is concerned for the welfare of the other; because the prosperity of the whole depends upon the health and good conduct of the whole. So that in this case, a virtue (as it were) arises out of necessity; by a frequent mutual intercourse, a mutual good-will is established, and unfriendly minds become, in some degree, ameliorated and humanized."

Before I proceed with the subject which has called us together to-day, I shall make one or two observations on the objections which some advance against secret Orders. It is very justly stated in the preface to the book of laws for the regulation of the Society of Odd Fellows, that "it is but too common to find that mankind are generally led to condemn what they do not properly understand, and either through prejudice or ignorance, neglect to pay that attention to principle which it necessarily requires. How, then, are they qualified to determine upon its merits? Hence, has originated all that illiberal censure, abuse, and contempt hitherto thrown upon Odd Fellows." Again, it is stated that this society "is of more extensive utility than a Benefit Society, which only relieves the few individuals who are in immediate connexion with it; but an Odd Fellow, let him come from what part of the country he may, if he is distressed, has an equal claim to protection and assistance, and by its happy effect, is rendered comfortable in his travels." He leaves home in search of employment; he travels some distance, finds himself in pecuniary need, and perhaps wants a friend to put him in the way of procuring work; he arrives at a town, and sends in his card or travelling certificate to the proper officer. So far this mode may be imitated by one not a member. But an engraver or printer may have reserved some of these certificates for his own purposes, and forged certain names as officers; or the bearer may have stolen it from a member. How is this to be discovered? The traveller undergoes an examination; the sign and counter-sign are demanded,—the password is required, which being changed at stated periods, renders it very improbable that any deception should take place. Moreover, with these signs and pass-words, a lecture or dialogue is connected, by which a stranger is very soon detected; this lecture being committed to memory, requires frequent practice in the repetition of it, so that an open meeting would attract those whose curiosity, or perhaps worse motives, might induce to witness the proceedings.

It has also been objected, that these secret meetings may be made subservient to religious or political mischief. Do those who make this objection consider that love-feasts, band and class meetings, are private, and equally liable to censure.*

I come now to the more immediate object of the day, the general principles of a society, formed for the relief of the sick, which principles may be reduced to three heads; upon each of which I shall make a few remarks.

I.—The first of these principles is that of BENEVOLENCE. It must be acknowledged, that in this Society, as well as in many others, sufficient proof of benevolence has been given in this neighbourhood.† The contributors to its fund have, for many years, had the satisfaction of seeing their intentions turned to good account. Compassion to the distressed, when it springs from right motives, is very strongly recommended in scripture, and is certainly very pleasing to Him, whose “mercy is over all His works;” who “maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.” It is written that “God delighteth in mercy,” he delighteth in shewing mercy to his creatures, and in seeing them exercise it one toward another; but let us remember, that “without faith, it is impossible to please God.” It is the motive which makes even a good action pleasing or displeasing to God. When charity proceeds from ostentation, we may be sure its motive is corrupt, and it will meet with no acceptance from God; for the usefulness of the action can certainly make no atonement for the badness of the motive from which it springs. And, if charity presume to take the place of the righteousness of Christ, and be pleaded as a meritorious cause of our justification before God, it will serve to increase our condemnation. This is too frequently the case; but what can be more dishonourable to Him, who offered up his own life as a sacrifice to God, that we sinners might be justified by His blood? Let us not entertain one thought of doing anything by way of recommending ourselves to the favour of God, whom it is not possible for us to approach, but by that “new and living way which Jesus Christ hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, his flesh.” For St. Paul, eminent as he was for piety and usefulness, yet durst not mention anything that he had done or possessed, with a view of securing the favour of God thereby, but, as it were, lays himself and all his, in the dust, and begs that he may “be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.” And he openly declares in his own name, and in the name of all the saints that ever lived, “by whom also (that is by Christ, and by no other way) we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand.”

Religion, then, should lay the foundation of every society, and should regulate its principles. It is the religion of faith that sets benevolence and every social virtue on its right ground, and thereby gives it strength and permanency. Religion is a living powerful thing, without which it will be difficult to observe the divine command, “Be not weary in well-doing.” It is the love of God, engrafted into the soul by His Holy Spirit, that gives the most genuine and real concern for the condition of those about us. This “love is the fulfilling of the law,” and produces abundantly the “fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.” It makes a man “rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.” Actuated by this noble principle, he reduces to practice the Apostolic exhortation, “He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that sheweth mercy with cheerfulness.” He is not charitable to avoid singularity, or the reproach of niggardliness; but in humble obedience to the command of God, whom he loves, and to whose service he himself, and all his substance, are devoted. When St. Paul and his fellow-labourers were raising a contribution among the Corinthians, for the relief of the poor Saints which were in Judea, he speaks of them in very strong terms of commendation for their readiness in this work; and what I mean particularly to recommend to *your* attention and imitation, my brethren, is that part of their example noticed by the Apostle—“*They first gave their own-selves to the Lord.*” They gave up their souls and bodies

* Mr. Bromley should have ruminated a little upon this, before he so hastily condemned all secret orders.

† It is worthy of consideration, how much the householder and occupier of land is benefited by these Institutions, in the reduction of the poor's-rate.

to be used for his glory, and hence it was that their charitable contributions were accounted "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God."

II.—The second principle I would take notice of, as necessary to the support and usefulness of a benevolent Society, is that which they, who expect benefit from it, should act upon. It is that which manifests itself in habits of TEMPERANCE, PRUDENCE, HONESTY, FRUGALITY, and INDUSTRY. To encourage these virtues is, I trust, one design of the Society of Odd Fellows. Your own words seem to shew it. "Let us, by a uniform consistency of conduct, and a steady perseverance in the Order, preserve its dignity unsullied. Let each study to know and respect* himself, convinced that he who violates it must so far degrade his character, as to forfeit all confidence that he will act fairly to another. Let us not be contented with the bare knowledge of a sound system of morality, but become living examples to others." By rule 35th it is ordered, "That if any brother be convicted of felony or fraud, or any other disgraceful crime, or follows any evil, wicked, or notorious practice, contrary to law, or use any unlawful means in procuring a livelihood—if proof be made thereof within twelve months after committing such acts—he shall be expelled."—Now it is certain that moral virtues are essential to the Christian character. For though the spring of all real goodness is the love of God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; though in order to be a true christian, a man must have the life of God infused into his soul by the Holy Spirit; yet no man, that understands his Bible, can suppose that he may be a follower of Jesus Christ, and at the same time allow himself in habits of intemperance, extravagance, dishonesty, or idleness. They who do so are certainly very unworthy members of any society. Let every one, therefore, who wishes to be benefitted by the Institution now present, consider this well. They who break through the rules of sobriety and moderation, who give way to excess, either in food to gratify a worse than beastly appetite, or in apparel to feed a sinful vanity, are not only offenders against God, not only ruining their immortal souls, but involving themselves in many present difficulties and distresses. Health is a most desirable blessing, and temperance contributes greatly to it. Whereas habitual excess either in meat or drink, by being attended, almost unavoidably, with pains and diseases, destroys the comforts of life, and renders a person totally unfit for death.

With Temperance is connected Prudence and Frugality. They who are prudent in the management of their affairs, and redeem the needless expences of folly and vanity, are the better able to bear the burden of their contributions. Especially if to Prudence they join Industry. To these the burden is very light. While they, who can work, waste their precious time in idleness or trifling, or lay out the fruits of their labour in a foolish and imprudent manner, have nothing to spare to lay by against a time of sickness, so that, when they are disabled from providing for themselves, they will, perhaps, be reduced to very great want and necessity, will be obliged to draw hard from the funds of the Society to which they belong, or subsist on the scanty allowance of some poor relation or friend, or perhaps on the equally scanty allowance of the parish to which they belong. Now it may be hoped that the very idea of having something every week or month to save out of their earnings, to lay up in a common stock for future use, may be a spur to diligence, and a motive to prudent care. "Let ours also learn to maintain good works for necessary uses," says the Apostle. The same authority which gave this command, also enjoins, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." They are utterly unworthy of the christian name, and a scandal to any christian society, who do not observe this precept, whose principles and practice are dishonest. But one might suppose, that if any were under a temptation to a dishonest action, the idea of their being connected with a body of men, by whose rules immorality is condemned, and who have it in their power to expel them from their Society for such conduct, would operate as a check to them under all such temptations.

III.—To proceed to the third principle, which is another corner-stone to the existence and welfare of Benevolent Societies, and that is, ATTENTION TO THE SICK. This is a duty, the diligent and conscientious observance of which St. James considers a part of holy religion—"Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is

*The writer has taken the liberty of substituting the word *respect* for *love*. Self-love is natural to every one, while too few respect themselves.

this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." And a greater that St. James makes it one part of the character of those who should be "blessed of his Father, and inherit the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world"—"I was sick, and ye visited me." Here, then, a fine opportunity presents itself to those who have the glory of God at heart, who love His Word, and have a tender christian concern for their neighbour's good. If your hearts are right with God—if you are truly humble—if you have a sincere love to your neighbour—you will none of you think attention to the sick beneath you, you will not think it too much trouble, especially you who are not much engaged with family concerns, as to have no leisure for such a work. I should think that a serious-minded man would rather be glad of it, as affording an opportunity of putting in practise one eminent branch of pure and undefiled religion; in a time of sickness you will often find an ear open to seasonable reproof, instruction, or advice, if shut at other times. And you may find it a blessing to your own souls. At the same time remember, that when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ comes to judgment, the wilful neglect of this duty will be brought forward by way of accusation against the wicked, "I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not."

There is one more advantage attending Societies established for the relief of the sick, which I must not omit to mention. A labouring man, by having a supply afforded in time of sickness, will be relieved, in some measure, from anxious cares; this must be allowed to be a very great advantage in the hour of affliction. When a man is rendered incapable of providing for his own and his family's wants, what a weight of care must lie upon the mind, and add double weight to his disorder; and this perhaps (though without sufficient reason) might be used as a plea for inattention to spiritual matters, but by seasonable relief this plea will, in some degree, be done away. The mind will be unburdened of part of its care about the things of this life, and left more at liberty to attend to the concerns of the soul, and of an eternal world. What a pleasure it must give to a truly benevolent mind, to be instrumental to so good a work! Herein appears the truth of Solomon's words, "Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labour; for if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth, for he hath not another to help him up."

My brethren, in concluding these few remarks on the duties of Benevolence, Morality, and Attention to the Sick, suffer a word of exhortation. I would earnestly recommend you to act up to the spirit of your Motto—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH. Let Truth—especially the Truth of God's word—reign on your lips, and in your hearts and lives; Love—especially the Love of God—dwell in your affections; and Friendship, not only to your brotherhood, but to all your neighbours. Then will you be not only good members of your own Order, but of society at large. Guard against peevish and quarrelsome tempers, tattling and backbiting, and any expressions or conduct that may disturb good order. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." May you always act up to the Apostle's direction to Titus: "Put them in mind to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men." In the exercise of benevolence, in the regulating of your religious and moral conduct, and in attention to the sick, be mindful of God's all-seeing eye, one of your own emblematic figures; that eye nothing can escape,—that eye is every where present. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? says the royal Psalmist, "or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." Notwithstanding this infinite presence of God, how prone is man to abuse the means of grace, and to live as if no eye could dive into the utmost recesses of his heart. But let him be ever so negligent, ever so indifferent to the things that concern his everlasting peace, there is an eye, whether man believe it or not, that is privy to every transaction of his life, every thought of his heart. Then, my brethren, live in the fear and reverence of that divine eye, that when your appointed hour is come you may be ready. At all seasons, in every moment, be mindful of the presence of God, of your accountableness to him for your faithfulness and your temper in all your dealings, of the uncertainty of life, of health, and of all human affairs. The frequency of sudden death is a proof how little security there is in this world, and shews you the necessity of living by faith, of laying up

treasure in heaven, where neither moth corrupteth, nor thief approacheth; but while you exert yourselves for the support of your families, and the relief of your sick brethren, above all things seek the favour of God, and depend on him for every needful blessing.

To His favour and blessing I commend you, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AN ACT OF REAL CHARITY.

July 24th, being a very cold, wet and stormy morning, a man was found in a dying state on the hills, in a road leading from the Junction Inn, in Saddleworth, to Huddersfield, formerly much travelled, but now rendered almost useless. When seen, he was lying on his back in a senseless state; he was immediately conveyed back to the nearest house, and every effort used to restore animation. It was some hours after redoubled exertions on the part of the good people of the house and others, before any signs of life appeared; he then began to sob, still he could not speak. They then searched his pockets and found the June Magazine along with his clearance. It was soon made known to some of the officers and brothers of the Clothiers Lodge, held at the Junction Inn; they, with becoming alacrity, hastened to the place, recognized him as a brother, and, like the good Samaritan of old, gave orders that every thing should be done for him that was necessary, and they would pay all expences. The same day, the Oldham District Officers returning from the opening of the Ripponden District, called at the Junction Inn, and was told that a man was lying in that state, and that his clearance was a month old. We went to the place and found him asleep, but still he had not spoken. The first thing I saw was the June Magazine, which convinced me the man had been to his Lodge very lately; the G. M. looked at his clearance, and found that he had only drawn it the night before in Stockport. Thus, by the Brotherly affection and charitable exertion of Odd Fellows, was a human creature rescued from an untimely grave, restored again to his friends and family. Thus is charity the source of all good actions; the man still lives to bless the day that ever he became an Independent Odd Fellow. Yours,

P. PROV. G. M. WM. PATTERSON, C. S.

Oldham, Aug. 4th, 1836.

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

"As it is painful to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow to see any of his brethren profane, or break through, the secret rules of the Order," that pain is much increased when such members, in addition, are guilty of fraud and dishonesty, and it is much to be lamented that scarcely the Quarterly Minutes are published but there are several expulsions of members for defrauding Lodges, Districts, &c.

It would, indeed, be a happy occurrence, and tend greatly to the advancement of Odd Fellowship, if its rules and regulations were more strictly acted upon, and each member "did unto others as he would wish others to do unto him;" but, alas! there are "infected sheep in every flock," and it is always a painful duty to punish offenders for a violation of the laws of our excellent Institution by expulsion, and to publish their names, and the nature of their offence, to all other Lodges, through the medium of the Quarterly Minutes; nor does it appear that this has a sufficient tendency to prevent the commission of fraud and dishonesty. As a P. G. of the Order, in the profession of the law, and most anxious to do all in my power for the good and welfare of the Order, I have taken the liberty of addressing you upon this subject.

It has heretofore been considered that any persons forming themselves into a society—benefit, or otherwise—*could not punish* their Secretary, Treasurer, or other per-

son, for embezzling, or applying moneys to his own use, belonging to the Society, inasmuch as part of those moneys belonged to such delinquent as a member of that Society. But the law, in that respect, has lately been explained by the decision of the twelve Judges, in the case of a man belonging to several benefit Societies, who was convicted at the last March Assizes for Warwick for embezzling the moneys of certain Societies of which he was also a member. An objection was taken by his counsel on the grounds I have stated, and judgment was deferred until the last Summer Assizes for Warwick, when Mr. Baron Bolland delivered the opinion of the twelve Judges, by stating that the prisoner *being a member of the different Societies he had defrauded did not make any difference in the nature of his offence, and he therefore sentenced him to seven years' transportation.*

A case of fraud of a similar description has recently occurred at the Spring of Love Lodge, Derby, by the late N. G. and Treasurer pro. tem. of it, (Geo Robottom,) and although the Lodge have tried every means to obtain the money, and have been treated with abuse and unpleasantness, and been told that he would never pay a penny of it, and that the Lodge could not make him, they have had no alternative but to expel him for the offence. But on my communicating to the Lodge, about a week ago, the decision of the twelve Judges, pronounced at Warwick, and considering the conduct of Robottom, towards a young Lodge, highly reprehensible and dishonest, I advised them to let the G. M. of the District and some of their members call upon him for the payment of the money, and state their determination to prosecute him for the offence; and I am happy to state that such a step has had the desired effect, for his father has joined him in a note of hand for the money, payable by five shillings per fortnight.

The Spring of Love Lodge have requested me to communicate these facts to you in the hope that you will direct them to appear in your next Magazine, of which I am a subscriber, that the Unity may know that we are protected by the laws of our country from acts of dishonesty by its members. Sincerely hoping that this may operate as a warning to the many sad examples we have had, prevent a recurrence of them, and teach every Odd Fellow that "honesty is the best policy," I remain, with great respect, very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM BALL,

Derby, August 29, 1836.

P. G. of the Philanthropic Lodge, Uttoxeter.

P. S.—I must not forget to say that the conduct of G. M. Dunn, of the Derby District, and the other officers attending him on this occasion, was most consistent and praiseworthy, and proves that they are Odd Fellows, not only in name, but in truth. Robottom has paid the first instalment.

THE SUNDAY WATER-PARTY.

In a village near town, on the banks of the Thames,
There liv'd a good couple—(I mention no names)—
This pair, you must know, had a son they called Ned,
And he to the trade of a Grocer was bred;
As good-humoured a fellow as ever I knew,
And in honour and honesty equall'd by few.
At church he was constant and always well-drest,
And of the psalm-singers 'twas thought he sung best.
Ned's person was neat, and his manners polite,
So the shop was well crowded from morning till night:
His master, who drew near the end of his life,
Had determin'd to give him his daughter to wife;
And Nancy was pretty, and good—and, 'twas said,
Had long look'd with an eye of affection on Ned.

About this time it happen'd some hard-drinking folk
Form'd a Club, at the sign of "King Charles in the Oak,"

To drink and to smoke, and of politics prate,
 And, tho' drunken themselves, to take care of the State;
 And tho' times were so hard, and provisions so dear,
 Their newspapers cost them six guineas a year.
 Of this Club a young fellow named Jack was the head,
 A clerk to a lawyer, next neighbour to Ned;
 For his wit and his humour admir'd and caress'd,
 Tho' his morals and conduct were none of the best.
 He was civil to Ned, and whenever they met
 Tried to coax and to wheedle him into the set;
 By what arts he prevail'd 'twould be tedious to tell,
 Suffice it to say—he succeeded too well!

Soon a wonderful change this new company made,
 Ned neglected his church, and neglected his trade;
 He quickly became a deep politician,
 Swore the nation was in the high road to perdition;
 Was eager to find out the faults of the Throne,
 The Lords and the Commons—*but never his own!*
 He first learn'd to omit, then to ridicule prayer,
 To laugh at his Bible, to drink, and to swear!
 So alter'd he was, you could scarce think it true
 'Twas the same honest good-humoured Ned that you knew.
 His master in anger declared they must part,
 And Nancy's pale face told the grief of her heart;
 His parents reprov'd him again and again,
 But advice and reproof were repeated in vain.

At times his convictions and sorrows were deep,
 But a song or a bumper laid conscience to sleep;
 While the feelings of virtue still left were repress'd
 By the dread of a laugh or an infidel jest;
 How many a soul has been ruin'd thro' fear,
 Regardless of God, tho' afraid of a sneer!

The party had met on a Saturday night,
 They had pretty well drank, and their spirits were light,
 When Jack thus harangued them "Before we must move
 "I've a plan to propose, which I hope you'll approve:
 "To-morrow is Sunday, a dull tiresome day,
 "When we're neither permitted to work nor to play;
 "Yet trust me I'll find you no bad recreation,
 "In spite of the law, or the king's proclamation,
 "For a trip on the water to Richmond I vote,
 "I'll treat you to dinner, and find you a boat;
 "As for you who persist in frequenting the church,
 "Do for once leave the parson and clerk in the lurch."
 The rest of the party agreed with delight,
 The plan was arrang'd, and they parted that night.

In the morning betimes they assembled again,
 The boat was prepar'd, and they set sail at ten.
 The church-bell now summoned the party to pray'r,
 Ned heard, and he sigh'd, and he long'd to be there:
 Jack perceived it and said, "What a pity it is,
 "Thou wilt never get rid of that sanctified phiz;
 "I see you are troubled with one of your qualms,
 "So I'll sing you a song, Ned, instead of the psalms."
 Then he sung of the folly and madness of thinking
 Of the pleasures of love, and the pleasures of drinking;
 That 'tis wisdom to cast away trouble and sorrow,
 To be merry to-day, and not think of to-morrow.

"'Tis foolish," says Ned, "but I cannot but say
 "I wish I were not of this party to-day;
 "I am not very fond of the water I own,
 "On a Sunday so often I've accidents known;
 "I was once superstitious, and fancied it then
 "A judgment from God, and a warning to men."
 "Nay, pri'ther," says Jack, "make an end of such cant,
 "I'd rather by half hear a Methodist rant;
 "Every Sunday that's fine I go the year round,
 "And you see, Mr. Ned, I have never been drown'd;
 "But if sometimes it happens why tell me, I pray,
 "Of all the days in the year should it happen to-day?"
 He embellish'd his speech with many a curse,
 With which I don't choose to embellish my verse.

By such reasoning as this, Ned, asham'd of his fear,
 Tried as thoughtless and merry as Jack to appear;
 The spring just returning with new foliage was crowned,
 And the landscape was lovely and blooming around:
 For nature, like man, in her holiday vest,
 Seem'd to hail with delight a new sabbath of rest.
 Inspir'd by such seasons, the Christian will raise
 His part in the general Chorus of Praise;
 And the wonders of nature will louder applaud,
 When he traces her steps to her Maker and God: -
 But frigid and tasteless the Infidel's mind,
 Is not form'd to partake of a joy so refin'd,—
 Tho' his idol is nature, her power is unknown,
 The blind worshipper bows to a stock or a stone.

Our party ne'er meddled with this train of thinking,
 Their thoughts were engag'd about eating and drinking,
 For the high hill of Richmond stood full in their view,
 And they soon reach'd the bridge, where they landed at two.
 They made haste to the inn where they'd settled to dine,
 I've forgot, tho' I once heard the name of the sign;
 From the landlord they met with a welcome most hearty,
 When he saw his friend Jack at the head of the party.
 "These," says Jack, "are some friends whom I've promis'd to treat,
 "You can give us, I hope, a good dinner to eat,"
 I'll provide," says the landlord, "the best I am able,
 "A good surloin of beef just fit for the table;
 "It was dress'd for ourselves, but 'tis yours if you please,
 "Tho' my wife and my children must eat bread and cheese.
 "But 'tis fair if I give up my dinner to you,
 "You should e'en with my beef take my company too."

The terms were accepted, the table-cloth laid,
 And the surloin soon fell beneath many a blade;
 Then came pipes and tobacco, and wine too in plenty,
 And a large bowl of punch fill'd as often as empty:
 The toast and the bottle past merrily round,
 And care and reflection in bumpers were drown'd.
 The landlord who plainly perceiv'd their condition,
 Said civilly, "Gentlemen, give me permission,
 "To entreat you to stay and take supper and beds,
 "You'll be better, I think, with a house o'er your heads;
 "You may see that it threatens a storm before night,
 "And you cannot, I'm sure, reach home while 'tis light:
 "If you don't like the quarters you're in, I'll engage
 "To send back the boat, if you'll go by the stage."

Jack replied, "we have laid too much liquor within
 "To fear any without tho' drench'd to the akin;
 "As for danger, I scorn it, and all cowards too,—
 "As for fear,—'tis a vice this heart never knew!
 "A few heavy heads without loss may be sunk,
 "I could swim like a duck, whether sober or drunk;
 "Let those who suspect their pates are of lead,
 "Stay like cowards behind, and sneak snugly to bed."
 Then he call'd for the bill, and the reck'ning was paid,
 And each half-drunk hero exclaim'd,—"who's afraid?"
 One only, less bold or less drunk than the rest,
 Said, "he thought that the landlord advis'd for the best,"
 And, unmov'd by the jeers of the party combin'd,
 Declar'd he would sup, and would sleep where he'd dined.

They soon re-embark'd, tho' it blew a fresh gale,
 And in spite of persuasion, Jack hoisted the sail;
 'Twas not long ere the storm that had threaten'd drew nigh,
 And clouds of thick darkness envelop'd the sky:
 Th' Almighty insulted, commission'd the storm,
 His power to assert, and His vengeance perform.

Next morning we heard the whole party were drown'd,
 Too sadly confirm'd when their bodies were found;
 I was present when all in one grave were interr'd,
 And the heart-rending sighs of their parents I heard.
 The old couple, weigh'd down by affliction, are dead,
 And Nancy still weeps for the loss of her Ned.

These few simple facts, thus told without art,
 Need no labour'd moral to speak to the heart;
 Yet indulge me a moment, my friends, while I mention
 A few hints, which I think you'll find worth your attention.

To rest from our labours, the goodness of heaven
 Has kindly provided us one day in seven;
 And He who forbade us to work on this day,
 Never meant us to spend it in folly or play.
 Dost thou grudge Him, who gives thee the rest of thy days,
 This one set apart to his glory and praise?
 Know, thy good is the object and end of the plan,
 Here the Glory of God is the service of man;
 Improves him in piety, virtue, and worth,
 And begins the employment of heaven upon earth.

'Tis a singular instance of man's depravation,
 That he, the most favor'd of God's whole creation,
 To win the low fame of a vulgar applause,
 Should dishonor his Maker, and scoff at His laws.

Though fair is her face, and enticing her tongue,
 Unbelief is from vice and from ignorance sprung!
 Say—what is the sum of the Infidel's gains,
 When exulting he loosens to pleasure the reins,
 To riot in vice that enfeebles and cloya,
 And leaves a sharp sting to embitter his joys?
 While vainly he strives to prove Religion a lie,
 He lives without hope,—in despair he will die.

In the Infidel's sight, and when view'd thro' his fears,
 How deform'd and how gloomy religion appears!
 Strip off the disguise, and her visage how bright!
 How easy her yoke, and her burden how light.

Are you happy? Oh! thank the great Giver above!
 Are you wretched? Oh! fly to the Fountain of Love!
 You're a sinner,—the greatest of sinners,—'tis true,
 Yet try, and you'll find there is mercy for you;
 But presume not, O sinner, on mercy alone,
 Lo! Justice and Judgment attend on His Throne!
 Tho' the Thunders may sleep, and the Light'nings be still,
 They awake at God's Summons, and fly at His Will;
 And the wretch who has trifl'd with mercy shall know,
 That His Judgments are sure, tho' His Anger is slow.

(COMMUNICATED BY ALFRED SMITH.)

Ripon, August, 1836.

THE VISIONS OF HASSAN.

The day faded into twilight; the flowers ceased to look upon the sun; the bulbul poured his notes of melody unto the star of the evening; and sleep stole over the sorrows and weariness of the universe. But while the eyes of a world were closed, Hassan the destitute woke to grief and meditated on despair. "This morning," exclaimed he, "I was great amongst the greatest, a prince among princes, an eagle on a rock; but mid-day saw me in the hands of mine enemies, as a gazelle struck by the falcon; and evening beholds me as a wandering star, as the genii torch which is hurled into the vacancy of night: cast down from my throne, exiled from my land, wandering I know not whither. O Alla! Alla! great is thy wisdom, and merciful thy providence; suffer not my heart to blaspheme, nor my soul to doubt that thou art the Highest." Thus saying, Hassan cast himself upon the earth, and groaned in the bitterness of his misery. While he lay thus prostrate and grovelling like a slave upon the ground, he heard a voice, like thunder, echoing through the mountain. "Hassan!" said a voice, "weak child of clay, humbled in thy career of pride, dost thou murmur that God hath chastised thee? Now look into the valley before thee, and say, what dost thou see?" Hassan raised his head and looked into the valley. "I see," replied he, "a great stream, and there is a cloud at its source, and a whirlpool at its conclusion, so that I see not from whence it comes. neither behold I whereunto it goeth." "That," said the voice, "is the stream of life. The cloud is the time of man's birth. Beyond is the eternity past. The whirlpool is the time of man's death, and beyond is the eternity to come. All must float from the one to the other, and what man shall say that his lot is harder than another? for death is a cup of which all must taste, and life is a trial which all must endure. Therefore is God good from the beginning even unto the end. Now bow down thy head unto the earth, give praise unto Alla, and then look into the valley once more." Hassan did as he was commanded. "And now what seest thou?" said the voice. "I see," answered Hassan, "a cottage and a palace; and there is above them both a fearful storm of lightning and thunder; and, lo! the bolt strikes the palace, and the cottage is untouched." "That palace," said the voice, "is prosperity, and that cottage is adversity. The lightning strikes the proud and passes by the humble, and glory is due to God, for his name is the Impartial. And again, what dost thou behold?" "I see," said Hassan, "a large nest upon a high place, and in it there lies a young bird. A fox approaches the nest, and the young bird is destroyed; and now behold an eagle drops upon the fox, and it also is no more." "Thou shalt not hurt the smallest," said the voice, "lest the greatest frown upon thee; nor shalt thou injure the weakest, for the strongest beholds thine actions; and glory is due to God, for his justice is retributive. Now bow down thine head and pray, that thou mayest be able to endure." And Hassan prayed. "Once more, what dost thou behold?" "It is my capital city in flames," said Hassan with a firm voice; "and I see my palace crumbling in the fire, and I see a woman striving to escape;" and the voice of Hassan became weak, as with great fear. "O Alla! save her," cried he; "it is her I have injured! it is Zelekah! it is my beloved!" And he started forward to snatch her from the flames; but as he was about to plunge over the edge of

the precipice, his arm was caught by one behind him. The vision passed away, and the valley once more relapsed into the darkness of night. Hassan turned round, and by the trembling light of the stars, beheld a man of venerable years and benevolent deportment. Hassan was about to speak, but the old man commanded him to listen; and Hassan instantly remembered the voice he had before heard. "Listen unto me," said the old man, "for what thou hast seen is all a vision. Thy capital city sleeps in peace: but it is no longer thine. Thy palace still stands in its strength; but thou art an exile from its walls. Thy Zelekah, lives secure; but thou has lost her by thine own passions. I am thy good genius, and hadst thou before listened to my voice, thou wouldst have been even now the lord of a fair land; the master of a willing people; the bridegroom of thy beloved. When thou soughtest first the love of Zelekah, the cottage girl, did not a voice remind thee, that thou hadst vowed to wed the daughter of the Caliph, and none but her; and did it not whisper, that though without vice thou mightest sacrifice thine ambition to thy passion, it was criminal to break thine oath, and dishonourable to forget thy promise; and when thou didst carry away by force the girl that loved thee well but loved virtue better, did not the same voice say, 'Thou art acting wrong; thou art misusing the power of a prince; thou art violating the rights of thy people?' Man, man! must thy good genius ever speak in thunder to make thee hear?" Hassan hid his eyes with his hands, and the geni went on. "Thou art punished by the loss of thy throne; thou art punished by the loss of thy beloved: but still more shalt thou be punished, by hearing that Zelekah, the cottage girl, was the daughter of the Caliph,—was thy promised bride—whom the wisdom of her father had absented from the too great splendour of his Court." "Alla! Alla!" cried Hassan; "deeply, but justly hast thou chastised my wickedness." "There is peace," said the geni, "in repentance. It is still in thy power to retrieve thy fortunes, and thou shalt ever be wiser from thy sorrows. Go, and remember, that when thou thinkest thyself most alone, then is the eye of God upon thee, and that every bad deed incurreth the wrath of Him to whom the greatest sovereign of the earth is but as a worm, yea, less than the meanest of insects. That God himself is good, and by no means will he endure evil."

Hassan cast himself at the feet of the geni; but when he raised his eyes, the old man was no longer there, and he found himself lonely on the brink of the precipice; but, nevertheless, his heart was much lightened, and his mind was calm; and, instead of yielding to despair, he now prepared for whatever fortune could inflict, or constancy endure; and laying himself down, sleep came over his eyes, and lulled the sorrows of his heart. The morning was bright in the east; the sun-beams wandered over the hills; the flowers perfumed the early breeze; the woods were melodious with the warbling of the birds; and creation was animated with the wakening hum of life; when Hassan woke from his slumber, chastened by adversity, and strengthened by repose. "When," said he, "when have I, on the glittering alcove, resting on softness and surrounded by luxury, when have I tasted of calm so unbroken, and sleep so grateful, as on this barren rock, unguarded by any but by Providence, and unseen but by the eye of the Almighty?" And kneeling towards Mecca, he said the prayer of the morning. When he concluded, he rose, and descended into the valley below, by a narrow path, which wound round the side of the mountain. At the bottom of the hill, surrounded by tall palm trees, rose a spring of clear water, pouring music and freshness upon the air around; and as he drew nigh, Hassan beheld the form of a woman bending over the fountain, and a strange feeling came over his heart, a mingling of joy and fear; for he felt as one that comes back to the home of his fathers, and knows not what tidings shall greet his return. But as he drew near, he saw a leopard couching amongst the trees, and prepared to spring upon the girl beside the fountain. Now the heart of Hassan was as the heart of a lion, calm, and without fear; and drawing his scimitar, he smote the wild beast and drove him forth, wounded and howling, to the woods; and turning towards her he had saved, as his mind presaged, he beheld the light of his soul. Zelekah extended her arms towards him. "O Hassan!" cried she, "and have I then found thee?" Hassan pressed her to his heart. "Did Zelekah seek for him that had wronged her," he asked; "could she still love the tyrant who tore her against her will from the humble habitations of peace and the lowly mansions of uninterrupted quiet?" Zelekah answered not, but her silence had a voice, and Hassan's heart was glad. "O Zelekah!" said he, "I have learned, by my follies and my punishment, what experience will teach to all men, that adversity may try the

body, but that our soul is tried by prosperity. I have failed in the ordeal, and am unworthy to enjoy the advantages which my own deeds have forfeited, and which the hand of justice has withdrawn: but still if thy love remain, Hassan is happier as an exile than as a prince. Come, let us retire to some humble spot; far from cities and from man's resort, where we may live with peace the number of our days: and when Azrael shall knock at our gate, we shall meet the angel of death with resignation." And Hassan and Zelekah fled from the world, and found peace in solitude. Time flew away with his silent wings, changing the face of the world; and a heavy war vexed the kingdom from which Hassan had been driven. The people remembered him with regret, and began to ask amongst themselves, "Why have we not Hassan, who led us on to victory; on whose scimitar sat the death of our enemies? Hassan, the strong arm of war—the mighty man in the battle—the prince that we have chosen, is slain, and our foes rejoice in our defeat. Why have we not Hassan to deliver us from our enemies?" And Hassan heard the tidings; and baring his arm, he flew to the battle, and smote the enemies of the land: and the people rejoicing, seated him gladly on his throne. Zelekah shared his joy, as she had shared his sorrow; and peace and abundance dwelt in the land, and justice and mercy stood on each side of the throne: for Hassan never forgot his vision on the mountain, and remembered that God is good, great, and impartial; and that evil will by no means be endured by the Almighty.

THE PIRATE AND THE CRUISER.

(From the United Service Journal.)

THE wind had blown from the eastward for ten whole days, and the fleet which lay at anchor off Harwich were prevented from going to sea. Several of the crews were on shore anxiously waiting to see "blue Peter" flying at the mast-head; but they looked out in vain: the wind still kept them locked in.

The Dauntless was lying at the harbour's mouth, waiting for the first chance to get away, that she might drop down to Portsmouth previous to her leaving the British coast, as she was destined to go in pursuit of a desperate pirate named Gonsalvo, who had, under cover of the Spanish flag, greatly annoyed the merchant traders, robbing and murdering their crews, and destroying their ships. The crew of this vessel were not allowed to remain on shore, in order that they might be ready to put to sea the moment the wind would chop round in their favour.

One evening the crew were taking their grog below; one or two acquaintances had been admitted on board; and, by way of keeping up the hilarity of the evening, Tom Pipes was called upon for a song. Tom, nothing loth, began to clear his voice ready for harmony; but Peter Doleful, one of the crew, rose up and protested against any singing—"because," said he, "the wind blows pretty stiff just now, and singing may increase it."

"Belay, belay!" cried Gunnell, the helmsman—"let's have none of your superstitious palaver now, old Peter; we never try to pass a merry hour or two, but what you attempt to throw a wet blanket over us."

"A song, a song!" roared some twenty voices, and Tom Pipes struck up, well aided by a powerful chorus:—

Blue Peter, at the mast-head flying,
Warns us to set sail again;
The pirate bold, our threats defying,
Scorning fear still ploughs the main.
But if once our guns should reach him,
Then his mettle shall be tried—
Grappled close we'll quickly teach him
Britons will not be defied!

Tom Pipes gave this in the true sailor's style, and met with due applause from his hearers; but Peter Doleful sat with his arms folded, and although all his messmates

were full of merriment, he scorned to join in it. "You sing about Blue Peter," said he, "but I'm afraid it will be a long time before you see him flying at the mast-head."

"What ails you now, friend Peter?" asked Jack Junk—"what new maggot has got into your head?"

"It's no use gibing and jeering in that way, Master Junk," replied Peter Doleful—"I positively tell you we shall have no luck this voyage. Here we have been at anchor in these roads for ten days, and here we are likely to remain, for the wind seems determined to set right in our teeth. I remember when we were going to weigh from Yarmouth there were two cursed crows or ravens hovered over the vessel and pitched upon our topsail yards: that was a bad omen, you'll allow; and although we fired blank cartridges at them, they would not come down, till Tom Pipes fetched them down with a charge of small shot."

"But, friend Peter," said Junk, "I'm afraid you give way too much to these superstitious fancies; we have met with no ill fortune since we set sail, except to be sure that we have got windbound before we have cleared the British coast; but that's not a misfortune, it's more a matter of accident."

"Not a misfortune!" exclaimed Peter Doleful—"I think it is. Accidents are misfortunes ar'n't they? What the deuce is the difference between them? If you break your neck by accident, that's a misfortune a'n't it? If you get shipwrecked, and lose all you have on board by accident, that's a misfortune a'n't it? So now, Mister Wisacre, I should like to know what is the difference between accident and misfortune?"

"Why a great deal," replied Junk. "A man may find a sum of money by accident—that's no misfortune is it? A rich relation may die by accident, and leave one a fortune—that's no misfortune is it?"

"Stop there—bring to, Master Junk; you upset your own tactics there. I grant that the accident is no misfortune to him that obtains the property; but you don't mean to say that the accident is no misfortune to the person who is killed by it. No, no, Master Junk—if you attempt to sail on that tack, you are sure to go to leeward. I a'n't superstitious; but although you and the rest of the crew may sneer at it, be assured that there are omens and forewarnings of what is about to happen: as for instance, recollect the very day we were preparing to sail, didn't that old tom-cat scratch under his left-ear, just before we left the George and Dragon; and when I said it foreboded ill-luck, you all laughed at me, but I was right: for poor Tom Jigger who had carried too much sail aloft, lost his bearing as he was stepping aboard, pitched into the water, and was drowned; that was an accident, and I suppose you'll allow it to be a misfortune. Don't you remember when the owners in London paid Jack White the boatswain's mate with a check, and because we were in a hurry, he held it to the fire to dry; and didn't I say, 'Jack White, you should never dry writing by the fire, because it's unlucky; you all laughed at me then; but I was right: for Jack White had the flaps of his Flushing coat cut off, and pockets, check, money, and all were grabbed by some land pirate, as he was on his way to the bankers, and there he went full sail down Cornhill, like a vessel that had lost her mizen: that was an accident and misfortune too, or the deuce is in it!"

Jack Junk gave up the argument; he declared Peter to be incorrigible, and therefore left him to pursue his own course. Their visitors took leave, and went ashore; the night-watch was set, and Peter Doleful retired to his hammock, to ponder on future untoward events.

Brazio de Hiero was a most notorious pirate, who with twenty daring associates ravaged the seas. The most tempting rewards were offered for his capture either dead or alive; but all attempts had hitherto proved fruitless. He was no common depredator, but had descended from a noble family; his youthful days, however, had been improperly spent: he had associated with designing young cavaliers who frequented the gaming-table, and this planted the seed of his future misfortunes. He had been affianced to a lady of considerable attractions, and their union was shortly to take place; he had, however, squandered away so much money, and so encumbered his

estate by gaming and extravagance, that he found his finances fall so short of what had been anticipated by the lady's parents, that he felt ashamed to meet them until he had in some degree repaired his fallen fortune. In consequence of this the day of their union had from time to time been delayed; until at last the day was irrevocably fixed, and no excuse was left for further procrastination. He consulted with his companions what was best to be done; the result of their conference was, that one more attempt should be made at the gaming-table, but not on the uncertain chance by which their former play had been guided: loaded dice were now to be used, and other desperate means resorted to. Fortune at this time seemed to favour him, and he left the gambling-house with a heavy sum of money. He was overjoyed with his good fortune, and inwardly chuckled at the unfortunate dupes he had plundered. The day of his nuptials approached, and he now felt none of those terrors or fears of exposure which but a few days since had threatened him. He purchased a splendid equipage, his mansion was furnished like a palace, and he now seemed to defy the further frowns of fortune; but never once did he listen to the voice of conscience, which told him he had purchased grandeur and riches by treacherous and dishonest means.

The day at length arrived. Brazio de Hiero, arrayed in the most costly habiliments, entered his carriage: it rolled on swiftly, and soon reached the mansion of Isidora. The servants attended at the door of the carriage; he descended the steps; the morning was beautifully serene, and he determined to take a circuit through the garden instead of entering the house at once. He had already advanced down an avenue thickly planted on each side, when a man suddenly started from behind a statue, and stood before him; his cloak was raised so high as nearly to cover his face. "Signor," said the stranger, "before you enter the mansion I must have a few words with you."

"You!" exclaimed Brazio—"a perfect stranger! what can be your motive?"

"I'm no stranger, but your accomplice in villany!" replied the intruder, as he uncovered his face.

"Juan de Alva!" exclaimed Brazio.

"The same," answered Juan.

"Speak quickly, Juan," said Brazio—"what can occasion this interruption?—be brief, for my absence at such a moment may cause suspicion, and ruin my expectations."

"Thus then it is," said Juan: "Fortune has not been so propitious to me as to yourself. Not satisfied with the sums I gained on the night we played with loaded dice, I went once more to the gaming-table, and took with me what I supposed to be loaded dice: but the demon had deserted me—I had by mistake taken proper dice instead of loaded ones. Not being aware of the error I had committed, I staked heavily; I lost at every throw, and left the gaming-table without a single sequin to help myself. I rushed into the street almost frantic; I knew not where to fly for succour, until I casually heard a party talking of your intended marriage; this reminded me of you, and I come to ask your aid."

Brazio was surprised and chagrined. "What would you have me do?" said he. "You, who can fool away a fortune in a few hours, would find the trifling aid which I could afford of little benefit."

"Trifling aid!" exclaimed Juan, as he darted a furious look on Brazio—"Do you think I come to supplicate like a poor beggar?—No, in this respect I command! Either give me a part of your ill-gotten wealth this instant, or, ere another hour passes, your greatness shall crumble into mere nothingness!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed Brazio.

"To confess my participation in the late gambling affair, when we played with loaded dice," replied Juan; "to expose you, and——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Brazio—"not so loud! Here is my purse—it is full of reals; take it, and quickly leave me; if we are seen together, it may be the ruin of us both."

Voices were heard; and Juan, not wishing to be seen in his present disordered

state, quitted Brasio, saying, "I leave you now, but we must shortly meet again." The voices sounded nearer, and several servants who had been in quest of Brazio approached, and informed him he was waited for at the mansion. He followed them and was conducted into the presence of Donna Isidora and her father, surrounded by many noble guests, before whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

The Dauntless lay at Harwich two days longer, when the wind veered round to the N. W. and she put to sea. A tide took them through the Sweyn, and they came to anchor for a short time in Dover roads. Next morning the wind was favourable for running through the Channel, and the Dauntless cut through the water gaily. The crew were congratulating themselves on the favourable weather which they now experienced, when they observed Peter Doleful coming slowly towards them, with his usual countenance. "Well, Peter, how fare you, old chap?" said Tom Pipes,— "Fine breeze of wind right aft—cannass well filled—going at the rate of ten knots—soon see the Atlantic, eh?"

"I wish we may," replied Peter, with his usual doubtful look—"I wish we may; but I fear the wind won't last long in this quarter."

"What, more omens!" said Jack Thompson with a leer.

"Yes, more omens," reiterated Peter, with a look of rebuke. "That vile cargo of pigs will spoil all. If the Captain couldn't dine without pork at his table, why couldn't he have it ready killed. Pigs at best of times are not lucky. Now only look at that ugly porker with his nose pointed right ahead. What do you suppose he is looking at so intently?"

"By my shoul I can't tell," replied Pat Larkins, the carpenter.

"Ah, you ignorant lubber, I thought so," replied Peter. "He's looking at the wind to be sure: he sees it plain enough—wind right ahead; we shall have it slap in our teeth before two hours are over."

The crew laughed at Peter's prophecy; but it was not quite such a hearty laugh as was the general custom. That pigs see wind was not altogether disbelieved, and that the pig's snout was pointed right ahead was beyond a doubt. Hour after hour succeeded, but the wind still kept aft. Evening came, wind still favourable. Peter and several of the crew had gone below to get their grog. Pat Larkins, who smarted under Peter's rebuke, couldn't forbear having a fling at him. "Where's the wind now?" roared Pat with a laugh, and a mischievous glance of the eye.

"In the north," replied Peter drily.

"And the pig's nose to the south!" exclaimed Pat—"Blood and turf, it's impossible, man! How can the pig keep his nose to the south, and see the wind from the north—unless to be sure he might squint a small trifle?"

Peter looked mysterious, and with a solemn countenance disdainfully eyed Pat Larkins as he said, "What can you expect from an Irishman but a blunder? Now, to show you that you have no more brains than our stern-post, I'll just explain matters a little. I have been at sea many years, and have always paid strict attention to signs of changes of weather, and such like prognostications; and that a pig sees wind is more than all your philosophers and astrology chaps can cont radict. This pig of ours, as you all know, pointed due south, and we should have had the wind from that quarter in less than two hours, had it not been for a scheme which fortunately entered my head at the moment."

"And what scheme was that?" inquired Pat.

"Why," said Peter, "I lifted the pig in my arms, and turned him right round, with his nose to the northward."

Pat and the crew burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Ay, ay, laugh away," cried Peter with a sneer; "but, depend upon it, if it had not been for this expedient, we should have been blown back a hundred miles by daybreak. And you, Mister Pat Larkins—you're a pretty lubber to go to attempt to overhaul my grammatics and my larning, a'n't you?—what a pretty mess you made of it when our vessel was new-rigged, and we were so pestered with company that the Captain was obliged to excuse

himself from allowing any more strangers aboard till we got out of harbour, a pretty bull you made of it then sure enough."

"The devil a bit of bull was there about it, Mister Peter," said Pat; "but I gave a clane, dacent, offhand answer to a plain question, as my messmates here shall decide: Our ship lay alongside the pier; all the crew were on shore, except the Captain, myself, and the Mate. The Captain and Mate were down below, overhauling a chart, and I remained on deck to give answers to any inquiries. Presently there comes a great big gentleman, with his head as thickly powdered as if Katty Maloney had emptied her flour-tub over him. 'I want to come on board, and see the ship,' says he. 'You can't do that thing just now,' says I. 'And why not?' says he. 'Because there's nobody aboard but the Captain, and he's just gone ashore,' says I.—Now where's the bull in that, messmates?"

A roar of laughter followed; and the crew promised themselves a good cargo of mirth as long as they could set Peter and the Irishman foul of each other.

Plymouth Sound was now but a few miles distant; and they brought up in order to take on board two military officers who wished to accompany the Captain, to whom they were related. They shortly set sail again. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from N.N.E.; Peter was at the helm; they were running through a narrow channel, sounding; and Peter knew that extreme attention was necessary on account of the number of shoals which were close to them. One of the officers was standing near the binnacle, carelessly looking round, while he was whistling 'Rule Britannia.' Peter looked at him once or twice with a countenance somewhat tinged with dissatisfaction, till, not able to contain himself any longer, he turned to him, saying, "Don't whistle if you please, Sir."

"Not whistle!" ejaculated the officer—"My good fellow, what harm can there be in whistling?"

"Perhaps a great deal just now," replied Peter.

"That is odd," observed the officer: "you must be a very extraordinary being; not two hours since you were whistling yourself."

"Ay, that may be," replied Peter; "but we had no wind at that time, but now we have got more than we want."

"What!" said the officer, "has whistling any influence over the wind?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied Peter, with a grave and somewhat consequential gesture. "*Never whistle when it blows hard; but whenever you are becalmed, you may whistle for a wind if you like.*"

The officer smiled, turned on his heel, and went down to the cabin, leaving Peter to deal with the rising wind in what manner he might think most proper.

The noble guests at the mansion of Donna Isidora partook of a splendid banquet after the marriage ceremony, and it was late ere the festivities of the evening concluded. The new-married pair entered Brazio's carriage, and returned to his mansion. The next morning Isidora's father visited them, and put Brazio into possession of the fortune which he had promised to bestow on the marriage of his daughter. About a month after that period, one evening, when Brazio was about to retire for the night, a servant entered, and informed him that a stranger, who declined to give his name, desired to see him instantly. Brazio turned pale; the hour was late;—could it be another of the gamblers come to exact further aid?—he knew not what to think. At first he thought of refusing to see him; but a moment's reflection told him that would be an act of cowardice, and this was a moment when nothing but bold measures would suit. He descended to an apartment adjoining the hall; he entered; Juan was seated there. Brazio gazed at him with surprise. "What now?" said he—"Did I not give you the aid you required?—why would you trouble me further?"

"Signor Brazio," replied Juan, with a kind of ceremonious sneer, "I do not understand you; I had expected you would have given a more friendly welcome to one so deeply interested in your fortune; but as you appear impatient, I will at once explain the cause of my visit. You cannot have forgotten the success which attended

us at the gaming-table, when you made use of the loaded dice : we laughed heartily at the dupes whom we had defrauded, and little dreamed that we should be discovered."

"Discovered!" ejaculated Brazio.

"Ay, discovered," rejoined Juan. "You look agitated—your countenance turns pale; but you need not fear at present; your safety depends upon your own conduct. Now mark me—it has been discovered that you were the person who introduced the loaded dice, and this very evening you would have had a visit from some of those unfortunates who were plundered. I could not, however, help feeling for your situation: I called to mind that you had just become united to a young and amiable wife, while I had neither wife nor children to sympathize at any misfortune which might befall me; I therefore made up my mind to become a victim to friendship, and save you from disgrace: I denied that you had any knowledge of the dice being loaded; and with a great deal of humility and apparent sorrow, have confessed that I was the guilty person."

"Generous friend," exclaimed Brazio, "such a noble sacrifice shall not go unrewarded."

"I don't intend to go unrewarded," replied Juan significantly; "and that is the occasion of my present visit. In order to save time I have drawn up a paper—all you have to do is to sign it, and our business is settled at once."

"What is the purport of this paper?" inquired Brazio.

"It simply acknowledges certain obligations due to me, in consideration of which you agree to assign half your present estate to me."

"Madman!" exclaimed Brazio furiously—"Sooner would I beg my bread from door to door, rather be condemned to the galleys, than stoop to such conditions!"

"Don't be in a passion, Signor Brazio," replied Juan—"I am cool you perceive. You do not choose to sign the paper—well, you shall have your wish, and therefore I will use my interest to have you sent to the galleys. Good evening, Signor. I shall not trouble you with another visit. There are twelve more of our associates in villany that would be glad to see you—I will give them your address, perhaps they will meet with better success than I have done—at any rate it will be worth a trial." Juan advanced to the door.

"Hold, miscreant!" exclaimed Brazio, as he drew forth his sword—"think not I will suffer you to escape my just vengeance—your life is in my power, and this moment——"

"Hush, hush, Signor Brazio," said Juan—"Keep your temper as I do. Your sword is certainly a sharp argument, but I have two friends at hand, the sound of whose voice will ring your funeral knell."

With these words he drew forth a brace of pistols and pointed them at Brazio. The two desperadoes gazed on each other—it was a picture after nature—it was two tigers measuring the strength of each other's power. Each stood on the defensive. At length Juan broke silence: "Brazio," said he, "you see I am too cautious to place my life in jeopardy. I know you well; and I feel assured you are not apt to be over particular as to the method of silencing friends who know too much of your affairs. Sign that paper, else this instant I will denounce you to the alcaide. For myself I care not, I would even ascend the scaffold, provided I should have you for a companion. I bear about me a letter addressed to Alvarez, detailing all the malpractices of which we have been guilty: he would of course take immediate measures for your apprehension, for you are well aware that he is not friendly towards you, since you have been his successful rival in having gained the hand and fortune of Donna Isidora."

"Leave me, leave me!" exclaimed Brazio—"Another time we will arrange this matter,"

"No time like the present," replied Juan—"I cannot depart without that paper. Your signature, Signor, your signature. Time grows short; choose therefore between the alternatives—either accede to my demand, or be for ever disgraced."

"May all the direst plagues that ever cursed the earth await on thee, thou devil!" exclaimed Brazio, as he took up the pen.

"Your signature," again exclaimed Juan, as he pointed to the paper with a demoniac grin, "or your own servants shall be the first to learn the true character of the master whom they serve."

Brazio, trembling with frenzied agitation, hastily signed the paper, then started up, and advancing towards the door, exclaimed, "Wretch, begone, and never let me see you more!"

"Signor, you shall have your wish," replied Juan, as he coolly folded up the paper. "Should I at any future time want the aid of your purse, I will not come myself, I will send Alvarez—my friend Alvarez—Alvarez, your rival." With these words he rushed into the street and instantly disappeared.

Brazio sent all the servants to rest, and rushing into his private chamber, loaded a brace of pistols, and throwing his cloak over his shoulders, quitted the mansion by a door which opened to the garden at the back, by which means he hoped to overtake Juan and wreak his vengeance on him. From the moment he had been compelled to sign the paper he had come to a resolution that Juan should not live to reap the benefits of it. Brazio was fully aware of the danger that attended his murderous project. He knew the power which the relatives of Juan possessed in Spain, as well as the danger of embroiling himself with his old associates, and he therefore determined to sacrifice his victim secretly. Juan had also acted with some discretion, or at least with a determination that Brazio should not escape if he assassinated him, for he had given a letter to his servant with strict orders to present it to Alvarez should he not return home at midnight. The contents of this letter would state that if he should not see him within an hour, he might conclude he had been assassinated by Brazio.

It was near midnight when Brazio reached the strada. He listened for awhile, all was quiet; he proceeded a little further—he paused—a footstep was heard at some little distance; he retired behind the pillar of a portico near at hand; the footsteps approached—it was Juan.

"Perish, most execrable villain!" exclaimed Brazio, as he fired the pistol at his head. Juan reeled and fell. Brazio instantly tore open his vest, and triumphantly plucked from thence the paper which Juan had that evening forced him to sign. The report of the pistol had alarmed some of the inhabitants; and Brazio knowing that his safety depended on his reaching home before his absence could be noticed, snatched up the pistol and hurried away. He reached the garden-gate, through which he passed unobserved, proceeded to the chamber, replaced his cloak and pistols, and retired to his room without any of the servants being aware that he had been from home.

Juan having failed to return home at midnight, his servant delivered the letter to Alvarez. Two hours had passed, and accordingly, he, with a party of friends, set out in search of him. They observed several people gathered round a wounded man. They approached, and, to their surprise and horror, beheld the corpse of Juan. They loudly exclaimed against Brazio, whom they designated as his murderer. One man among them, who had the appearance of a mariner, had picked up the pistol which lay near the body, and hearing the name of Brazio, seemed to recognise it.

"Brazio!" exclaimed he. "Surely I know that name."

At the instant Alvarez and his party would have proceeded in a body to Brazio's house, but were restrained by the mariner.

"Don't be too hasty," said he, "this affair seems to be wrapt in mystery, and it may be difficult to fix the charge of murder on Brazio. I know him; let me go to him alone, and I shall, perhaps, be able to elicit enough to griminate him."

Alvarez and his friends agreed to this, and Ovieda (that was the mariner's name) arrived at the mansion of Brazio next morning, and, with some difficulty, obtained an interview. When Brazio entered the chamber, his countenance was pale and haggard, his step faltered, and his eye glanced keenly but fearfully on Ovieda.

"Friend Brazio," said the mariner, "you do not seem to recollect me. Have you quite forgotten your old acquaintance Ovieda?"

Brazio drew back in horror.

"Nay," continued Ovieda, "you have nothing to fear from me. I trouble myself little about land affairs now. It is full ten years since I have been on *terra firma*. I have made the sea my residence: I have as fine a vessel as ever stemmed the wave, and I mean to live and die in her. But my time is short; I must be on board again before night. I have come to warn you of danger, and to teach you how to avoid it." He paused and looked around. "Are we alone? Are there any listeners?"

"No," replied Brazio. "Speak low, and no one can overhear you."

"Listen, then," said Ovieda,—"Juan has been murdered, and suspicion points at you."

"At me?" exclaimed Brazio, in agitation. "My servants can bear witness that I did not leave the house the whole evening."

"I dare say they will," rejoined Ovieda; "but there is one circumstance which you will find it difficult to get over. This pistol, which has been recently discharged, and which laid near the body of the murdered man, bears a handsome silver plate, on which your name is engraved."

Brazio stood motionless. Ovieda had, indeed, spoken truly; for at the moment he took the papers from the open vest of Juan, his pistols fell out, and, the night being dark, he had, by mistake, taken one of Juan's pistols, and left his own in its stead.

"Signor Brazio," said Ovieda, "you see I know the whole of the matter, and I am the only one who can fix the murder on you. Come, I will not be unreasonable. I don't want to see you mount the scaffold through my means, nor can I suffer such a golden opportunity as this to escape. You are rich. Share your purse with me,—as I have formerly done with you,—and, for the present, I will conceal you from your enemies. Alvarez would give his head and ears to be master of the evidence which I possess. He would gladly agree to give ten thousand piastres to bring you to the scaffold. Now, I will *save* you from it for that sum—But time passes quickly! Put on your cloak and hat, and accompany me to my lodging; and, in the interim, I will make inquiries whether Juan still lives, as also, whether he has declared the name of his assassin."

Brazio hastily threw his cloak over him, and followed Ovieda to his lodging by the sea-shore. The artful Ovieda cared not a straw if Brazio and the whole of his associates swung together on one gibbet, so that he was the gainer by it; and now he saw a chance of turning this to double profit. He sought out Alvarez, and told him that he had obtained sufficient evidence to criminate Brazio; but that he would not breathe a sentence of it until he could disburse five thousand piastres.

Alvarez was astonished at the demand, and refused to accede. "Fool," said he to Ovieda, "do you forget that I have nothing more to do than to get some Alguazils, and go and seize on the assassin, and bring him to justice?"

"True," replied Ovieda; "but *where* will you go to look for him?"

"Where but at his own house?" replied Alvarez.

Ovieda smiled. "Tut, tut, Signor," said he, "no man will wait while the halter comes to him. Brazio is too good a judge to remain at home until the officers go to fetch him".

"Where then must I seek him?" inquired Alvarez.

"Wherever you please," replied Ovieda, with a sarcastic grin; "but when you can pay liberally for the information, send for me, and I may tell you." So saying, Ovieda quitted Alvarez. He was enraged at his obstinacy, and from that moment resolved to compass his destruction. He, therefore, returned to practise on the credulity of Brazio. Juan had died within a few minutes after he had been shot, without uttering a sentence; but Ovieda kept that a secret from Brazio, in order to suit his own purposes. "Bad news," exclaimed he, as he entered the apartment where Brazio was anxiously waiting his arrival, "Juan still lives, and has accused you of attempting his murder. The magistrates are at this moment taking his depositions, because the physicians declare he cannot survive four-and-twenty hours. You will not be safe here

twelve hours longer: at nightfall, therefore, you must take advantage of the darkness, and remove to a place of greater safety. But it will be necessary to have money; I have but little on shore. You had better, therefore, give me an authority to receive some before it is too late; for, in less than an hour, Alvarez, with the Alguazils, will go to take possession of your effects."

"He shall not survive that hour," exclaimed Brazio. He seized Ovieda's pistols, and rushed into the street, and, covering his face with his cloak, hastened towards his mansion, which he entered by the garden-door. He listened a moment. He heard the voice of Isidora: she was beseeching them not to take her from the house. He heard a voice in reply; the words were,—“Strive to forget the assassin Brazio, and become mine.” It was the voice of Alvarez. Brazio instantly burst open the chamber-door—Alvarez was kneeling to Isidora, declaring his passion—an instant more, and he ceased to live. The ball from Brazio's pistol had entered his heart, and he fell lifeless. The report of the pistol alarmed the servants; Brazio, fearing even the presence of his own domestics, threw up the window, and, leaping into the garden, was instantly out of sight.

The father of Isidora had been informed of the mal-practices of Brazio, and had arrived at the mansion with a party of Alguazils, intending to seize him; but he was too late. Brazio was no where to be found.

Ovieda had never lost sight of the main chance, and, in the hurry and bustle, had managed to get into the house, and laid his hand upon whatever was valuable that he could hide under his cloak. He had managed to secure a casket of jewels, and two bags containing some thousands of piastres, with which he got clear off. He stopped to rest his load when he reached a sequestered part, thickly planted on each side.—Suddenly he heard a rustling among the foliage behind him. A man darted forth: it was Brazio! Surprise possessed the features of both.

"Where the deuce did you spring from?" inquired Ovieda.

Brazio, agitated, exclaimed—"I have been obliged to fly from my own house; it is filled with enemies. What am I now?—a proscribed murderer. My property seized; my estate confiscated, and a price set on my head. What land will now give me shelter?"

"No land at all," rejoined Ovieda. "You must give up your *land* freaks, and take to the *water*. It's better to run the chance of being *drowned* than being *hanged*. You are not quite a beggar yet, however; but you may thank my intrepidity for that. Look! here is a casket of jewels worth more than a trifle; here's a couple of bags of piastres, and cursed heavy I found them, too; and here are some bank papers, made payable to you,—wanting nothing but your signature. They are good in any part of Spain, therefore we must give them a good spread of canvass, and get them passed at some distant port before the news of your disaster gets known abroad. I've a devilish clever fellow aboard that does our exchange business."

Brazio listened to Ovieda with a vacant stare, and hardly seemed to notice what he said, for the events of the last two days had confounded him.

"Come, friend Brazio," continued Ovieda, "night is drawing on, and I must get aboard soon; so make up your mind. You are no longer safe in Spain; matters are now too bad to be worse, therefore, cheer up, and make the best of a bad bargain. I am master of as fine a little vessel as ever doubled the coast of Spain. Come with me; your fortunes shall be mine. We'll join partnership. Give me your gold, and you keep the money that shall be paid for your bank bills. That's fair and even on both sides. Come on board with me, and you shall live a free and merry life; and if you don't like our ways, why you can return on shore to be hanged if you prefer it."

Brazio raised his clenched hand, and emphatically vowed eternal enmity to his fellow-men.

"There's my hand upon it," exclaimed he, as he grasped Ovieda's out-stretched hand. "I am yours: do with me as you will."

"That's well spoken," said Ovieda. "Now give me a helping hand with these *bags*. Our boat lies just behind yon rock, not half a mile hence: we'll soon be on board our little vessel. You can just see the tops of her masts peeping over that

promontory, as much as to say,—‘Come along; I’m waiting for you.’ The moon will be up in two hours, and, as darkness is more convenient for my business, I shall take the liberty of leaving *terra firma* a couple of leagues astern of us before the moon is up.”

They lifted up the bags of gold and jewels, entered the boat, and were soon on board the vessel. They weighed anchor instantly, and, when they had sailed about two leagues from the shore, Brazio beheld several additions to the crew, which appeared to consist of all nations; and when Ovieda came on deck, after a short absence, his dress was materially altered. He wore a large fur cap, with a death’s head on its front, a huge cutlass, and four pistols. All merchandise was lowered into the hold, and in their place appeared small carronades. The men also were busy in arming themselves. Mulattos—blacks—all seemed to form a commonwealth. Brazio seemed at a loss to guess the cause of this metamorphosis, when Ovieda, observing his surprise, thus accosted him :—

“Friend Brazio,—for so I must now term you,—your surprise is but natural.—You thought us a merchant or trading vessel. No such thing: we are a set of free fellows, and we don’t mind making free with any valuable cargo that falls in our way. We are pretty well known, for we have kicked up some brisk freaks among the merchant traders, and our name has got into vogue. You have, doubtless, heard of the daring pirate *Gonsalvo*! Well, I am he! Now you know the whole of the matter. If you don’t like to remain on board, we’ll put you ashore the first time we touch land. If you consent to remain, you shall rank equal with me.”

Brazio resolved to remain on board, and, abjuring all thoughts of ever rejoining society, made up his mind to live and die a pirate.

The British ship *Dauntless* left Falmouth, and was soon on the broad Atlantic. They crossed the Bay of Biscay with a good breeze off the land, the weather was mild, and the seamen found their work comparatively light.

One day, about two P. M., the man on the look-out gave notice of a vessel a-head, under a press of canvass, and, from the description, the Captain supposed her to be the pirate *Gonsalvo*. She came boldly on with Spanish colours flying at her mast-head.

“If she is a pirate,” exclaimed the Captain, “she has the impudence of the devil. Keep your ports closed; I think she mistakes us for a merchantman.”

The strange sail approached, lowered her Spanish colours, and hoisted a red flag, with a sword and death’s head. She was a capital sailer, and sailed completely round the British cruiser.

“D—n her impudence!” said the Captain. “Up with your ports, and give her pepper.”

But the pepper came too late. She flew before the wind as swift as an arrow, and the British ship lost her for that day.

“There,” said Peter, “did you ever see such an evasive little devil as that in your life?”

“Why, as to that matter, Master Peter,” replied Junk, “I don’t exactly know the true bearing of that ’ere word *evasive*, as you calls it.”

“Och bother!” exclaimed Pat Larkins; “sure and every body knows what *evasive* means.”

“Hush, hush!” interrupted Peter, “don’t let’s have any more blunders. How can an Irishman explain a word as is only to be found in the most larned dictionaries?”

“And sure, Mister Peter, will you be after telling me I don’t know the meaning of *evasive*?” cried Pat. “Now, messmates, only listen awhile, and I’ll tell you how nately I handled that word *evasive*.”

“We had just got all our new rigging complete, and our sails were all unbent, and we lay at anchor in the roads, and the Captain determined to sail next morning. Our beautiful new canvass looked so neat and clean from the shore, that boats full of fine gentlemen and ladies were coming on board every hour to see the ship. Och! and

didn't I take care to band the sweet creatures aboard genteely? Osh sure, I was as busy as the devil in a high wind. Five o'clock came, and the Captain said he must have no more visitors aboard, else we should not be ready to sail in the morning, as it hindered the men from their work. And sure, as I looked towards the shore, I saw another boat full of ladies coming off. So the Captain says to me, 'Paddy Larkins,' says he, 'if those ladies come alongside, and want to see the ship, you must give them an *evasive answer*, and get rid of them as well as you can; and I'll go down below and wait till they're gone.' And sure enough he went below, and then the boat full of ladies came alongside, and they ax'd for the Captain, and I gave them an *evasive answer*, and they went away with it a devilish deal quicker than they came; and the Captain popped up his head, and said—'Pa', are they gone?' 'Yes, they are, your Honour,' says I. 'What did they say?' says he. 'They ax'd for your Honour,' says I, 'but I gave them an *evasive answer*.' 'What did you tell them?' said the Captain. 'I said your Honour was gone.' 'Gone where?' says he. 'Gone to blazes,' says I, 'and you may go after him if you please.' Now, wasn't that an *evasive answer*, Mr. Peter?"

"Well," said Peter, "after that, I think, you may shut your mouth, for you'll never beat that as long as you live."

"Sail a-head?" called a voice above.

The Captain took his glass. "It's the same vessel again!" said he. "We'll try for her this time, boys. The breeze is steady, and getting pretty stiff. We shall get her within range presently."

The breeze increased to a gale. The Dauntless spread her canvass kindly to it, and she ran ten knots. The pirate was on a tack; but as soon as she went about, the Dauntless gave her a broadside, which made her rather groggy; but she picked up well. The Dauntless tacked, and gave her another broadside. Her topmast went down, and there suddenly appeared great confusion on board of her. The Dauntless gained upon her. The pirate was disabled, and seemed to make no way.

"There's some mischief among them," said the Captain. And he was right, as the sequel will show.

The shot fired from the Dauntless had caused sad havoc. Ovieda had been mortally wounded. He was lifted on to a sail-cloth: he beckoned Brazio to approach, and bid the crew leave them a few moments.

"Friend Brazio," said he, "my time is come, and a short hour will close my career in this world. Our vessel is crippled, and cannot escape from her pursuers. On either side death is certain. Yet I cannot bear the thoughts of my brave crew being strung up to the yard-arm like so many rabbits. You are a bold man, and have courted death like a hero since you have been on shipboard. It now remains for you to achieve but one more act of bravery to save us from disgrace. Hark ye! Our powder-magazine is well stored. Your hand may accomplish the deed, and the pirate's crew will die as they have lived,—like bold and desperate spirits."

Brazio grasped his hand. "By —, I'll do it!" exclaimed he, as he grasped the lantern.

Another shot struck Ovieda, and his lifeless body rolled on the deck. The pirates, driven to desperation, flew to their guns once more. The British ship rapidly gained upon them. A vivid light was seen on board the pirate's ship. Brazio had kept his promise: he had set the ship on fire! A cry of horror was heard among the lawless crew—a minute elapsed—a tremendous explosion took place; and, when the smoke cleared away, not a vestige remained of the pirate's vessel or his daring crew!

MARGARET CARNEGIE.

A Tale.

BY THE VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

WHY should I lay bare the secret workings of my heart—the grief which nothing can soothe, the consciousness of guilt, which may not be repressed? Alas! it is no comfort to dwell upon the recollections of wretchedness.

Those who can feel solaced by recalling their sorrows, by pouring forth what they idly call the overflowings of a bursting heart, know not what I have endured—have felt no agony, no woe like mine. Why should I tell my story, and record my shame? The one is inseparable from the other—I have no mercy, no pity for myself; nor would I spare to my already broken spirit one single pang. Oh! that the bitterness of these long and dreary hours could atone for the past, could mitigate my hopeless misery! I will tell my story for the sake of others. One more example of the severe retributions which crime inevitably brings upon itself, either here or hereafter, may warn, though it fail to save. To the happy and the thoughtless, the gay and daring spirit, the warm affections, or passionate love of youth, my tale may perhaps sound as the passing bell—that sound which few have heard without the lingering echo, whose warning tone has vibrated seriously, if not sadly, upon their hearts. To the more severely tried, if not yet hardened mind of maturer age, I may perhaps speak less gloomily. The lessons of years have not been given in vain; and the spirit has been taught to endure that which, in earlier and happier hours, it would have shrunk from contemplating. Yet, alas! old as I am, my sorrow remains. Endurance is the penalty I am doomed to suffer. May its bitter trials procure the sinner's pardon in another and a better world!

I must return to the sunny hours of my youth. They were, indeed, merry as the spring-time, until the storm burst upon me, and clouded the scene for ever! Then for me there was no returning sunshine, no spring-time—a dark horizon was around me, and a boundless gloom. Fifty years have now nearly passed since the period I refer to. At that time there was a small and picturesque cottage on a hill-side, which overhung the rapid and beautiful Dee.

Those who, in later times, have wandered over the wild glens of Scotland, scaling her mountain fastnesses in pursuit of deer, or following the windings of her gushing streams for the sake of the scarcely less noble sport of Salmon-fishing, will guess what sort of abode I would describe. It was the residence of one who, though in the vale of years, had still much of the vigour of youth, tempered by the wisdom of age.

The person I speak of was the minister of ———, in ———shire. An immense district was under his charge; there was constant need for the utmost exertion, yet no labour could tire him, no distance prevent his following his high calling. At that time, as indeed at present, there was little repose for one of his active mind and conscientious feelings; and he sought none—he was loved by all—his name was blessed wherever it was mentioned or known, for he followed in his comparatively humble sphere the example of Him who went about doing good. His lowly, but beautiful dwelling was fenced from the blast, which at times swept furiously through the glen, by a plantation of unusual thickness: it was, indeed, the only protection the cottage could boast of. Covered with creepers, its white colour could in summer scarcely be traced; and its few chimneys were so buried in the surrounding trees, that from a distance the manse was scarcely visible. Above it the ground rose gradually: rocks and craggy knolls, with some few old trees, the relics of earlier times—sole survivors of the forests of old—shewed themselves here and there. Higher still, the vegetation became more stunted, and at last the bare top of the mountain proclaimed its height, and exhibited in sudden pride the wild haunts of the deer and the ptarmigan.

There was one who dwelt within that cottage, who was indeed a fit inhabitant of so fair a scene. She was Nature's own child, and Nature might well have been proud of her offspring. Upon the dreary page of my recollections her image is impressed with too appalling accuracy. Few had gazed upon her loveliness: the poor peasant of

the hills, or the hardy shepherd, had seen this beautiful being dispensing her charities among them; and, as her features, like her worth, seemed more than mortal, they looked upon her as a creature of a higher order; and the love they bore her was akin to adoration. Why should I dwell upon her virtues, or attempt to describe her matchless beauty? I know not why: but memory wanders now over those lineaments with a softer and a more tender feeling; and passionate thoughts may be pardoned when they arise, chastened by penitence and time, towards an object which is viewed only through the dark and cheerless vista of the tomb.

Her eyes were blue as the azure sky of the fathomless wave; I have seen that deep tint of colouring in both, but nowhere else. Long lashes fringed them, and sometimes dimmed their lustre; when, and it was very seldom, the tear hung quivering there. But when a feeling of pleasure called forth the smile that expanded her dazzling brow, and bade those blue orbs speak her soul's impulses, her power was irresistible. Luxuriant tresses of dark chesnut hair covered her high forehead with an envious veil. Oh! how often have I parted those clustering ringlets to gaze upon that lovely face! Eyebrows of a still deeper shade, but whose form was perfect as the rainbow's arch, gave a tone of majesty to her features. Her nose was shaped as if the Grecian sculptor, when he formed a goddess, had imaged it to himself; while her mouth, around which varied and constant expression was ever playing, seemed the interpreter of peace and joy. To say her teeth were like pearls, and her lips like rubies, would be a mere phrase. No pearls were ever so lovely as those of Nature's own bestowing, and the blazing rubies would have seemed pale when matched against the bright, though softened colouring of her pouting and dewy lip. Her figure was rather above than under middle-size, yet its proportions were faultless; her limbs round and graceful, perfectly feminine, yet not weak or nerveless. She could climb the hill-side, and face the wind, which danced over the heather, kissing alike all that crossed its wild path, dwelling now upon the bog-mirtle's fragrant leaves, now struggling through the stunted and tangled juniper, crossing alike the yellow broom blossom and the cheek of beauty. It was then you might have traced her matchless form as she met the rejoicing breeze—Was it a profanation of such loveliness? Alas! I know not; but if it was, the sin was mine. Her beauty was in full luxuriance, and yet there was no excess: all was as a model—that model is broken.

It was on a summer evening I first beheld Margaret Carnegie: she was leaning over a rustic wicket, which was covered with the wild rose and the honey-suckle, which her hand had taught to grow there. The air was full of the freshest perfume; the heather and the mountain-flowers scented the soft breath of evening. She was watching the sun as he set in all his glory, and his latest beams were playing on her forehead. It was thus I first saw her. I had never beheld such loveliness, though I had seen many fair forms and faces, on which the eye loved to dwell, yet none were like, were comparable to her. The tartan of a proud and warlike sept was plaided around her, and partly sheltered her tresses from the dew, while it veiled without concealing the symmetry of her figure. At first she did not see me; but some accident made her turn towards the spot where I stood, and her eye met the riveted look of mine. I had been shooting on the hills; my dogs, tired and exhausted, had couched down by my feet, while I paused to contemplate the beautiful object which was before me. In a moment I felt the awkwardness of my position; and, advancing towards her with all the calmness and self-command I could muster, I asked her if she could direct me towards A——; the truth being that, in my wanderings, I had completely lost myself, and, after long and laborious searching, had made for the small plantation near the Dee, which I could descry far below me—this was the cause of our meeting. That hour decided my fate, and sealed my doom.

She answered me at once; for, from the time our eyes met, I had no right to gaze with a rude stare, nor had she an opportunity to escape my challenge. Yet the calm and innocent self-possession with which she gave me a direction as to my route to a small inn where I could obtain a shelter, was at once a proof of her innate purity and her happy ignorance of the world's ways. I have seen girls on such occasions trying to giggle, to simper, even to run away; and I have asked myself, Were they as free from evil thoughts as Margaret was? Few words more passed between us: I did not dare to intrude further, and her calm dignity would have recalled me to a sense of propriety had I wished to stay near her. I bounded down the path she pointed out,

until an abrupt turn hid me from her sight, coupled up my dogs behind a cairn of stones, and then cautiously stole back, as if I had been creeping up to a herd of deer. Covered by the scattered rocks and turfs of heather, then in its full blossom, I regained the spot where I first saw her. She was still there. From my place of concealment again I gazed upon her—again I watched the motion of her form. She was still in the same attitude, leaning on the gate. I thought she cast an anxious glance towards the path I had trodden—what folly! Then I felt how much I was in love. My heart beat so that I could hear its pulsations as I lay upon the ground, and I staid there looking on her until day faded away, and I could trace her form no more. My feelings, as I slowly returned towards the cairn, were sad, yet sweet.

I well remember, as I again uncoupled my dogs, thinking that the place bore an evil omen. The rude stones which marked the spot where the bones of the dead of earlier days lay in undisturbed repose, were no fit mark for lovers' tryst. Still the buoyancy of youth gave me hopes, and called up thoughts which, in spite of all, cheered and comforted me. I pursued my path towards the inn, which was not far distant.

I will not dwell upon this part of my story. The inquiries I made induced me to seek the acquaintance of Margaret's father, that good old man, whose confidence I deceived—whose kindness, whose friendship, I betrayed. Some weeks had passed, and still found me a constant visitor at the manse. I sent to A—— for my scanty equipment. I was unknown to all near me, except to Margaret and her father, to whom I told my name, and the reasons which caused my sojourn in the Highlands. Yet the time had left its impressions upon the loved and the lover; and she had begun to feel that I was dear to her, whilst I found that a more perfect acquaintance with her, under the influence of the daily intercourse which existed under her father's roof, increased and confirmed the passion which was my first—which was destined to be my last. Together we walked by the mountain river: we saw its varied beauties, sometimes as it was swollen into a roaring torrent by rain from the hills; at other periods, as it went murmuring in its tranquil course, under the influence of a summer sun.—Together we climbed the steep crag, and joyously looked over the magnificent scenes which lay around us; tracing the blue outlines of Ben y Gloe, and the majestic bulwarks of the Athol country in the distance, or striving to find a point whence we could descry the proud summit of Schehallion.

In scenes like these the heart expands; one breathes more freely; and where Nature asserts and vindicates her own supremacy, the world and all else is forgotten.

She loved me. I received her plighted faith. Her father blessed our attachment, and consented to our future union. No thought of change—no idea of separation ever crossed me; or if a chance of parting from her for a time ever suggested itself, I stifled and subdued it.

One day the post brought me letters from London. Some orders from my father to repair thither instantly, without specifying any reasons, were their contents. I well recollect the sensations with which I gazed upon his writing; never before had it seemed hateful to me. How to break the tidings to her I loved I knew not. Wretched were the hours I passed in thinking over this decree, and pondering as to what the future might bring.

At last my resolve was taken. I knew that without Margaret life was worthless, that my whole fate depended upon her love; and with the ready hope and confidence of youth, I succeeded in persuading myself that the summons might cause an explanation with my family, which, decided as I was that she should be mine in spite of every obstacle, would perhaps be for our mutual advantage. Alas! the delusion was fatal. Would to God that I had never been born!

After many efforts I broke the tidings to her. Vainly would I attempt to describe our mutual sufferings, or the anguish of those moments. Yet her grief had in it a majesty which tempered, though it could not subdue the pang, and she taught me to feel the resignation which I was seeking to impress upon her. Her father, confiding in my honour and truth, and knowing my exact position, of which I had made no secret with him, looked upon the torments we endured as upon early trials, which could only be terminated by the will of that Power who had decreed them, and whose

laws are immutable. He was witness that we were betrothed, and his cordial sanction had been given. He never doubted my truth; and the father knew the merits of his daughter. Autumn was nearly over when my summons arrived. The evening before my departure, I took leave of the minister. He blessed me, gave me good counsel, kind encouragement, bade me hasten back again—and so we parted.

I could not thus leave Margaret. I prevailed on her, in spite of all her scruples and all her self-command, to meet me at the rustic gate where first I saw her, that, unwitnessed, alone, we might bid adieu to each other, and once more repeat those dear vows of affection and tenderness. Long and anxiously did I seek this last meeting. Alas! I was working her ruin and my own perdition. Heaven is my witness, that no single thought of evil had entered my soul. When she consented, she said—"You have entreated this meeting, Henry; it is your last wish, the last I may hear from your lips for many a weary month; and though my reason and my duty object, I am too weak, too fond, to gainsay you."

She was there at the appointed time—would she had been in her grave!—less severe would have been her doom: death is stingless without the consciousness of crime. Yet her guilt was my doing: on me let the judgment of Heaven be cast—for me let the vial of wrath be poured out!

I cannot, will not—I dare not, return to those hours whose recollection almost maddens me. The early dawn broke upon two altered beings—the tempter had done his work, and innocence had fallen his prey. Yet it was human frailty and human passion that made us his victims. May there not be pardon for these? Alas! for her error there may be redemption; but what penitence, what torture, can atone for my deep, damning guilt?

I cannot speak of our parting. Bitter, indeed, was the anguish of that hour—more deeply agonising, because the voice of conscience was then not small and still, but trumpet-tongued. I tried to soothe her self-reproaches, for she never reproached me; I attempted to picture to her a happy future—"No, Henry," she said—"we have incurred a judgment which will fatally be visited upon us, and at no distant period—I feel it, I know it."

An hour afterwards, as if chased by the fiend, I was galloping along a rough moorland path, the nearest road to ———. I was, indeed, completely miserable. How happy, comparatively speaking, should I have been, if I had left Margaret with no other pang to bear, but the grief of parting from me! Alas! she was as wretched as I was; yet I endeavoured to cheer my thoughts with the certainty of our again meeting, and that only a few weeks would pass before I might once more clasp her to that bosom which was to be her home for ever.

When I arrived in London, I found my father apparently under the greatest excitement. He briefly told me that the cause of his abrupt summons was his anxiety that I should at once, without any delay, embark for the West Indies, to arrange an affair relative to his property there, which required the intervention of one of the family, to save it from total ruin. As my elder brother was an invalid, and my father totally unable to leave his occupation and his commercial duties, he was forced to have recourse, in this extremity, to me. There was not an hour to be lost; the ship was about to sail. The matter involved my father's property, the sole future maintenance of the family; without it, would be beggared, and my brothers and sisters turned adrift upon the world.

Could I refuse? I know not; let others settle this point. I wrote to Margaret and her father, acquainting them with this; and I told them, moreover, that under the pressing circumstances of the case, I did not dare to talk to my father of our marriage until my return, but I implored her to believe in my devotedness and my truth, and to trust to me as she would to heaven. Impious words! but they never reached her. My father's agent was to receive their letters, and forward mine.

In the hurry of my departure I had no other means I could adopt; I never suspected the fatal consequences of this measure. One horrible idea crossed my mind when I was preparing to embark, as to what might happen to Margaret; even now I cannot understand how I resisted the thought, yet the hand of fate was upon me.—*My voyage was prosperous enough, but some time after I landed at Jamaica, a*

after I had partly succeeded in achieving the object of my journey, and retrieving the fortunes of my family, I was seized with a violent and dangerous fever; for two months I was in this state: my life was at length preserved to me. During all this period, I had received no letter from Margaret or her father; my father's agent stating in his communications that none had arrived, but saying that he had forwarded mine. This added to the load of misery I was enduring,—uncertainty is, perhaps, the most severe of all minor evils; I fancied a thousand misfortunes, and my imagination was but too true a monitor. At last, after an absence unhappily protracted, I landed in England; my first thoughts were to fly to Margaret. I briefly explained all to my father, and as I had saved him from destruction, by a sacrifice of myself, I anticipated no objection on his part to my wishes. To my utter astonishment he informed me that he had known my situation all along. It was partly for this that he had sent me abroad—it was for this that he had recalled me from Scotland; finding now that absence had no effect upon me, and forgetting all I had endured for him, he sternly prohibited a marriage which he never could sanction, and threatened me with his curse if I entertained the idea. I laughed his threats to scorn—I spurned my parent's decree. Horror struck as I was, I rushed to the agent's house, taxed him with treachery. It was too true,—one glance convinced me of his perfidy—I saw it in his face; he had destroyed our correspondence. I would have killed him on the spot—his servants rescued him from my gripe; I rushed forth like a madman to the nearest coach-office, and in a few hours was far from London, on the Edinburgh road.

It was on a bleak and wild winter's night that I reached the little inn where I had sojourned during the happiest hours of my life. Alas! how different was the scene; all was changed. I was so altered by illness, and my complexion was so bronzed by the sun, that the people did not recognize me; I did not wish they should, I had a fearful foreboding—an indescribable dread of asking a question; it was very late when I left the inn; I reached the rustic gate, breathless with emotions which unmaned me. The blast had torn it off its hinges, the creepers were crushed and prostrate; the bare branches of the trees revealed the manse in almost ghastly whiteness, for the leaves had been scattered by the pelting storm. I rushed towards the house, it was to all appearance deserted; the door was locked and barred—the silence of death was round the place. I knocked with frantic violence; at last an old man came from the back of the cottage, and asked my will. I know not what I said—my inquiries were incoherent; I forgot his exact answers—I fell senseless on the ground; what became of me for months after, when reason deserted me, I know not.

When my mind was first restored to me, I found myself in Edinburgh. Slowly and with difficulty, my health and perceptions returned. It is in vain to look for physical strength when the heart is shattered to pieces, and the powers of the soul are weakened and subdued. Years passed before I could bring myself calmly to think on what had been; the old man's story, abruptly told, and armed with the naked severity of truth, had indeed driven home the arrow to my heart.

The inhabitants of the cottage were gone. The old minister was a wanderer from the home he loved—from the house of prayer,—where, for himself, and all mankind, he had worshipped in sincerity and truth. He had left his flock, had deserted those who lived by his charities, and were supported by his paternal care. Nothing but the heaviest visitation of Providence could have caused this; for he was deeply attached to the spot where his ministry should have been accomplished, and where he had hoped to lay his bones in peace. Far different was his destiny. The hour he went forth was secret; his future fate was unknown. Some said he was gone over the wide Atlantic, to seek forgetfulness of his sorrows in foreign lands; others believed that he was still concealed near the place endeared to him by so many hours of contentment and tranquillity, and that now since shame had visited his grey hairs, he was unwilling to encounter the world's unfeeling gaze, but was waiting, in unrepining submission, to the will of his Maker, for the termination of his miseries in the quiet of the tomb. But all knew that he had quitted his home, and that when he departed, he departed alone. This was my work!

Poor forsaken Margaret! Thy journey, indeed, was of shorter duration; but its path was rugged and dreary, unsupported by him thou lovest, in the hour of danger and trial; deserted by the friend of thy soul, believing him reckless of thy destruction,

and unmindful of all that had been ; with the fatal remembrance of that hour haunting thy spirit, and conscience with all its terrors, reminding thee that thy fault had brought its own punishment,—thou wert indeed left desolate, and rewarded with shame !

She had never received one line from me. My father's agent too surely, and fatally had done his work. The old minister attempted to soothe her, and suggested confidence and hope to his child, which he himself was far from feeling. Days, months passed. Almighty Providence ! Thy ways are inscrutable, but Thy will be done. Heavy as are Thy judgments, our sins deserve severe retribution.

Margaret found that she was about to become a mother ; from that hour her spirit sunk within her. She attempted, and for some time successfully, to conceal the consequence of her undoing from her parent ; not that she feared the shame of the disclosure—not that she would have spared herself, but that she desired to save the old man from the sufferings which, alas ! could not be averted from him. She prayed that the anguish and the disgrace might pass from him, and be hers and hers alone. This could not last long ; she grew weaker and weaker, more incapable of exertion, and fainter in spirit as well as body. The utter hopelessness of her position was ever before her ; she knew nothing of me, but what I had shamefully deceived, and then abandoned her. What had she then to rely upon ? She turned in humble and contrite repentance to that Providence whose laws she had broken, for pardon and peace. One day she had walked with difficulty to the spot so full of fearful interest to both of us. It was where I first met her—it was where I betrayed her. It was there her sorrows began—it was there they were destined to cease for ever. Her absence from the manse was unusually long ; the minister sought his daughter at her daily haunt ; he knew the spot she loved. Too soon he found her ! the doom she had foreseen was fulfilled. Life seemed to have deserted her form ; she was lying at some distance from the gate, nearer to the cairn of stones.

The old man rushed forward, and clasped to his bosom the cold corpse of his child. Oh ! what was to him the intense agony of that hour ! The whole truth, in hideous form, burst upon him, and he saw, at one glance, his daughter's disgrace and death. They bore her home, every remedy, every mode of recovery was attempted in vain ; the spirit had left its frail tenement, and the measure of its earthly career was accomplished. Her foot had slipped, at least so it was supposed, and she had fallen with violence against a sharp rock which lay by the side of the path ; near her was found a bible, her constant companion,—it had been her mother's gift—a lock of hair was between its leaves,—oh ! how false was that token !

Time has passed over me with a heavy and unsparing hand ; I have in truth suffered for my sin, and every hour of my life has paid the penalty of crime ; my cup has been filled to the brim with sorrows and tears. I have lived to be the victim of unceasing remorse—the prey of the worm that dieth not ; in the silent hours of midnight, the voice of my beloved still rings in my ear, and its soft tones vibrate upon every nerve of this shattered and aged frame. I have no friends—no home, my mind is restless, and in vain I seek that repose which is ever fleeting from me. At this remote period, I bode over the record of my guilt with vivid memory of other years ; but my strength has been fast failing me, and my heart has been long since broken. May these protracted sufferings atone for the crime of her I loved ! for myself, I have no hope but in the mercy of my Redeemer.

(From Heath's Book of Beauties.)

ODD FELLOWS AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

EVERY individual initiated into the Order can boast of being an Odd Fellow, but not so many of practising Odd Fellowship. The first is a name, the last a reality—the one is the means, the other the end. The superficial mistake the one for the other; they judge Odd Fellowship by Odd Fellows, and, through these means, arrive at wrong conclusions. One man will give to the Order unlimited praise, while another would consign it to perdition. The reason is obvious: the one judges of the rose by its odour and colour, the other by its thorn.

That Odd Fellowship is useful and desirable, cannot be doubted; for no one will have the hardihood to contend that, to “diffuse happiness among our fellow mortals,” is a crime—to “dry the trickling tears of the agonized feeling” is vicious—to relieve the distressed, to comfort the bereaved widow, and to succour the fatherless, is not worthy the attention of civilized beings. Such, undoubtedly, are the objects of Odd Fellowship; and, if there are Odd Fellows who do not practice these virtues, surely it cannot be attributed to the system.

There would be as much reason to find fault with a well-regulated machine, on account of the mechanic being either too indolent to work it, or not having knowledge to produce the effect the inventor intended, as to find fault with Odd Fellowship, because some of our members either do not intend, or do not know how to put it into practice. We should, at all times, bear in mind that Odd Fellows and Odd Fellowship are not always synonymous in their operation: the one may do good, but the other shews how to do it. An ingenious mechanic accomplishes his end when he produces a machine which will perform the duties he intended—it is the same with Odd Fellowship. The founders of the Order have laid down rules how mankind may be useful to each other—how we may serve ourselves by serving our fellow beings. These truths have fully developed themselves, and if some members reject the good fruit placed before them, who is to blame? Some will say Odd Fellowship cannot be a good system, because it requires more time than we are capable of devoting to it—but this is not the fact. Odd Fellowship speaks a language not to be misunderstood: it says to its followers, *Serve thyself*, and, by so doing, thou wilt best serve thy fellow being: it says, *Make thyself happy*; know that thou canst not be happy without mankind partaking of thy happiness. Although Odd Fellows may require your attendance here, there, and everywhere—to-day, to-night, to-morrow, and at all times—but Odd Fellowship requires no such a sacrifice; for it says, *Thou servest me best when thou servest thyself*: it says, *Neglecting thy business calumniates my character*—gossiping from Lodge to Lodge develops not my virtues: in short, Odd Fellowship teaches to serve thyself—to be independent—to be temperate—and, above all, to be happy. What greater felicity can human beings desire, however circumstanced, than to be welcomed wherever they go—which is one of the leading features of our Institution; however far removed from the place that gave us birth, or the place we adopted as our abode, go into an Odd Fellows’ Lodge and you are greeted as a brother: in sickness, you are nursed; in distress, you are relieved; and under all circumstances hailed as a friend.

I lately experienced the good feeling which Odd Fellowship inculcates. In passing, on a commercial tour, through Nottingham, I spent a few agreeable hours in the society of Odd Fellows, and although a stranger, still was I treated as a brother, and in the true spirit of Odd Fellowship. The sort of attention paid to me can only be imagined by those who, after a long and dangerous voyage, are received into the bosom of their family and friends.

There is a manner of noticing strangers in Nottingham which I have not observed elsewhere, and which is well worthy of being imitated. On a member’s entrance into a Lodge he is immediately decorated with a badge, according to his rank in the Order. Let it not be supposed that, because I admire these proceedings, I am an advocate for useless distinction—that never entered my head. Yet it is pleasing, by these means, to be enabled to distinguish those who have exerted themselves for the welfare of an Institution we admire: it is far more palatable than to observe those who have

done their duty neglected by the men who are reaping the benefits. How pleasing it is to see children studying the comforts of their parents! We admire those who ease the declining years of their predecessors; and, for this obvious reason, we are pleased to observe the good sense of the children by knowing that they themselves have been benefited by their parents, and are only repaying that which they are indebted, at a time when it is most useful. It should not be supposed that children nurse their parents because they are their parents, because they brought them into existence—No! children nurse their parents on account of having themselves received similar treatment. It is from a reciprocal feeling that children study the welfare of their parents. It is well known that orphans entertain similar feelings towards those who have adopted them when well treated. It is equally as well known that the reverse exists from children towards their parents when neglected.

Such grateful conduct is due to all those who have in the slightest degree contributed to our welfare. It is unjust to blame our predecessors for not doing the amount of good it is in our power to do. We should bear in mind that neither had they the same opportunity or experience as ourselves; and at the same time we should keep in view that it is much easier to improve than to invent; and that, however trifling the share we received may have been, the foundation of the structure was not laid by ourselves.

Such are the principles Odd Fellowship enjoins, and if Odd Fellows neglect to practice these virtues, surely the blame cannot be attributed to the system.

J. PEISER.

Apollo Lodge, May 22nd, 1835.

THE LAW.

(From the Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, No. 7.)

AN ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

IN the ground-floor front of a dingy house, at the very furthest end of Freeman's-court, Cornhill, sat the four clerks of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, two of his Majesty's attorneys of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas at Westminster, and solicitors of the High Court of Chancery; the aforesaid clerks catching about as favourable glimpses of heaven's light and heaven's sun, in the course of their daily labours, as a man might hope to do, were he placed at the bottom of a reasonably deep well; and without the opportunity of perceiving the stars in the day-time, which the latter secluded situation affords.

The clerks' office of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg was a dark, mouldy, earthy-smelling room, with a high wainscotted partition to screen the clerks from the vulgar gaze; a couple of old wooden chairs, a very loud-ticking clock, an almanac, an umbrella stand, a row of hat pegs, and a few shelves, on which were deposited several ticketed bundles of dirty papers, some old deal boxes with paper labels, and sundry decayed stone ink-bottles of various shapes and sizes. There was a glass-door leading into the passage which formed the entrance to the court, and on the outer side of this glass-door, Mr. Pickwick, closely followed by Sam Weller, presented himself on the Friday morning succeeding the occurrence, of which a faithful narration is given in the last chapter.

"Come in, can't you," cried a voice from behind the partition, in reply to Mr. Pickwick's gentle tap at the door. And Mr. Pickwick and Sam entered accordingly.

"Mr. Dodson or Mr. Fogg at home, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, gently, advancing, hat in hand, towards the partition.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," replied the voice; and at the same time the head to which the voice belonged, with a pen behind its ear, looked over the partition, and at Mr. Pickwick.

It was a ragged head, the sandy hair of which, scrupulously parted on one side, and flattened down with pomatum, was twisted into little semicircular tails round a flat face, ornamented with a pair of small eyes, and garnished with a very dirty shirt collar, and a rusty black stock.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," said the man to whom the head belonged.

"When will Mr. Dodson be back, sir," inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Can't say."

"Will it be long before Mr. Fogg is disengaged, sir?"

"Don't know."

Here the man proceeded to mend his pen with great deliberation, while another clerk, who was mixing a Seidlitz powder, under cover of the lid of his desk, laughed approvingly.

"I think I'll wait," said Mr. Pickwick. There was no reply; so Mr. Pickwick sat down unbidden, and listened to the loud ticking of the clock, and the murmured conversation of the clerks.

"That was a game, wasn't it?" said one of the gentlemen, in a brown coat and brass buttons, inky drabs, and bluchers, at the conclusion of some inaudible relation of his previous evening's adventures.

"Very good—very good," said the Seidlitz-powder man.

"Tom Cummins was in the chair," said the man with the brown coat; "it was half-past four when I got to Somers Town, and then I was so precious drunk, that I couldn't find the place where the latch-key went in, and was obliged to knock up the old 'ooman. I say, I wonder what old Fogg 'ud say, if he knew it. I should get the sack, I s'pose—eh?"

At this humorous notion, all the clerks laughed in concert.

"There was such a game with Fogg here, this mornin'," said the man in the brown coat, "while Jack was up stairs sorting the papers, and you two were gone to the Stamp-office, Fogg was down here opening the letters, when that chap as we issued the writ against at Camberwell, you know, came in—what's his name, again?"

"Ramsey," said the clerk who had spoken to Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, Ramsey—a precious seedy-looking customer." "Well, sir," says old Fogg, looking at him very fierce—you know his way—"Well, sir, have you come to settle?" "Yes, I have, sir," said Ramsey, putting his hand in his pocket, and bringing out the money, "the debt's two pound ten, and the costs three pound five and here it is, sir," and he sighed like bricks, as he lugged out the money, done up in a bit of blotting-paper. Old Fogg looked first at the money, and then at him, and then he coughed in his rum way, so that I knew something was coming. "You don't know there's a declaration filed, which increases the costs materially, I suppose?" said Fogg. "You don't say that, sir," said Ramsey, starting back; "the time was only out last night, sir." "I do say it, though," said Fogg, "my clerk's just gone to file it. Hasn't Mr. Jackson gone to file that declaration in Bullman and Ramsey, Mr. Wicks?" Of course, I said yes, and then Fogg coughed again, and looked at Ramsey. "My God!" said Ramsey; "and here have I nearly driven myself mad, scraping this money together, and all to no purpose." "None at all," said Fogg, coolly; "so you had better go back and scrape some more together, and bring it here in time." "I can't get it, by—," said Ramsey, striking the desk with his fist. "Don't bully me, sir," said Fogg, getting into a passion on purpose. "I am not bullying you, sir," said Ramsey. "You are," said Fogg; "get out, sir; get out of this office, sir, and come back, sir, when you know how to behave yourself." Well, Ramsey tried to speak, but Fogg wouldn't let him, so he put the money in his pocket, and sneaked out. The door was scarcely shut, when old Fogg turned round to me, with a sweet smile on his face, and drew the declaration out of his coat pocket. "Here, Wicks," says Fogg, "take a cab, and go down to the Temple as quick as you can, and file that. The costs are quite safe, for he's a steady

man with a large family, at a salary of five-and-twenty shillings a-week, and if he gives us a warrant of attorney, as he must in the end, I know his employers will see it paid; so we may as well get all we can out of him, Mr. Wicks; it's a Christian act to do it, Mr. Wicks, for with his large family and small income, he'll be all the better for a good lesson against getting into debt—won't he, Mr. Wicks, won't he?"—and he smiled so good-naturedly as he went away, that it was delightful to see him. He is a capital man of business," said Wicks, in a tone of the deepest admiration, "capital, isn't he?"

SOLILOQUY ON THE WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

Hail, thrice hail! thou hopeful source of good
 And fixed maxim of generous-hearted friendship:
 "The Widow and Orphans' Fund!" extatic sound
 Which vibrates upon the ear with harmony unspeakable,
 And fills the breast with glowing, anxious, bounteous
 Energy. In thy benign influence, through future
 Strange events,—even now methinks I read perspective,—
 A list immense of deeds profound,
 That cannot claim a record yet,
 Amongst the honours and solicitude,
 Dedicate to Charity and our Order!
 But whilst I thus meditate upon the favourite plan,
 O let me not unmindful be
 Towards its divine author—Omnipotence,
 At whose supreme behest, our frail, imperfect
 Labours can alone acquire sufficiency;
 Sublime the homage—happy the privilege!
 To help the helpless—to soothe the troubled mind,
 And from its course avert the tide of grief;
 Or triumph high, when grateful hearts proclaim
 Responsive: how well the happy boon, in generous purpose given,
 A full requital shews.
 If to ruminate thus solemn
 Be apposite to humanity, and the peculiar claim
 Of Deity, O let the humble strain resound
 Throughout our band of fellowship!
 Then, indeed, may heedless folly
 Coldly track her widest path,
 And sullen avarice vainly croak discordant;
 For meek-eyed pity, true in office here,
 Intensely, fairly holds her just predominance!
 The widow's tears are not petrescent,
 But, like sorrow's true harbinger,
 Cheerless flow from creation's tenderest depository,
 To ebb most calmly when other hearts assay their worth,
 And yields, in halcyon streams, one kindred sympathy.
 Yet stop we thus? Oh, no! if aught in woe
 Can fill the mind with apprehensions drear,
 And bid a kindly impulse rise expansive—
 If aught importune men to hold true compact,
 And plight eternal faith with Charity—
 'Tis this, 'tis this—the Orphan's woe!
 Their young unconscious hearts,
 Like autumn's tender plants o'erashed with mildew,
 Alas! afe doomed too oft 'ere bloom approach,
 To cankerworm, and blight thus prematurely:

Or else, perchance, some slippery maze beguiles,
 Where vice assumes her lure and myriad shapes,
 To entice from honour's path with glittering guise,
 Her artless, guideless, unprotected victims !
 Anon, and forth a guardianship shall blaze !
 My brotherhood, can we not feel our obligations now ?
 "Widow and Orphans' Fund !" let the welcome echo fly,
 And each fraternal heart respond,
 Nor quaintly wear a disposition crude,
 Nor mar its just importance.
 Though ample not our means, desires are free,
 And quicken into use, when leagued in harmony ;
 Unite—defer not—counsel unfolds benevolence,
 Whilst Heaven supplies the revenue and competence.

J. E.

Tottingham, November, 1836.

TWO SONNETS BY P. PROV. G. M. BAILEY.

WINTER.

Winter ! I love thee in thy every dress ;
 The sombre sadness of November's shades,
 When fiercely wild adown the leaf-strewn glades
 The rude winds pour, to me brings happiness.
 But dearest art thou in thy loveliness,
 When glittering rime each pensile spray invades ;
 And silvery showers illumine the dark arcades
 Of forests deep, as thence the scared birds press.
 The stilly softness of each rural sound,
 When light thy mantle shrouds earth's darksome face,
 Mine ear delights ; yet well I love to trace,
 Borne from afar sharp o'er th' repulsive ground,
 The joyous shoutings of the giddy throng,
 Enraptured flying the smooth ice along.

A SABBATH SCENE.

Within our village church each Sabbath day,
 A scene I mark that fills my heart with joy,
 And all its better thoughts ne'er fails t' employ.
 An old dark pew there is, where sits a grey
 Time-wrinkled man, who grateful seeks to pay,
 His meed of thanks to God ; a fair-haired boy
 Beside his grandsire stands, while watchful nigh,
 A blooming matron kneels, of both the stay.
 Attentive marks, that good old man, each prayer,
 And from his heart oft bursts the sigh sincere ;
 The matron mild her low response breathes near,
 While clasps that sinless child its hands so fair ;
 A groupe, well worthy of the painter's art,
 A groupe, oh ! better far, formed after God's own heart !

Lepe Lodge, Horsley Woodhouse, Nov. 1836.

BIRTHS.

September 24, 1836, the wife of P. P. D. G. M. Horton, of the Saint George Lodge, Newcastle, of a daughter.—September 16, the wife of P. G. Mifflin, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Keele, of a daughter.—May 21, the wife of brother Wedenhall, of the Saint George, Newcastle, of a daughter.—September 26, the wife of Enoch Turner, C. S. of the Saint John Lodge, Burslem, of a daughter.—August 27, the wife of P. G. Geo. Durrans, of the Wellington, Huddersfield, of a daughter, which only survived a few minutes.—October 17, the wife of brother Henry Allen, of the King William the Fourth Lodge, Chesterfield, of a daughter.—November 19, the wife of brother William Watson, of the Terra Firma Lodge, Chesterfield, of a son.—October 1, the wife of P. G. John Smithee, of the Heroes Glory Lodge, Halifax, of a son and heir.—November 19, 1836, Maria, the wife of brother Edward Gee, of the Walsley's Arms Lodge, Wigan, of a son and heir.—November 20, Ann, the wife of P. G. John Bolton, of the Walsley's Arms Lodge, of a daughter.—December 11, 1835, the wife of brother William Laycock, of the Beaumont Lodge, Kirkheaton, of a daughter.—March 13, the wife of brother John Jessaps, of the same place, of a daughter.—April 17, the wife of P. G. William Peaces, of the same place, of a daughter, and all of the Dewsbury District.—October 10, the wife of P. G. Thomas Read, of the Wellington Lodge, Manchester, of a son.—June 3, the wife of brother John Shaw, of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield, of a daughter.—June 16, the wife of P. G. John Wood, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, of a daughter.—June 30, the wife of P. V. William Lord; July 29, the wife of brother John Stott; August 7, the wife of brother James Aspinall; August 14, the wife of brother Mark Jowett; August 25, the wife of brother John Smith; August 27, the wife of P. G. Joseph Schofield; November 10, the wife of N. G. William Wood, the preceding seven belong to the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, and had each of them a daughter.—May 29, the wife of brother George Hibert of a son: and May 28, the wife of brother Robert Ashworth, of a daughter, both of the London District.—September 10, the wife of brother Isaac Deans, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich, of a fine son.—July 5, the wife of brother Chester, of a son; and August 1, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. Thomas Ashley, of a son, both of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, Wem.—June 23, the wife of N. G. Hibbins, of the Good Intent Lodge, Loughborough, of a son.—October 28, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Taylor, of the British Crown Lodge, of a daughter: and on the 29th, the wife of N. G. Malor, of the Nelson Ball Lodge, of a daughter, both of the Oldham District.—November 10, Nancy, the wife Prov. G. M. James Lowe, of the Stayley Bridge District, of a son; in a few hours after on the 11th November, the wife of V. G. Edward Beaver, of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge, of a daughter; also, in one hour after, the wife of brother Henry Carless, of the King Charles the Second Lodge, of a daughter, all of the same District.—October 26, the wife of P. S. Smith, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, of a daughter.—September 1, the wife of brother William Wedrop, of the Providential Lodge, Northallerton, of a daughter.—August 2, the wife of brother John Jackson, of a son and heir. Also, on the 15th, the wife of P. G. Joseph Scurrass, of a son and heir; both of the Good Intent Lodge, Bradford.—August 20, the wife of brother Geo. Howarth, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, of a daughter.—September 29, the wife of brother Bandle, of the Britannia Lodge, Leeds, of a son.—September 10, the wife of G. M. Yates; and November 3, the wife of V. G. Stanley, of a son, both of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton.—November 27, the wife of P. G. Richard Rutter, of the Franklin Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter.—October 22, Ellen, the wife of brother John Jennings, of the William the Fourth Lodge, Wigan, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

August 2, 1836, at Stoke-upon-Trent, by the Rev. Sir Wm. Dunbar, Shearack Dishley, N. G. of the Saint George Lodge, Newcastle, to Miss Rhodes.—June 23, N. G. John Cartlich, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Stoke-upon Trent, to Miss Mary Corden.—July 9, brother Jesse Buxton, of the same Lodge, to Miss Martha

Malkin.—August 11, P. G. Henry Dix, of the same Lodge, to Miss Harriet Barrott.—September 11, P. G. William Bennet, of the same Lodge, to Miss Jane Peacock.—May 9, brother George Chester, of the Loyal Marquis of Granby Lodge, Waltham, Leicestershire, to Miss Bishop, daughter of Mr. Bishop, carpenter and joiner, of Waltham.—October 24, at Chesterfield, brother J. Bird, to Miss Elizabeth Harby, of Mansfield.—October 31, at Chesterfield, brother James Cropper, to Miss Harriet Glossop, both of the Terra Firma Lodge.—At Dewsbury church, brother Joseph Stringer, of the Beaumont Lodge, to Ellen Grange, widow of the late P. S. John Grange, of the Amphibious Lodge, Bradley.—April 24, P. G. John Lodge, to Miss Mewsom, both of Dalton.—On Whitmonday, at the Parish Church, Mirfield, brother D. M. Holroyd, to Miss Hannah Howgate, of Battley Carr; all of the Beaumont Lodge, Kirk Heaton.—Same day, Whitmonday, Secretary Jonathan Senior, to Miss Sykes, both of Lepton.—August 14, at the Parish Church, Rochdale, brother Richard Taylor, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, to Elizabeth Grimshaw, of Summerseat.—August 15, brother Thomas Clayton, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, to Ellen Bear.—September 19, at St. Mary's church, Ilkiston, brother John Silvester, of the Loyal Duke of Rutland Lodge, to Miss Ball, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ball, saw manufacturer.—October 2, at Warrington church, brother John Bentham, of the Le Gendre Starkie Lodge, Wigan, to Miss Elizabeth Fairbrother, Chapel Lane, Wigan.—October 18, at Billinge, near Wigan, P. G. William Atkinson, of the William the Fourth, but now of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Wigan, to Mrs. Sarah Fishwick, earthenware dealer, of the same place.—October 16, at Elland, brother Thomas Bottomley, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, to Miss Hepworth, daughter of Mr. James Hepworth, of Little Woodhouse, Rastrick.—October 30, at the Parish Church, Huddersfield, P. G. James Briggs, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse, to Miss Yates, of the same place; this being the first marriage that has been solemnized since the rebuilding of the said noble edifice, the parties were presented with a bible and prayer book, to be kept in memory of the happy event.—September 15, brother Samuel Holmes, of the Arcanum Lodge, Crawford, to Miss Lydia Froggatt, of the same place.—P. V. G. James Smith, of the Arcanum Lodge, to Miss Hannah Brookes, sister to brother Samuel Brookes, of the same Lodge.—August 6, brother Henry Stephenson, of the Providential Lodge, Northallerton, to Miss Ann Mennell, of the same place.—September 16, brother John Turnbull, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, to Miss Margaret Moor, of the same place.—October 22nd, brother John Smith, of the North Star Lodge, Brompton, to Miss Garbut, of Great Ayton, Cleveland.—November 7, brother Robert Prest, of the Nelson Lodge, Masham, to Miss Metcalf.—July 2, P. G. John Wrathall, to Miss Harriet Witmore, of Barrow Castle.—July 21, Sec. William Walsh, of the Good Intent Lodge, Halifax, to Miss Willey, both of Skircoat.—Brother Charles Parker, of the Youths' Resolution Lodge, Mount Tabor, Halifax District, to Miss Susannah Acroyd, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Acroyd, of Somersett place, Warley.—P. Sec. John Brook, of the Village Pride Lodge, Cleckheaton, to Miss Jane Halderson, of the same place.—Oct. 30, brother Thomas Hampshaw, of the Banquet in the Valley Lodge, Leeds District, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. James Bobinson, of Beeston.—September 19, brother William Heywood, son of brother Isaac Heywood, joiner and cabinet maker, to Ruth, second daughter of P. V. James Whitaker, all of the Nelson Ball Lodge, Oldham.—September 19, at Merthyr Tydvil, Secretary Thomas Jones, Liberty Lodge, No. 652, to Miss Mary Gresty, of Altrincham, Cheshire.

DEATHS.

On Sunday, September 12, brother Joseph Austin, of the Saint George Lodge, Newcastle. His remains were interred on the Sunday following at Wolstanton; a very respectable body of the brethren assembled in the Lodge-room; upwards of 160 followed in procession—he has left a widow and six children to lament his loss.—July 10, host Wilson, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, Huddersfield District.—Brother Isaac Flint, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden.—July 9, Mary Ann, the beloved daughter of Sidney Mills, C. S. of the Huddersfield District; aged

one year and three weeks.—August 15, brother Joseph Hirst, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden.—November 18, Hannah, aged thirteen years, the eldest daughter of brother Luke Simpson.—Mary, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. Charles Riggot, aged 45 years, both of the King William the Fourth Lodge, Chesterfield.—October 6, in the 38th year of her age, after a long and protracted illness, born with christian fortitude, Betty, the wife of P. G. John Jaggar, of the Loyal Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax District, leaving a disconsolate husband, and three small children to mourn their irreparable loss.—October 10, John, the youngest son of host Thomas Shaw, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Wigan.—June 27, brother William Clarkson, aged 33 years, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington. His melancholy death was occasioned by being run over with a cart, leaving a disconsolate widow and three small children to deplore his irreparable loss. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous and respectable body of the officers and brothers of the Lodge, wearing black scarfs, white aprons, and white gloves, all new for the occasion; after which an impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Walch, in the Wesleyan chapel, Tottington.—September 3, much lamented, the wife of late host Welham, of the St. Thomas Lodge, London, aged 36 years.—November 23, in the 38th year of his age, much and deservedly respected, brother James Stranding, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.—August 6, William, son of brother Edward Mereweather, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Bedale, aged eight weeks.—October 20, Thomas, son of brother Thomas Harrison, of the Providential Lodge, Northallerton, aged three years and four months.—July 12, aged 26, the wife of brother Nathan Buckley, of the Golden Fleece Lodge, Bradford.—August 29, brother George Baine, aged 24, of the United Brothers' Lodge, Barnard Castle, respected by all who knew him.—July 6, the wife of brother Henry Furnell, aged 21 years; and November 12, of the measles, Harry, the son of brother John Elliott, aged one year and nine months, both of the Brunswick Lodge, Brighton.—On the 25th of October, aged 32, P. G. William Chappels, of the Farmers' Glory Lodge, Openshaw, and formerly of the Hill's Glory Lodge, both in the Manchester District. He was the first Secretary of the Farmers' Glory Lodge, and went through the various elective offices with great credit to himself, and usefulness to the Lodge; he was an attentive and assiduous teacher in the Openshaw Sunday School, the teachers and children of which attended at the abode of the deceased, previous to the removal of the corpse, and sung several appropriate hymns, thus evincing the sorrow they felt at his death. The officers and members of the Lodge, to the number of upwards of 120, followed the corpse to its last resort place, (Gorton old chapel) and the seriousness of their deportment shewed the high estimation in which the deceased was held by them; to his relatives and friends it is consoling,—that his end was peace.—On Wednesday, the 13th of July, at Battley Carr, near Dewsbury, after a long and severe affliction, in the 38th year of her age, Mrs. Martha Nicholson, wife of P. G. Joseph Nicholson, of the Heroes' Glory Lodge, Halifax, and eldest daughter of the late Mr. Cave, of Battley Carr, leaving an afflicted husband, and five small children to lament their irreparable loss. P. G. Nicholson cannot omit the opportunity of expressing his heartfelt thanks to the officers and brothers of the Dewsbury District, for the kind manner in which they behaved to him on that distressing occasion: betwixt thirty and forty having attended the funeral, with the pall, mutes, &c. of the District, which, with the double set of female pall-bearers, all wearing white silk shawls, made the funeral have a very interesting effect. Mrs. Nicholson was sister to the late brother Thomas Cave, of the Amphibious Lodge, in the Huddersfield District, who died about two months before her.—September 20, brother Thompson, of the Saint James' Lodge, Leeds District.—January 29, suddenly, John William Wright, aged 11 years, son of P. Prov. G. M. William Wright, Leeds District.—September 11, at Merthyr Tydvil, of measles, aged three years and two months, Margaret, daughter of P. G. Thomas Thomas, of the Catwg Ddoeth Lodge, No. 651.—October 22, after a long and painful sickness which he bore with patience for eighteen months, P. G. John Hewitt, of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, Wigan. He was well respected by all who knew him: his remains were followed by the officers and brothers of the Queen Adelaide Lodge, from his own home at Wigan, from thence to Warrington. He has left a widow and six children to lament his loss.

(Births, &c. received too late, will be inserted in the next Number.)

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

MARCH.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1837.

BOLTON, FEBRUARY 25, 1837.

TO THE
GRAND MASTER AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE
MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODD FELLOWS.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure we have witnessed your successful efforts in withstanding the unjust attempts of men who should have been brothers in heart and soul, in object and love, but who have proved themselves treacherous and base. Whilst we cannot but deprecate the mean and selfish objects of the unworthy, we would no less applaud the zeal and uprightness of the honest and disinterested. We therefore hasten to convey to you the feelings of pleasure and approbation which thrill our bosoms for the prompt steps you have taken in opposing the fraudulent—defending the funds of our Order from the grasp of the mercenary and base—clearing the character of Odd Fellowship from unjust aspersions—and seeking the protection of the law to uphold us in our honest and upright exertions in the cause of human brotherhood and human philanthropy. Too often, alas! is it the case, that the schemes of the benevolent—the exertions of the honest, the worthy and deserving—are invaded by the designing and the worthless, and attempts are made to destroy Institutions of a praiseworthy character. Sorry are we that individuals of this stamp should have been found in the ranks of Odd Fellows, and that men who profess to hold even-handed and blindfolded the scales of justice should so readily have aided their nefarious plans. But we are glad that your appeal to an impartial and discerning legal functionary has for a time—nay, we hope for ever—given a precedent that will establish our claim to protection, and leave unquestioned our legality as a Society.—Let us hope, Officers and Brothers, that this is the last time such an attempt will be made to injure our funds and uproot our existence. The schemes of the designing are thwarted—let us be more vigilant; their treachery is widely made known—let our honesty be as extensively disseminated; their hatred has been exhibited—let our friendship and love shine as effulgent; their falsehood has been widely circulated—let Truth be our distinguishing motto, Justice our polar star, and all the arts of the cunning and deceitful will prove abortive.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS, again would we thank you for your exertions on behalf of the Order—our tribute, though small, is sincere: be assured, no officer duly executing his office but what is deserving, and shall receive our thanks. They who promptly put forth their energies for the good of others merit esteem, and therefore do we willingly applaud you, satisfied that our confidence is not misplaced.

We are, OFFICERS AND BROTHERS, on behalf of the Bolton District Quarterly Committee,

GEORGE ROBSON, PROV. G. M.

JOSEPH POLLETT, PROV. D. G. M.

JOSEPH RUSHTON, PROV. C. S.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
MAGAZINE.

I forward for insertion the Rules for the government of the Widow and Orphans' Fund for the Manchester District, and which will be submitted to the March Committee for approval. By the kindness of P. Prov. G. M. Brown, of the Stockport District, I am enabled to furnish you with their Rules. On such an important occasion I am anxious to give Lodges and Districts an opportunity of choosing the best Code, and perhaps from each something may be gleaned which will suit local circumstances; at the same time advocating the principle, "that every member in a District should pay a proportionate share towards the Fund, and in which, although not directly, it requires no great exertions to prove that he is indirectly interested."

I am, the Order's well-wisher,

JOHN S. MYERS.

Town Hall Buildings, Manchester, Feb. 23, 1837.

REPORT of the SUB-COMMITTEE for the FORMATION of a WIDOW and ORPHANS' FUND in the MANCHESTER DISTRICT, and Propositions for Laws, &c. for the government of the same.

REPORT.

TO THE OFFICERS AND BRETHREN OF THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT OF THE I. O. O. F.

WE, the Sub-Committee appointed by the last September Quarterly Committee, to frame a Code of Laws for the government of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, beg respectfully to lay before you the result of our labours, for your sanction and approval; and, in doing so, beg to congratulate the members of the District upon the good likely to accrue from the formation of a Fund for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of deceased brothers, conscious that such an Institution will have a tendency to elevate our beloved Order, for its acts of benevolence will raise us in the estimation of the public, and bind us more closely together in the pleasing bonds of charity.

We would beg to recommend to your serious consideration that portion of our code which makes it imperative upon all Lodges in the District to contribute to such fund, being assured it would tend, ultimately, to the benefit of all, as it will be shewn, at the forthcoming Committee, that from June, 1832, to October, 1836, more than £300. was granted to widows alone; and that £104. of this was granted from February to October, 1836, a period of eight months only. This affords a convincing proof, that as the District has increased in point of members, the applicants have been more numerous—consequently, if the proportion for eight months were £104., the proportion for one year would be £156.

These petitions realize from some Lodges considerably more than their fair share, or more than the state of their funds will warrant them in giving, this evil would be avoided by all cases being relieved out of the general fund, according to the nature of their distress. All Lodges would then contribute alike, and the weak would then have an opportunity of joining in the good work, of contributing an equal proportion according to their numbers, "to purchase the last fond hope, the only consolation of the lonely widow—a sure and certain source from whence she can derive pecuniary aid to maintain herself and her helpless offspring." As it now is, they have not an opportunity of contributing as much as they would probably like to give, without injury to themselves.

The formation of this Fund will enable its Officers to make every necessary inquiry into the nature of each case, and also enable the Committee to grant prompt relief, without the loss of time consequent upon the Officers having to go the rounds of the Lodges, as it too frequently happens that the money, being collected and paid over in small sums, is expended, without that aid having been administered which would not

only tend to secure them from present distress, but also be a means of providing for their future comfort.

The Sub-Committee leave the matter in your hands, feeling conscious that the Code of Laws framed by them have had their mature consideration, and, though they may not meet the approbation of all, yet feel assured that the District, in making any alterations they may deem necessary, will only have the same object as ourselves in view, viz:—The establishment of a Fund, which will be a lasting ornament to the District, and a blessing to those whom it is intended to serve.

"The means we have—then let us *all* unite
In this good cause, and give our little mite;
The generous mind 'twill always cheer,
To dry the Widow and the Orphan's tear."

JOHN ASHHURST, P. G. M. CHAIRMAN.
JOHN ORMOND, P. G. M.
JAMES MANSFIELD, P. G. M.
JAMES DAVIES, PROV. G. M.
E. K. DAVIS, PROV. D. G. M.
WILLIAM PEYTON, PROV. C. S.
THOMAS PRATT, P. PROV. G. M.
PETER CATTERALL, P. G.
JOHN PEISER, P. G.
JAMES DUNCAN, P. G.
WILLIAM RICHARDS, P. G.
JOHN S. MYERS, HONORARY SECRETARY.

PROPOSITIONS FOR LAWS, &c.

1.—*Object of the Institution.*—That the object of this Institution is to form a Fund for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of Odd Fellows, as may be left in a state to require pecuniary assistance.

2.—*Members.*—That the whole of the members of the Manchester District be subscribing members to this Fund.

3.—*Funds and how to be raised.*—That the profits on the sale of the Magazine be appropriated in assisting to raise a Fund.

4. That the Non-subscribers to the Magazine pay twopence per quarter as an equivalent to the amount paid by a subscriber.

5.—That one shilling be paid to this Fund for every brother made on or after the first of April, 1837. Lodges to have power to add such money to the member's initiation, or pay the same out of the Lodge funds.

6.—*Government and Officers.*—That the affairs of this Fund shall be governed and conducted by a President and Vice President, Secretary, five Trustees, and Committee, as above-named, who shall remain in office twelve calendar months, when they may be re-appointed, or fresh ones chosen in their stead.

7.—*Appointment of President and Trustees.*—That, in the first instance, the President, Vice President, and Trustees be appointed by the Committee deputed by the various Lodges; but that in subsequent cases the above Officers be appointed by the deputies present at the Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphans' Fund.

8.—*Parties ineligible to serve Office.*—That the G. M., and D. G. M. of the Order, the G. M., and D. G. M. of the District, and the President and Vice President of the Funeral Fund for the time being, be prohibited from serving the office of President or Vice President of this Fund.

9.—*Neglect of Officers.*—That if the President, Vice President, Secretary, or Trustees, neglect their duties, or shall be suspended, expelled, or in any other way

disqualified to serve, then the Committee shall, on their next Meeting-night, appoint a fresh one in the place of such Officer or Trustee so disqualified.

10.—That if any member of the Committee shall neglect his duty, or shall be suspended, expelled, or in any way be disqualified to serve on the Committee, then his Lodge shall, on his next Lodge-night, appoint a fresh one in his place.

11.—That in case any of the Committee neglect to attend for three successive Meeting-nights, they shall be disqualified, and their Lodge shall proceed as above, to appoint another.

12.—*Annual Meeting.*—That there shall be held, annually on the last Friday in April in each year, a Committee, composed of the Officers of the Fund, and an officer or brother from each Lodge, and which shall be held, considered, and called, "The Annual Meeting of the Fund."

13.—*Secretary and his Duties.*—That the Secretary of this Fund shall keep a register of the names, ages, trade and residence of every member of this Fund, who is not a subscribing member to the Funeral Fund; and in all other cases the register book of the Funeral Fund to be considered as the register-book of this Fund. He shall also keep a book in which shall be recorded the resolutions of the Committee, and another book in which shall be entered the receipts and disbursements of the Fund; and he shall lay before the Auditors his balance sheet, after having been audited, declared correct, and signed by the Auditors, which shall be signed by the President before leaving office.—The Secretary's salary to be paid quarterly.

14.—*President, his power to call Secretary to account.*—That the President (or Vice in his absence) be empowered to bring the Secretary to account, and shall have free access to his books and accounts, and may require them to be balanced on giving seven days' notice; and that he account to him for all moneys paid and received on account of this Institution, and in case he refuses to obey his reasonable commands, he shall suffer such pains and penalties as a majority of the next Committee may think fit.

15.—*Auditors of Accounts.*—That there shall be appointed by the Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphan's Fund on their first meeting-night after coming into office, two qualified persons as Auditors of the accounts for the Institution, who shall audit the ensuing twelve months' accounts, previous to the same being laid before the next Annual Meeting of the Widow and Orphans' Fund; such Auditors' remuneration to be taken into consideration by the Yearly Meeting.

16.—*Meetings of Committee.*—That the meetings of the Committee shall be held the last Friday in each month, at eight o'clock precisely, at such place as the Committee may appoint at their last meeting previous to the District Annual Committee— that every Lodge shall have power to send a person to represent such Lodge on the Committee—and that no money or assistance be granted unless twenty members of the Committee are present.

17.—*Mode of Application for Relief.*—That when application is made for relief from the funds of this Institution, such application shall be made by the Lodge to which the deceased brother belonged, who shall minutely inquire into the circumstances of the parties, and faithfully report the same to the Committee. No application shall be considered which has not previously been before the Lodge for its recommendation; such recommendation must be signed by the presiding Officers of the Lodge, and under the Lodge Seal, and delivered in to the Secretary of the Fund, at least seven days previous to the Committee Meeting, who shall give notice of the application to the President and visiting members of the Committee, who shall make personal inquiry into the case and give in their report at the next meeting of the Committee. No application to be allowed unless the party deceased was entitled to the funeral gift from the Funeral Fund or funds of his Lodge.

18.—*Addressing Meeting.*—That no officer or brother be allowed to speak more than three times on one subject, except in reply to a question, and by desire of the President.

19.—*Good Behaviour at Meeting.*—That the President and Vice shall order good behaviour and decorum to be observed at all Committees of this Institution; and the

same fines shall be inflicted in case of bad or improper behaviour, as if in open Lodge of the Order.

20.—*Moneys, and to whom paid.*—That all moneys whatever, on account of this Society, be paid to the Secretary, and shall by him be placed in the banks, to the credit of the Trustees to this Institution, once in each and every month; and that all moneys on account of this Society, be paid by the bank on receiving a cheque.

21.—*Alterations or Amendments in Laws, &c.*—That no new Law shall be made, nor an old Law altered, nor any business be laid before an Annual Committee of this Institution, without such new Law, or alteration of an old one, together with the heads of any other business having been first circulated round to the various Lodges interested.

22.—*Members being Suspended or Expelled.*—That should any member of this Society be suspended the Independent Order for non-payment, or otherwise, for the space of three months, he shall also be suspended from this Society; or should he, by misconduct, or otherwise, be expelled the Independent Order, he shall also be expelled this Society; but should such suspension or expulsion be removed according to the Laws of the Order, he shall be allowed to rejoin this Society either by paying his arrears, or as a new member, as a majority of the members of this Society, assembled at a regular meeting, may think most proper.

23.—*Disputes.*—Should any dispute occur concerning these Laws, or other matters concerning the Fund which the Laws do not specify, between the President, Vice, Secretary, or other officers or brothers of this Institution, which they cannot then settle, the same shall be referred to three parties belonging this Institution on each side, and if they cannot settle the same the said six parties shall call in another, who shall be appointed by the said parties, (previous to entering on any business), who shall be considered as umpire, and whose decision shall be final and conclusive.

JOHN ASHHURST, CHAIRMAN.

JOHN S. MYERS, HONORARY SECRETARY.

STOCKPORT DISTRICT WIDOW AND ORPHANS' FUND.

THE Committee appointed by you to produce Laws for the government of the Widow and Orphans' Fund in this District, have attended to your desire according to the best of their ability. They are of opinion the fewer the number of Laws there are the better they could be understood, and be the cause of less trouble to the Board, being assured that circumstances of themselves will produce Laws or remedies for cases that from time to time may occur. They are also of a unanimous opinion, that to carry out the great principle, all should become subscribers, that would tend greatly to carry out this great and good work in the manner only contemplated by the original propagators of the same; and should Lodges generally join in bodies, the good they would be able to do would raise such a sensation of pleasure in their breasts, which none but the charitably disposed can feel. Friends of humanity and of our benevolent Order do come forward, and attempt to convince those who are opposed to the general system, that it is the only method to secure the permanency of this charitable undertaking. Under this plan the subscribers will ensure safety of support in case their widows or orphans stand in need of the same, either immediately after death, or at any period after that time; for you will perceive, according to the part of one Law, that though parties leave their widows or orphans in moderate or even good circumstances, should they become unfortunate or in distress, their claims to these funds are as good and valid as though application was sooner made. Then let us, at this stage of our proceedings, ask ourselves this simple question: Are not all liable to a change of circumstances? and if so, what ought we not to do to secure for our family left behind, some guard against the iron hand of adversity.

The profits on the Magazine have also had a most serious consideration, and the Committee came to this conclusion: That, on the ground of equity, the non-subscribers to the Magazine shall pay an equivalent to the profit on the Magazine with those

who are subscribers ; for instance, say the profit of the Magazine is 2d. on each, supposing then the contribution for each member joining this Fund should be 6d. per quarter, those who contribute to the Magazine would only pay 4d. the remainder would be paid on the Magazine. The Committee have left nothing untried that presented itself, which in the least tended to carry out this great principle of benevolence and charity. The Committee are unanimously of opinion that the Rules attached to this are those (with the assistance of all the well-disposed) which will achieve what has been so anxiously looked for—the permanent establishment of a Widows' and Orphans' Fund in this District.

WILLIAM BROWN, SECRETARY.

RESOLVED,

1.—That this Society be called "The Stockport District Independent Odd Fellows' Widows' and Orphans' Fund."

2.—That the business of this Society be conducted by a President, Vice President, Secretary, and one Committee-man from every Lodge joining this Fund, or from individuals joining the same—such Officers to remain in office twelve months, and to be considered eligible for re-election. That the President, Vice President, and Secretary be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, such meeting to take place on the first Monday in September, each Lodge joining this Fund to choose their own Deputy, and that the remainder, supposing all Lodges do not join, to be chosen by the Board from members as above-mentioned.

3.—That all members joining this Fund shall pay 6d. per quarter, except such persons be subscribers to the Magazine, then the non-subscribers to pay an equivalent to the profit on the Magazine, but no Magazines to be sold to any member under the price placed on the same by the A. M. C.

4.—That all cases that require relief shall first be brought before the Lodge the deceased individual formerly belonged to; then the N. G. shall report truly their opinion on the same to the Board. But that all gifts, loans, and presentments be made by the Board. Yet that no gifts be awarded unless above one-half of the Board are in attendance; and that though widows and orphans may be left in good circumstances, yet should misfortune overtake them, they are to have the same claim on the funds as is usual in cases of distress.

5.—That the Board be not bound to give any specific sum, but to have a discretionary power to act as the circumstances of the case may require. Nevertheless that Board shall be extremely careful in dispensing gifts to those only who are extremely necessitous.

6.—That there be a Treasurer appointed to this Fund, and that all moneys belonging to this Society be placed in his hands for their benefit—the said Treasurer to give security for money should the said Board think proper to call for the same.

7.—That the Secretary keep an account of all receipts and disbursements, and shall make out a balance sheet yearly, subject to the inspection of three Auditors, to be chosen from the members joining this Fund.

8.—That should any dispute arise between two or more members joining this Fund, the matter in dispute to be referred to the Board, whose decision, if not satisfactory to the parties, shall be left to three subscribing members of this Fund, who shall determine the same, each person to choose one, and the Board the other.

9.—That persons joining this Fund before the first Monday in June to be considered members on entering. Persons joining after June, and before the first Monday in September, to pay sixpence entrance, and to be three months before they become members; and all persons joining after September to pay one shilling entrance, and to be three months before they become members. Lodges joining in a body to be considered members on entrance, provided they join before the last Monday in June, and such Lodges may return new made brothers without any entrance, and to become members on being returned.

10.—Should the Officers or Committee neglect their duty in not attending meetings, or sending a reasonable apology, they shall be fined for each such neglect the sum of one shilling. All fines to go to the Funds.

11.—That persons joining this fund, drawing their cards or clearances, and causing their regular quota to be paid, still remain members of the Fund. But should any member or members be expelled or suspended from his or their Lodge, such individual to stand expelled or suspended this Fund, and to forego all claims to the same.

12.—That no new law, amendment, or altering the old ones, except at a regular meeting, and more than one-half of the Board are present. That the Board meet on the first Monday in March, June, September, and December, to receive the contributions and return of members.

P. G. JOHN PREISTNALL, PRESIDENT.

P. PROV. G. M. JAMES CLAYTON, VICE PRESIDENT.

P. PROV. G. M. WILLIAM BROWN, SECRETARY.

AN ODD FELLOW.

WHAT is an Odd Fellow? is a question very often asked by the inquisitive I will tell you what he is like, and what he is :

He is like a fox for cunning—a dove for tameness—a lamb for innocence—a lion for boldness—a bee for industry—and a sheep for usefulness. A word on each : He is cunning enough to become a man, (*i. e.* an Odd Fellow) ; he is tame enough to continue one ; he is innocent enough to deserve to be one ; he is fierce enough to be worthy being one ; by contributing like the bee, in summer for winter, he continues to be one ; and, like a sheep, is not only doing good to himself, but to those who may be acquainted with, or dependant on him. Nay, he is a dutiful child, an affectionate parent, a faithful servant, a good master, a peaceful neighbour, a loyal subject, a wise king, a just ruler, a true friend—"full of affection to his brethren, faithful to his friends, generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate ; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest and happiness ; magnanimous without being proud ; humble without being mean ; just without being harsh ; on whose word we can entirely rely ; whose countenance never deceives us ; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart ; one, in fine, whom, independently of any views of advantage, we should choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as our brother from the same parent." This is an Odd Fellow according to Odd Fellowship.

BETA.

BURY, FEBRUARY 18, 1837.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ORDER AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

THE Officers and Brothers of the Bury District view with unfeigned regret the unpleasant differences which at present unfortunately exist in the Manchester District, and at a numerous and respectable meeting of our District, held on the 5th instant, the conduct of some lately expelled members of the Manchester District was taken into consideration, and the attempts they have been making to create disaffection amongst our members, and to bring into disrespect our valuable Institution, are considered highly reprehensible, and the parties so acting deserving the censure of every Independent Odd Fellow. Some of the difficulties in which you have been placed were explained, and the prompt and spirited manner in which you have acted is not only approved, but much applauded by the Officers and Brothers of this District ; and we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to express our entire confidence in the present Officers of the Order and Board of Directors, and we hope you will not relax in the active and honorable exertions you are making for the welfare of our Institution, if circumstances require it. The answers you elicited from the Attorney General, and

which you have inserted in the public papers, have been read with great interest in this District, and are likely to be productive of much good.

Hoping you will insert the above in the next Magazine, and relying with full confidence on your future exertions for the welfare of the Order, we subscribe ourselves, in the bonds of F. L. and T.,

JAMES TAYLOR, Prov. G. M.
JOHN MITCHELL, Prov. D. G. M.
THOMAS WILSON, Prov. C. S.
R. AINSWORTH, P. Prov. G. M.
J. WILSON, P. Prov. G. M.
R. LEVER, P. Prov. G. M.
J. JONES, P. Prov. G. M.
H. MERCER, P. Prov. G. M.
J. HUGGISON, P. Prov. G. M.
P. WARBURTON, P. Prov. D. G. M.
J. HOLT, jun. P. Prov. D. G. M.
J. RHONE, P. Prov. D. G. M.
R. DUCKERS, P. Prov. D. G. M.
J. WARBURTON, P. Prov. C. S.
J. HOLT, sen. P. Prov. C. S.

[The following distressing, yet unsophisticated, statement, has been received by the G. M. and Board of Directors, and by them directed to be laid before the whole Order, through the medium of the Magazine—comment is unnecessary.]

BROTHER JAMES SHAW, KING CHARLES LODGE, OLDHAM.

In gratitude to the Independent Order for their unwearied exertions on my behalf, I, JAMES SHAW, of the King Charles Lodge, Oldham, return to my Lodge, District, and the Order in General, my most grateful and heartfelt thanks for the many and unbounded kindnesses they have so long bestowed upon me: and rest assured, that whilst I exist, my constant prayer shall be for the welfare of my ever kind benefactors, and may they never know affliction like mine. I am, in the good old bonds,

Your's, with all due respect and esteem,

Oldham, March, 1837.

JAMES SHAW.

JAMES SHAW's disease is of such a nature as to baffle the skill of all medical men that ever have seen him, and all means and experience have been tried that the ingenuity of the Faculty could devise, but all to no purpose. He received the first sick ticket from his Lodge, June 30th, 1831, and up to February 9th, 1837, he has received

	£.	s.	d.
294 tickets, or.....	91	3	6
Donations from his Lodge.....	2	7	0
Do. Oldham District.....	25	9	6
By the A. M. Cs. of Hull, Kendal, and Derby.....	23	0	4

142 0 4

Besides what has been bestowed by private individuals; he has at present no means of support, but what springs from the source of Odd Fellowship; he having a wife who has been a cripple for the last six months, and will be for life, so that you may judge of the situation they are now in, when I assure you that his disorder is such that he can take as much sustenance as any three men, and still he is what we may term—a living skeleton. Hoping that the Order will, at the proper time, again take his case into consideration, is the wish of,

Yours, respectfully,

Oldham, March, 1837.

WM. PATTERSON, C. S.



M Wardle, R.N.

BIOGRAPHY.

P. G. M. MARK WARDLE.

"It is sixty years since" I was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of "poor but honest parents," who gave me the best education their narrow circumstances could afford, and in due season apprenticed me to one of the most amiable men I have ever since known ;* this tribute is due to his memory and my feelings—let it pass.

"When between nineteen and twenty years of age, I set out to see the world, and "make my fortune;" and though I have not *yet* succeeded for *myself*, I have been the means, I guess, of others doing so. But this has nothing to do with Odd Fellowship. I shall, therefore, pass by all the various scenes and changes in this, to me, really chequered life, and come at once, to that period when I, happily, became an Odd Fellow ; I use this word, *happily*, advisedly here, and beg the reader's attention to the cause.

"Upwards of twenty years ago, politics "*ran very high*," (such was the cant phraseology of the day) in Manchester, and I ardently, not to say enthusiastically, endeavoured to *convince* everybody, who did not think as I did, that they were decidedly, and, for the prosperity of the country, fatally in error. Indeed, at that time, I never met with any one, *politically* speaking, who was always right *except myself* ! In this course I continued some time, and contrived to conjure up a host of enemies, not one of whom I ever intended to injure ; but they were not actuated by that feeling, and having the power, I suffered, as Jonathan has it, *pretty considerable I guess*.

"Soon after joining the Order, I associated with the older and most respectable members ; I forgot my *politics*, (not my *principles*, mind, reader) and became the champion and warm advocate and defender of the I. O. of O. F. Circumstances soon afterwards occurred, which called forth all my energy, and what little talent I possessed, and I discovered that I was doing more good to my country by propagating the principles of the Order, than by preaching politics."

Thus far the writer of the present memoir was supplied by P. G. M. Wardle, and it is only to be regretted that he did not conclude what he so ably began. P. G. M. Wardle joined the Wellington Lodge, Manchester, in August, 1822 ; and the first office he served, was R. H. S. to Mr. Wm. Armitt. He successively filled the various elective offices in the Lodge, the old members of which to this day, remember the services of "the veteran." About the period he was serving as V. G., he was appointed printer to the District, and that intimate connexion with its affairs commenced, in which he for so many years, and in its most important changes, took so active a part. In the printing of the Minute Book, and which made its first appearance in 1820, (and which has led to such beneficial results in our regulations) he was mainly instrumental ; and in 1823, he suggested the Odd Fellows' Magazine, this he subsequently carried into effect, and published on his own account, and that at a great pecuniary loss.

On the retirement of C. S. Isaac Hardman from office in June, 1824, P. G. M. Wardle was appointed his successor, and entered into the duties of an office, which he found was no sinecure ; numerous were the calls on his time and purse, but he was no niggard, and in his calculations of either, self was the last consideration. On the occasion of Grand Sire Wildey, of the United States, visiting England in 1826, and on the evening previous to his return, he was addressed by C. S. Wardle on behalf of the Officers of the Order, to the following effect, and I shall be excused giving it at length, as furnishing a specimen of his style of oratory :—

"MOST WORTHY AND RESPECTED SIRE,

"In the name and on behalf of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in England, I rise to address you.

"This task, worthy G. M., should have been in the hands of a more able man than myself, but the lot has fallen upon me, and I will do it all the justice I can.

* Mr. John Hall, printer of *the Courant*.

"Permit me, first, to congratulate you on your safe arrival in your native country—for, however ardently you may be attached to the country of your adoption—however much circumstances may have endeared it to you—yet, there is a feeling in the human breast never to be forgotten—never entirely suppressed, however far we roam—and that feeling is—a love of our native land!

—Dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot!

Hence, Sire, I congratulate you on your safe arrival, and sincerely hope that all those views, and objects, and wishes, which induced you to cross the Atlantic, have been amply and happily realized.

"As an Odd Fellow, worthy G. M., in the name of the Order, I give you your best thanks. To you, and to you only, the United States of America are indebted for the existence of the inestimable blessing of Odd Fellowship! But for you that truly great country, would have been at this hour, without one of the most social, moral and benevolent Institutions ever formed by man. To you belongs, distinctly and unequivocally, the glorious title of "Founder and Father of American Odd Fellowship."

"This title, most worthy Sire, none can dispute with you—it is clearly, plainly yours—and your name will be revered by future ages, when the memory of heroes and conquerors will have been forgotten.

"I ought not here, perhaps, to pass over the names of two or three of your early and worthy coadjutors:—to brothers Wilson, Boyd and Crowder, if they be yet with you, we wish you to convey the best thanks of the Independent Order in England.—Should they have left this for "another and a better world," their friends will have the consolation to know, that their names are on record, and that they will be handed down to posterity, as fellow-labourers in this great work of love—as friends and brothers of the Founder and Father of American Odd Fellowship.

"The existence of a press among us, both here and at Baltimore, renders it unnecessary for me to recapitulate the rise and progress of your undertaking. The Magazines now put every brother in possession of all the leading facts connected with the Order, which were formerly necessarily confined to a few. To those Magazines I triumphantly refer them, for an account of the almost miraculous march of Odd Fellowship in America; to those Magazines, too, I refer them for an account of the almost miraculous marches which you have made for the good and welfare of your infant Institution—exertions which none but a mind most determinedly bent on benevolence could have performed—exertions, I firmly believe, unequalled in the history of any other society—exertions never before heard of, if we except, perhaps, those of the great Philanthropist, the immortal Howard!

"Faith, we read, Sire, will *remove* mountains—but what will not CHARITY achieve! After traversing the various extensive states of the truly great country of your adoption, and rendering all their Lodges as one, you bend your pilgrimage hitherwise—you join them to those of England—*removing* as it were, the vast Atlantic, extending and perpetuating the principles of Benevolence, and bringing thousands, at an immense distance from each other, under the standard of F. L. & T.

"To you, Sire, we are indebted for all this—you laid the plan—you formed the whole design—you have now the happiness of seeing a new creation rising up around you. I say, a new creation, Sire, because no man can become a *genuine* Odd Fellow, without becoming at the same time, a *better* man.

"However good he may have been before, the duties of an Odd Fellow will point out to him many sources for the exercise of his goodness, which before were unknown to him—he will necessarily become more *useful*—the facilities that our beloved Order affords, I may say *makes*, for the display of that *first* of virtues, CHARITY—(without which all pretensions to goodness are mere mummary)—these facilities, I say, will give him an opportunity of putting his goodness in *FULL* practice.

"I do not mean to confine myself, Sire, to that Charity which *giveth* only—but to that principle of universal Benevolence which embraces *ALL* the wants of *ALL* mankind. I do not mean alone their physical necessities—I mean to include their moral infirmities. A really christian man will feel a greater desire to remove the latter, than to relieve the former; because he knows, if a man be not morally right, he cannot be physically happy.

"Worthy G. M. a few more words on this subject—it is the principal pillar of our Order—we have high authority for the fact—'the *first* of these is charity'—I know of no delight equal to the luxury of doing good ; but the *first* delight is, to find out, succour and relieve, the uncomplaining, the half-broken yet proud spirit, that cannot dig and will not beg. Believe me, Sire,

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern,
Hide hearts where grief has little left to learn.

"I have now, Sire, done with this part of my subject, I will not presume to point out to this assembly the many opportunities that present themselves for the exercise of these virtues—the active and benevolent will readily perceive them, and to such only can they be of any service.

"In your address, Sire, on your arrival among us, you told us, that you had 'now more than ever cause to bless the happy hour in which you became an Odd Fellow.' We shall not soon forget the compliment. Long may you live to enjoy such feeling, and may every hour increase its felicity !

"I shall not here particularize the many valuable communications received from you, they shall be cherished among us, and communicated, in due time, to the respective Lodges throughout the Order ; and we are satisfied, that what you have received from us, will be laid out to the best advantage among your children, when you return home.

"It now becomes my painful duty to bid you, most worthy G. M., officially at least,—farewell ! A young world of your own creation, is now anxiously awaiting your arrival—may the waves and winds of the Atlantic speedily waft you safely home, and may you find 'all well.' You have the wishes and prayers of thousands for your welfare. This Lecture will bear with me, I am sure, when I exclaim, hail Odd Fellowship—all hail Columbia—long life and happiness to the Founder and Father of American Odd Fellowship !"

P. G. M. Wardle held the office of C. S. until June, 1828, when he was appointed G. M. of the Order, and in which capacity he presided over the A. M. C. at Sheffield. Since that period he has been an active and consistent supporter of the Order, both by his advice and his pen. He has also served as N. G. in the Mechanic and Franklin Lodges,—a proof that he was not idle in the good cause, (whilst his health was good), and for his services to the Order, which have neither been few nor far between, he received a handsome silver medal from the Manchester District.

Throughout his career as an Odd Fellow P. G. M. Wardle has written much to benefit the Order, and to defend its interests ; and on two several occasions he has delivered Addresses to the Lodge of which he is a member, and both of which were inserted in the second volume of the New Series of the Magazine. The maxims they inculcate, and the language in which they are clothed, are so deserving of attention that if the reader carries into effect the moral sentiments there embodied, he will rise from the perusal not only a better Odd Fellow, but a better man. This may be called a bold assertion, but nevertheless it is a true one—in fact, they do credit both to the head and the heart of the writer. In making an extract from each, it is hoped the time and patience of the reader will not be wearied. Speaking of the debasing vice of intoxication, Mr. Wardle says—

"In the first place, then, my friends, look at the picture there drawn of the drunkard !—the dissolute, the despicable, the suicidal drunkard—behold him in his career of beastliness ! behold the misery and wretchedness of all around him !—but the portraiture is so well filled up in our admirable Lecture that it requires not the aid of my feeble pen. I shall therefore only observe, in the language of an able writer, that 'a drunkard is the worst of suicides—he is a deliberate, determined self-murderer—he hurries himself out of the world, and for the short time he crawls on the earth he makes himself miserable, and all that is reasonable and rational avoid and despise him.'"

"The power of man, in many instances, may be said to be yet in its infancy.—Indolence—(I mean of mind)—renders him as impotent almost as the child in its swaddling clothes ! He knows not his own strength—he thinks he has not the means of accomplishing the end—ease and idleness step in, confirm the opinion, and he who

might have been an ornament to his country sinks into insignificance. Such a character is a sordid, selfish being—totally useless in, if not a nuisance to, society! He only fills a place that will be better supplied when he has made it empty.

"Not so the man of benevolence and charity. If doubts of fear assail him, he shakes them off, like dew drops from the lion's mane, and his energetic and manly mind becomes refreshed and invigorated by the effort! He buckles on his armour—he perseveres—he feels he can conquer. Every step he advances decreases his difficulties, and increases his confidence. The rough and up-hill road of virtue soon becomes smooth, and, as it were, Macadamized—the prospect brightens—the path is now easy—the goal obtained—and he stands upon the proud eminence of Benevolence, at once an example, a pillar, and an ornament to society! He is instantly surrounded and supported by all that is great, good, and useful in this world, and having the will and the power to render *others* happy, he is himself perfectly so!

"From this, my friends, you may perceive, as I have already said, that it is not so very difficult to tread in the paths of virtue. He who sets out with a determination to make the best use of the power that he possesses is sure of conquest—and who, in such a cause, would not determine to be a conqueror!"

In the second Address the following remarks occur on the motto of our Order:

"The wisely chosen motto of our Order is, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, and Truth, though here placed last, ought to be the first object which we should sincerely endeavour to discover and practice; and it is certainly consoling to believe (whatever the fanatics may say to the contrary) that if we do so, we shall not go unrewarded.

"It may not be improper to remark here, that Love and Friendship cannot exist unless based on Truth. Every conceivable virtue must emanate from Truth. Sincerity, fidelity, integrity, honor, honesty, fortitude, prudence, justice, happiness, are but other names for Truth. It is the centre of a circle from which you cannot recede without a violation of some of the social virtues.

"Our Institution has been censured by some, because all our meetings are held in taverns or public houses, and that numbers of poor men are thereby induced to spend their time and their money which they would otherwise not have done. To those who know us, this needs no answer; and I can confidently appeal to the *experience* of thousands for its refutation; but as it may have some weight with the uninitiated, I wish to inform them (through the medium of this Discourse) that the habitual drunkard is never admitted amongst us, and that any brother *daring* to approach the door of a Lodge, in a state of intoxication, is not suffered to enter; that the vice of drunkenness is severely reprobated in our regular Lectures; and that our Laws not only forbid it, but punish those who are guilty of it."

One more extract on the duties of the Order:

"What, let me ask, do the duties of the Order call upon us to perform? They call upon us to teach men to respect themselves—to love the brotherhood—to cultivate their social virtues, for self-love and social are the same—to teach them to feel the pleasure of doing good to others—to taste the sweet reward resulting from the performance of acts of kindness and humanity—to raise the drooping head of poverty—to lighten the burthens of the weary and the way-worn—to console and comfort the afflicted—in a word, to relieve and succour ALL whose distresses call for their aid and support. Yes, my brethren, these are some of the delightful duties which we are called upon to perform—and he best fulfils the end of his creation, and secures the approbation of his Creator, in whatever state of life he may be placed, who performs them best.

"Actuated by such motives, who or what can stay the extension of the Order? Already—(to use the language of a poet of our own)—"already has it won its winding way across the great Atlantic." There is not a good man in existence who would not instantly and cheerfully join it, if he were acquainted with the principles which it inculcates, and the real and substantial blessings which are, both mentally and physically, enjoyed by those who act in conformity with its laws and usages. Circumstanced as this country, at least, at present, is, I hold it impossible to frame another Institution equal to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The old and the young mingle together, and emulous only who shall be the first to spread the benign principles of bene-

volence and charity—and that species of charity, too, which wearieth not. Experience, with youth in his hand, leading him on to the Temple of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice, evidently enjoying the internal gratification that he is sure to succeed, is a spectacle with which even angels would be pleased, and all good men must view with admiration and delight.

“How grand in age, how sweet in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.”

On the death of P. G. M. Renie, of the Monmouth District, it was resolved by the A. M. C. of 1831, that a petition for his widow and four children should be drawn up by P. G. M. Wardle; how he accomplished that duty, my readers must judge, it is a production—simple, affecting, and energetic:—

“*To every Officer and Brother in the Unity:*

“**FRIENDS AND BROTHERS,**

“You have now an opportunity of putting in full practice one of the glorious privileges of our beloved Institution—you have now an opportunity of rescuing from ruin, and raising into comparative comfort, the disconsolate widow and her **FATHERLESS CHILDREN!**

“**FRIENDS AND BROTHERS!**—It is with feelings of the deepest regret, that I announce to you the demise of P. Prov. G. M. John Renie, of the Waterloo Lodge, Monmouth.

“To attempt a sketch, even, of the usefulness of our late lamented brother, would be foreign to the nature of this petition. You all knew him—his purse, his time, his health, his **LIFE**, were dedicated to the Order. And shall his good works be buried with him? Shall we raise no monument to his fame—leave no memorial of our remembrance of him? Forbid it, Odd Fellowship!

“**Friends and Brothers—The Widow and CHILDREN** of our late lamented brother are left in necessitous circumstances. It was appointed at the late A. M. C. at Monmouth, that I should announce to you the fact: I have performed the painful duty.

“**ODD FELLOWS!** There is not **ONE** of you that has not **ONE PENNY** to spare; there is not one of you who will withhold it on this occasion! Many of you have shillings, and some have pounds to spare; there is not **ONE** of you who will withhold them on this occasion. Come forward, then: and what you do, do quickly. Remember, he who gives early, gives twice.

“The monument I would raise to his fame, the memorial I would leave of our remembrance of him, would be—to save his spirit-broken widow from despondency, and to raise the drooping heads of his once loved and lovely offspring. He has often assisted others in similar works of charity, let us pay his kindness back with interest.

“Signed by order of the A. M. C.

“**M. WARDLE, P. G. M.**”

This soul-stirring appeal to the best feelings of our nature had the desired effect, and the sum of upwards of £100. was raised for the widow and the orphan.

Such is the biography (crudely put together) of an individual, who has, perhaps, done more by his writings than any other individual, to bring us into a correct way of thinking on the real views and benefits of the Order,—of an individual who has devoted for the last fifteen years, the energies of a well stored and capacious mind for our improvement; and who when he goes to “that bourne from whence no traveller returns,” will leave a chasm in Odd Fellowship, which will not readily be filled up—that such a period may be far distant is the ardent wish of

Manchester, March, 1837.

JOHN S. MYERS.

A LAY SERMON.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

I SHALL in the first place inquire, or endeavour to explain, what is implied or understood by the term, or phrase, of Friendship, Love and Truth. Secondly, state what are the effects, or benefits, when duly observed. Thirdly, what are the conse-

quences when they are entirely neglected,—and Fourthly, a concluding exhortation to guard against the first approaches to enmity.

First. Friendship is that beneficence of private parties, proceeding from motives of particular esteem and attachment ; the bosom which is inspired with tender feelings, is naturally prompted to a reciprocal intercourse of kind and generous actions. In every breast there is a propensity to friendly acts, which being exerted to effect, sweetens every temporal enjoyment ; and although it does not remove the disquietudes, it tends at least, to allay the calamities of life. Friendship is traced through the circle of private connexions, to the grand system of universal benevolence, which no limits can circumscribe, as its influence extends to every branch of the human race ; actuated by this sentiment, each individual connects his happiness with that of his neighbour, and a fixed and permanent union is established among men.

We come next to brotherly Love, or Charity, (which is only another name for the same feeling) 'tis that amiable virtue which consists in the love of God, and our neighbour, and which leads us to relieve the distresses, to tolerate the imperfections, to pity the sufferings, and to ameliorate the condition of all characters, and of every denomination. One learned divine says, " brotherly love and charity will dispose christians to be sincere and upright in their dealings, to be ready to forgive injuries, and bear with infirmities ; to be merciful, tender hearted, and upon all occasions, mutually kind and beneficent one to another."

We now come, thirdly, to Truth ; it is that grand virtue which deals plainly and honestly in all actions without disguise, without falsehood, and without hypocrisy ; it comprehends everything that is right and good—it is the vital spirit of every community which is well founded among men. Where the name of God is sanctified, where His ordinances are duly attended, where good laws are enacted against profaneness and immorality, and those laws diligently executed—in short, where that celebrated rule is made the standard of dealings—that every man do to others, as he would they should do to him, these people may be truly said to execute judgment and seek after the Truth. What eulogiums does not the world give, and give deservedly, to the lovers of Truth ? The man, it is said, that does good, and speaks truth, resembles the Deity, whose essential properties are, Goodness and Truth ; when a man has acquired a reputation for veracity, his word is taken implicitly, it has all the authority of an oath, and all receive what he says with a sort of religious respect.

These are the virtues which constitute our motto, and they are so intimately connected or interwoven with each other, as to be perfectly inseparable, where one exists, the others will, most assuredly, be found ; we may therefore be permitted to style them a Trinity, in Unity, viz :—they three have become one,—which in our further remarks we shall simply designate our motto, or Friendship, just as the word may suit our phrase.

We come now to our second division, viz :—To inquire what beneficial effects will result from a due observance of our motto. In all times or ages of the world, Friendship has been esteemed one of the greatest blessings of life ; nothing pleases so much as to see sensible well-informed persons, seeking or offering to form a friendly connexion with others—it is our motto that corrects the views of Society—softens the roughness of people's nature—humbles their vanity—and makes them know themselves. The advantages of Friendship sufficiently speak for themselves, and all nature agrees in declaring them the most desirable of all pleasures ; without Friendship, life has no charm,—the poet sings—

" Oh ! what is life without a friend
To cheer our path of sorrow ?
A ling'ring journey without end,
Too long if closed to-morrow."

Man is created full of wants, and when he comes to examine his own heart, he finds there a void which Friendship only can fill up ; the soul is naturally ever disturbed, disquiet, and uneasy, and knows no repose but in the bosom of a friend. Our motto has a thousand natural sympathies, a thousand invisible chains, which bind us to one another, and need no assistance of oaths, or protestations of fidelity ; we believe even before we hear, and agree to everything as soon as it is spoken by a tried friend. All the true pleasures of love are enjoyed in friendship ; the charms of an unlimited confi-

dence in one another, the joy of laying open the whole heart to a friend,—and letting him read there, all the other's thoughts, and even all his follies,—for there is no reserve in real friendship: the pleasures of passing the day with a friend, are known only to those, who have souls capable of such refined delights, and they only can feel how swiftly even the heavier hours of life pass off in such society.

True Friendship necessarily requires us to be virtuous, as it cannot exist but where virtue resides, and we must follow the dictates of the one, as the only means of preserving the other; we shall then find in Friendship, the certainty of good counsel—the emulation of worthy examples—the lessening of our sorrows by dividing them—and relief in all emergencies and necessities, which come unbought and even unasked.—These are the genuine characters of true Friendship, and by these we may always know it.

The first degree of merit we are to seek for in a friend is—virtue. This is the standard which ascertains his being capable of friendship and worthy of it. It is vain to hope that the superstructure of friendship can be lasting, which is not raised upon this foundation. We are to revere the name of friendship, but only as it was given us, viz:—As the aid, the associate, and nurse of virtue, and not the companion on vice. If our friend begins to form vicious connexions, we must be bold and sincere, and inform him that he is in danger of falling from the paths of peace: if he persist, we are to arm ourselves with all the force, the prudence of our advice, and the integrity of our intentions, can give us; and even venture to displease him, in the cause of truth.

Thirdly—Let us now reverse the picture, and see what are the effects when we pay no regard to our motto. When men begin to neglect any given duty, or to abandon any one essential virtue, they generally veer round to the opposite extreme—there is no stopping at a midway house—therefore, if F. L. and T. depart, we shall, in their stead, find prejudice, jealousy, envy, and malice. We cannot mix in society for any length of time, without observing that little bickerings will arise—to speak figuratively, the most glorious summer's day will become overcast and gloomy—and if we are close inspectors of human nature, and strive to trace every effect to its primary cause, we shall generally find that the first commencement of unpleasantness in any Lodge has originated in envy, and wherever it once gets a footing it is sure to bring, in its train, all the other evil passions. If we refer either to sacred or profane history we shall find that envy has, in all ages of the world, been the forerunner of all other crimes. We read, in ancient history, of whole battalions being doomed to immolation, because their commanders have, by their skill and bravery, or some other excellence, given offence to those in authority above them, and rather than they should have the credit of achieving any signal victory, both they, and those under their command, should all perish together, without aid or succour! And if we turn to holy writ, we there find that “the Patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him”—*Acts 7, 9*. They conceived envy against him on various accounts: first, his father showed an extraordinary love and affection for him, and clothed him in a finer dress than the rest of his sons—secondly, he informed his father of the evil actions of which his brethren were guilty, when out of his sight, a feeding their flocks—thirdly, he told them of several dreams which he had, which plainly prognosticated that, one day or other, he should become their master, and they his servants. For these reasons they hated him so mortally that they could neither endure to see or speak to him pleasantly; and at last resolved, the next time he came among them into the field, to send him out of the way by death, or otherwise, so that he should never return home to his father again. Accordingly, the next time they had him in their power, they seized him, and were upon the point of shedding his blood, but one or two of his brethren, having rather more compassion than the rest, persuaded them not to commit murder: they then took him, stript off his fine coat, and bound him, and cast him into a deep dry pit, intending there to leave him to perish, either by hunger, or by some other accident. But soon after they had done this there came by a caravan of Ishmaelites, with their camels loaded with spices, bound for Egypt. Joseph's brethren bethought themselves that they should put him out of the way as effectually by selling him to these merchants, as if they had actually destroyed him; so they set a price upon his head and sold him for twenty pieces, i. e. shekels of silver, each of which being about half-a-crown of our money, they make a sum of fifty shillings—and

all this originated in envy. And if we turn to the 13th chap. of *Acts* and the 45th ver. we read, "But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spoke against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." Turn to the 17th chap. 5th ver. *Ibid.* "But the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar." And if we turn to *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, 1st chap. and the latter part of the 29th, and two following verses, we read that, "Full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." Also in *James*, chap. 3, ver. 14, 15 and 16,—“But if ye have bitter envy and strife in your hearts, glory not, and be not against the truth: this wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish: for where envy and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.”

I am certain that nine-tenths of the quarrels in this Order, including the appeals against the decisions of Lodges and Quarterly Committees, have their origin in prejudice, ignorance, and envy; but the last is the foundation stone upon which the whole fabric of evil is erected.

There are sadly too many in all Societies whose intelligence and conduct are far from being what we could wish, and these brethren being generally ignorant of the laws and fundamental doctrines of the Order, and having no opinion of their own, they necessarily become the weapons or tools in the hands of the factious; and any one who wishes to abide by the law, and stands up for good order, and what is right, is sure to be reviled by the ignorant and unruly—for this reason, they do not wish to be informed or controlled, and if his abilities for transacting public business be of a superior kind, we generally find that others, who are not so well qualified, become envious, and stand aloof from him—making good the old adage, that they will either ride the first horse or none—and, instead of giving him their cordial assistance and support, they are ever ready to encourage, or enter into any cabal, or combination against him; to drink in with avidity any little scandal they can meet with, and take a pleasure in repeating it, along with embellishments, exaggerations, and innuendoes, so that his actions are misrepresented, and constructions are put upon his expressions as different from the truth as darkness is to light, or black to white. When such cases do occur they render secret Societies, rather than a pleasure or benefit to such gifted brother, a source of anxiety, annoyance, and secret mischief—for men are as often known to unite for a bad purpose as for a good one—and he is frequently compelled to withdraw himself from the Lodge which ought to be proud of his talents and example—but no! it is quite the reverse, he must go for peace and quietness sake. These are the general effects or consequences of our motto being entirely neglected; therefore let every one, who esteems himself a good Odd Fellow, guard against the very first encroachment of envy; for if it once gains root-hold, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, are sure to follow in its train.

We come now to our fourth division; and let us remark, in conclusion, that, as prevention is always better than cure, we ought to guard against the first feelings of envy, and avoid being displeased, if possible, on all occasions: but when we find that we are getting warm, let us calmly sit down and ask ourselves the following questions, viz:—Does my brotherly love stimulate me to render a kind service or good turn to my brother whenever it is in my power? Does it prevent me from resenting or revenging an injury? Do I strive to avoid paining his mind or feelings? Does it cause me to be so just and upright that if I cannot speak in his praise, still, rather than be in danger of villifying him, to say nothing at all? And finally—Do these proceedings, or this spirit, agree with our motto? and if the answer be in the negative let us curb the unkind feeling at its commencement—let us nip it in the bud, and it will soon be done with—and as the P. G.s are generally looked up to, by the younger and less informed brethren, for example as well as precept, thinking that they know more of the laws, doctrines, and customs of the Order than they do themselves, let them, [*i. e.* the P. G.s], instead of becoming partisans, or a nucleus for an unruly cabal to rally round, begin to make our motto their rule of life, and then we shall experience peace in our Lodges, and good-will to all men.

THE MISER AND HIS SON.

The village of Conisbro' is situated about five miles from Doncaster, on the Sheffield road, which passes on the south-east side of it in such a position, as to shew some of its peculiar beauties ; and, in my opinion, some of the scenes around it are lovely as ever poet fancied or painter drew. I must, however, warn my readers, that Conisbro' is my native place, and that each hill, brook, and hazle-wood is more familiar to me, than any other ever can be. Well do I know the low bank by the side of the brook, called the Spout, where it turns to finish its little course, and becomes lost in the waters of the Don ; for there, close hid under its own leaves, may be found the early violet, arrayed in the richest purple, and fragrant as oriental perfumes.—Many a time have I gone into the Parson's Croft to gather the spotless snowdrop, which puts forth its head there, even while the fields are clothed in its own livery ; but I should become tedious were I to particularize the hill sheltered by the hazle-wood, which every spring becomes golden in its hue, from the numberless tufts of primroses, glittering in the morning sun ; or the tall elms under which the blue bell hangs its modest head. These are not all, many a lovely meadow becomes like an enamelled carpet when the cowslip is in full bloom ; nor must I forget the high hedge above the parish school, under which blue and white violets flourish in wild profusion, the latter uniting the fragrance of their race with the pearly hue of the snowdrop. After all, I have omitted the crocus and the daffodil, two of the earliest of those angel-visitants that come amongst us to make the earth cheerful ; some may think these trivial things, but I pity the man who has no taste for the beauties of nature ; and it always appears to me, that Providence has been peculiarly bountiful to those parts of this country, where the soil lies on limestone, for there may generally be found the greatest proportion of nature's gems, "beautiful exceedingly," common to all, and though perishable, yet continually reviving in their natural succession.

About a mile and a half from the town, coming along the top of what are called Conisbro' Cliffs, the eye of many a passing traveller has been arrested, and he has uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure ; on the right is seen the Don, rolling its quiet waters through the valley, and bearing the produce of our Sheffield manufacturers, to be shipped from Hull to far distant lands : on the other side of the river, a hill rises, forming part of the demesne of Sir Joseph Copley, some parts of it arable and pasture land, and others covered with plantations of young trees, while looking forward, the majestic keep of Conisbro' Castle is seen rising from amongst the trees by which it is surrounded on that side. The following simple verses are an attempt to embody some of the feelings which must strike every thinking mind, while viewing this august ruin.

Where Conisborough lifts its head,
A ruin'd pile just by ;
Whose founder's very name is dead,
Invites the traveller's eye.
Here Warren and Plantagenet,
Once dwelt with princely sway ;
The castle-keep is standing yet,
All else have pass'd away ;

Save yonder wall with ivy hung,
How chang'd its tapestry !
Yet, till the knell of time be rung,
Such change must ever be ;
For all in nature or in art,
But flourishes its day—
Enacts its pantomimic part,
Then hastens to decay.

A Bard pass'd by these ruined walls,
And stood awhile to muse,
To think how earthly grandeur falls,
How could his heart refuse ;

For now the Jackdaw builds her nest,
Where princely warriors stood ;
And hands and hearts in quiet rest,
That fill'd the land with blood.

Instead of harps with golden tone,
Or trumpets piercing sound,
The winds break through with fitful moan,
And screech-owls whoop around ;
The barbed steed, the warrior proud,
The pomp of feudal day,
No more attract the gazing crowd,
Or wake the minstrel's lay.

Proud keep ! thou standest in repose,
A relic of the past ;
Who fought around thy friends and foes,
Are to oblivion cast ;
And generations yet to be,
Will die ere thou dost fall,
Yet that, at length, shall conquer thee,
Which surely conquers all.

Early recollections have caused me to wander far from my subject, and I must now leave the history of the town and castle, which from their antiquity are extremely interesting, and proceed to relate the fate of the Miser and his Son. This earth is beautiful, but alas ! man's vice and folly mar it every day ; and should my story cause one individual to struggle successfully with the baneful passion of avarice, it will not be recorded in vain.

At the latter end of the last century, an affluent farmer, of the name of Snowden, resided in the centre of the village, but though his name was lofty as that of a Welch mountain, his feelings were nearly as cold as the snow upon its summit, and seldom had the genial rays of charity warmed his frozen breast. His wife was an amiable woman, and from the influence which she possessed over her husband, their only son received a tolerable education, and perhaps a mother's love might indulge him more than it ought to have done ; be this as it may, it was soon after her death, when he was about sixteen years of age, that he first awoke to the sense of the bitterness of his situation. Avarice, which generally increases with age, had taken full possession of his father's breast ; the dress, company, and amusements which his education and station in life entitled him to, were wholly denied him ; and as he approached towards manhood, it is no wonder that his deportment became of a melancholy cast. This was increased by the sneers of those of his own age, whenever accident threw him into their company, and his only consolation under all this, was an attachment which he might probably never have formed, had his father's conduct towards him been different : a servant of his father's, of the name of Mary Duke, was the object of his affection, nor was she undeserving of it. Her light heart and cheerful voice was balm to his wounded spirit, and her cordial sympathy with him, endeared her to him with an intenseness which can scarcely be described. This state of things could not long exist without coming to the father's ear, and dreadful were the maledictions which he bestowed upon his son, for forming what he called, a disgraceful connexion ; while the young woman was immediately dismissed from his service. Young Snowden now wished to learn the higher branches of his business, but his father would not permit him to go to either fair or market, for fear he should defraud him, or spend his money ; the young man's life was embittered too, by threats of being turned out of doors, if he did not give up Mary's company, and as the hardest bent bow will soonest snap the string, so young Snowden, when some accident had given him a little liberty, was guilty of some indiscretion, which caused his father to treat him with still more severity. The young man's love for Mary, however, still continued, and whenever he had an opportunity he would steal to a village at a small distance, where she was now residing with her brother, to hold communion with the being in whom his soul delighted. On one occasion he presented her with some lady-fingers which he had gathered, along

with the following simple verses, which I insert as portraying some of the feelings of his mind.

These lady-fingers, Mary, dear,
Do surely speak of thee ;
They grew upon yon rugged moor,
Its ornament to be.

Even so upon my barren heart,
Thy gentle love has grown ;
No other flower can flourish there,
That I'm so proud to own.

And should some blast sweep o'er the buds,
And fell destruction bring ;
Like these, perennial at the root
Fresh flowers shall quickly spring.

Mary Duke was a woman of strong mind, and as her lover had informed her of his father's threats, her brother's persuasion, and the conviction of her own mind, that a separation would be better for both sides, induced a determination to give up young Snowden's company, though not before the struggle had injured both her health and spirits, for she was fondly attached to him. But it would be impossible to paint the young man's anguish when this was imparted to him. Can you part from me thus, Mary? burst from his lips in impassioned accents, and when she answered him in the affirmative, and endeavoured to show the necessity of such a step, he left her abruptly, and returned home in a state of agony. This was the last time that she saw him, for a few days afterwards, vexed by the taunts of some young persons respecting his father's parsimony, and irritated already to madness by what he called Mary's desertion of him, the unfortunate young man put an end to his earthly existence, by hanging himself in an outhouse. Cold-hearted as was his father, this awoke him from his apathy, but alas! repentance came too late. He threw himself upon the dead body of his son, and bitterly deplored his conduct towards him; and when that son was laid in the cold tomb, the old man felt that he was alone in the world; and freely would have given even his darling gold, could it have restored his son to life. The farm now became disagreeable to him, for he could not go into the yard without being reminded of his loss: he therefore discharged all his servants, and went to live by himself in an house adjoining the church-yard, and though the house was an elegant one, yet well do I recollect its dismal appearance. It was surrounded by high walls, and here the old man lived for several years; a boy came every morning to do little jobs for him, but always went home to sleep, and the old man became, if possible, more penurious than ever, which, together with his conduct to his son, made him very much detested in the village: and one man of independent fortune, and coarse manners, but whose disposition was as opposite as it could be to that of Snowden, used to say, — "*He lives like a hog, he'll die like a dog, and he'll die with his head on a meal-poke;*" and strange to say, this prophecy, if it may be called one, was almost literally fulfilled.

Here let me stay to record one amiable trait in the character of Snowden. It is a custom there for the poor women and children to go round the village, a few days before Christmas, begging corn and money, which they call "*going a-caking;*" and he generally gave away the value of a pound, in copper money, at the time. On one of these occasions, a few months before his death, it was pitiable to hear the old man tell how thieves had broken into the house, and taken the money which he had intended to give away, along with many other things. They had watched the boy that was with him go home, and then broke into the house at the back side. The thieves were soon discovered; and as Snowden was known to be rich he had to pay the expences of the prosecution, which, together with his loss, is supposed to have broken his heart. The boy who attended him came one morning and found the gate locked, nor could he make Snowden hear: he therefore alarmed the neighbourhood, and the gate was broken open, when the old man was found seated in his chair, dead and cold with his head on the table, upon a half-stone of flour which he had purchased the day before. At his funeral the parish clerk was intoxicated, and when the clergyman had turned

away from the grave he lads the village, who bore no good-will to Snowden's memory, gave the clerk a push, who falling into the grave, burst open the coffin, and exposed the body; thus appearing to fulfil the prophecy before mentioned. Old Snowden's wealth went to strangers, and the only record of the Miser and his Son, is a tomb-stone which stands between the church porch, and the choir door in Conisbrough church-yard. Time mellowed the grief of Mary Duke into tender remembrance, and she became a happy wife and mother; but she often spoke of young Snowden, the object of her first love, and the victim of his father's avarice.

G. CARR.

Epworth, Lincolnshire, June, 1836.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF THE ODD FELLOWS'
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your Magazine for June, 1835, I addressed a few observations to you on honorary members, in consequence of some remarks offered for the consideration of the Order in a previous number by P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE, of the Clayton West District. In your Magazine for June, 1836, your esteemed correspondent (P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE) has again introduced this subject, and though I cannot agree with him on these points, yet I am bound to give him credit for the purity of his motives, and also to express to him my thanks for the very kind and courteous manner he has, in his last letter, expressed his satisfaction with regard to my own intentions.

Your correspondent, in his last letter, has very ingeniously dissected my former communication, and made such observations on the various quotations as seem to meet his own views, but which, I can assure you, do not alter mine. As this is the case it will be unnecessary for me to occupy your valuable pages in reply to the various remarks made on each quotation from my former letter, as your readers may refer to it in the June Magazine, 1835, and will there see my reasons for such remarks. However there are some observations, made by P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE, which call for a reply.

Your worthy correspondent observes—"P. Prov. G. M. POWELL, or I, must have a very wrong idea of what constitutes an honorary member. The idea I entertain of what constitutes an honorary member is very different to that held forth in the letter of your correspondent. The *adjective*—honorary, originates in the *noun*—honor; and honor implies, nobleness of mind and scorn of meanness—rejecting everything derogatory to the dignity of human nature: if such be the case, what is an honorary member of any Society but such an one as confers honor and dignity on the Society he belongs to, without gain to himself, or profit of interest in any shape." The term—honorary, as defined in this quotation by Prov. G. M. CLARKE, I admit to be correct; but he, as well as myself, must be aware that this (as well as many other titles) may and are conferred on individuals who do not possess one single quality of the noble principle which constitutes the character, and I am sure there is not that difference of opinion between your worthy correspondent and myself—as to what really constitutes an honorary member—as there seems to be about the improper application of the term to improper characters. Your correspondent does not consider, I imagine, that, for an individual to assume the title of an honorary member, would put him in possession of those noble and disinterested motives he very properly describes necessary to constitute one; if not, then certainly there is a necessity for the existence of that law which P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE thinks may be abrogated. I do not mean to insinuate that there are none who are called honorary members who do not deserve the title, but I do mean to affirm that there are some—and, I fear, many too—who enter Societies as honorary members, but are not influenced by very honorable intentions, and yet there is no other designation that would please (for even them) than honorary members. I have known individuals who have entered Clubs (belonging to which many of the members have the privilege of voting at elections for representatives in parliament, &c.) for no other purpose than to secure for themselves—or a certain political party to

whom they were friendly—the support of those voters in an electioneering contest ; but when that was obtained, all that warm and lively interest, they had been so noisy in declaring they felt for the Society, is allowed to lie dormant ; or, perhaps, employed in some worse way, until they have again another opportunity of using their influence in the way before described. I have known others also who have joined Clubs that they may exert their influence over their poorer neighbours, whom they consider are not competent to manage the affairs of their Society, and conceive that all knowledge and power should be confined in the higher ranks of society to which they belong ; and, because they subscribe a certain sum annually to the funds of the Society, think they have a right to exercise an uncontrolled power over it. Hence they have introduced such regulations as make the gifts of the Society little better than parochial relief, and administered with no more kindly feelings. Had not the Society been shackled in its operations by these men the benefits would have been much greater, and the Society conducted on much better principles. It may be said that such allusions are only the flights of fancy. They are facts—and facts too that have come under my own notice—and I only mention these, out of some others I have a knowledge of, and to which I could also allude, to shew that all are not of Israel who are called by his name. The honor of such honorary members is described in applicable terms in the words of the poet—their

“ Honor is like the glassy bubble,
Which cost philosophers such trouble ;
Where one part crack'd the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.”

My only motive in taking up this subject is not from any objection I have to consistent men becoming honorary members of the Order, but to support the existence of a law which is admirably adapted to prevent any unnecessary distinction among us.

P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE further observes—“ Now, Sir, your worthy correspondent here seems to entertain the idea that an application has been made, by a person of independent fortune, for an alteration of the law, that he may be admitted an honorary member under 41 years of age ; but no such application has been made to my knowledge.” Whether there has been such application or not, the idea first originated with your worthy correspondent to alter the law to admit such persons under 41 years of age. In his letter in the December Magazine, 1834, these are his observations—

“ That another part of the 52nd General Law, in my opinion, requires revision—it is that part which forbids the admission of members who are under the age of 41 years. There may be men of independent fortune, of 20 or 30 years of age, who would not like to enter on any other condition than as honorary members—that is to say, they would not like to be considered ordinary members, having a claim on the funds of the Order—and ought such men to be refused, because they have not attained the age of 41 ?” If I had entertained an idea that such an application had been made—I conceive myself justified in the assumption—P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE certainly would not have wished for an alteration in the law, unless it was to answer some purpose. If no such applications had been made, perhaps applications of this sort were anticipated. From the quotation I have again made from the first letter of P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE, it is plain he wished for an alteration in the 52nd General Law. To allow this class of individuals to enter our Order on different conditions to other men—whatever construction may be put on the opinion I form on this subject, I wish to offer no offence to any party ; but I still maintain, that if the Laws of our Order must be altered as a compliment to any class of men—however elevated their rank, or abundant their wealth—such unnecessary distinctions would have a tendency to bring into our Order those evils I have endeavoured to describe in my former letter as the result of such distinctions.

P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE remarks also—“ But your worthy correspondent seems to have taken offence at the term *ordinary*.” No offence whatever, I can assure my brother CLARKE ; nor was one line, either of this or my former communication, penned under any feelings of displeasure. In reference to the remarks I made on the Hull A. M. C., your worthy correspondent observes—

“ I believe the fact was, that a regular notice not having been given in on the

subject, the A. M. C. could not (without a violation of rule) take it into consideration." Although the subject might have been finally disposed of in that way by the Hull A. M. C., yet I again affirm—and it will be recollected by Delegates who were present on that occasion—that the subject went so far into discussion as to shew that the feeling evinced was by no means favourable to such alteration. The decisions of the two succeeding A. M. C.s were equally unfavourable.

P. Prov. G. M. CLARKE further observes—"As there are Sick or Friendly Societies frequently being turned over to the Order of Odd Fellows, and as in these Sick Societies there naturally will be some found above the age prescribed by the laws, and as old and young, in point of knowledge, are on a par with regard to Odd Fellowship, is it just that a law should exist by which the old members may be admitted into the Order, and yet at the same time be debarred the privilege the younger members enjoy?" If such is the case, that Sick Societies are being frequently turned over to the Order, and the aged members of those Societies are willing to deprive themselves of the benefits they may have received if they had continued members of those Sick Societies, the Order is certainly not to be blamed; because they hold out no inducements to them to join, nor will they grant a Dispensation to a Sick Club, or any other Society, otherwise than in strict conformity with the 31st Law of the New Minute Book. (*See Kendal Minutes, Res. 117.*)

It is plain from this that no Sick or other Society can be received into the Order collectively. If a Dispensation be granted, it is not granted to turn a Sick Society into an Odd Fellows' Lodge, but to form a new Lodge. The laws require the same regulations as though no Society had previously existed. Each candidate must be proposed in the usual way, and in strict conformity with the General Laws—not only the age, but also the occupation and character of each candidate for admission is subject to investigation. If a person was proposed who was employed as a bailiff, or as a bailiff's follower, he could not be received as a member of an Odd Fellows' Lodge, and yet he may be a member of a Sick Club: others would be objected for their immoral conduct, who also may have been members of Sick Societies. If, therefore, we must have laws to suit the variety of character and circumstances of men which would be found in some Societies, the clauses which would prevent the admission of the characters above alluded to, as well as many others which would be found, would also become objectionable in the opinion of some. In short, whatever law there may be which would prevent any member enjoying the same advantages as another—however different the circumstances may be under which they entered the Society—would perhaps be objectionable to his friend. I cannot see what advantage it can be to any well organized Society to break themselves up to join the Order of Odd Fellows, unless each member could be admitted to equal benefit. But such a state of things will not suit the constitution of the Order. I have been informed, by those on whose veracity and experience I can rely, that the admission of Sick Societies into the Order has been an evil. I do not know on what terms the Viscount Milton Lodge was received into the Order, but if it was merely a transfer of the funds and members of the Sick Club to the Order without any exceptions, and this had the sanction of the Order, then it would certainly be an act of injustice to suffer the senior members of such Lodges to labour under any disadvantages to which the junior members are entitled to receive; but if they were aware, previous to their joining the Order, that such would be the case, then there cannot be that injustice on the part of the Order which is complained of.

I cannot close my remarks without observing, that I consider it unfair in the majority of young men in any Sick Club to break up their Society, and compel their old members to enrol themselves into a Society in which they will be deprived of certain important benefits. Young men may join the Order without leaving other Societies, as is frequently the case; but if they do think proper to leave their other Clubs to join the Odd Fellows, they ought, as a matter of right, to leave the funds for the benefit of those who are too far advanced in life to join other Societies, and who perhaps have paid their money to the funds for the support of the aged and infirm, and when they themselves need support, under similar circumstances, they are deprived, because a majority of the junior members wish to become Odd Fellows.

To act on the principle I have just alluded to, would be found much better than

to alter our laws so as to allow honorary members to vote and hold office in the Lodge. Such a privilege—if a privilege it may be called—would be a poor compensation for those more important advantages of which they are deprived. But to alter the law, which your worthy correspondent has alluded to, will be impracticable, inasmuch as its influence is not confined to members of that description whose cause he more particularly advocates in his last letter, but is found to act well in the Order for the purpose for which it was originally intended. If there are any members, either in the Viscount Milton, or any other Lodge in the Order, who are labouring under any disabilities which they ought not to do, I should be very sorry indeed if anything should emanate from me which would serve as an impediment to the removal of those dissatisfactions. If a proviso could be made to the 52nd Law to remove those grievances that the senior members of such Lodges complain of, and such proviso can be adopted without injury to the well-being of the Order, I am sure that the A. M. C., whose prerogative it is to allow it, would not refuse; but I trust that the 52nd General Law, and also the 117th of Kendal, (except in such cases,) will remain unaltered.

I remain,

Yours, in Friendship's Bonds,

EDWARD POWELL, P. PROV. G. M.

St Martin's Lodge, Tunstall, Oct. 20, 1836.

THE FOUNDLING.

AWAY from me, oh! restless sleep,
No happy dream breaks thy sad reign;
'Tis mine to wake—to wake and weep,
Ere sunrise cheers the village train.

Springing to light with sweetest song,
The young bird minstrels to the grove;
With food its mother skims along—
I sob to see maternal love.

Ah! why no mother's love for me?
Why like that nestling am not I?
Bending the slight twig of the tree,
As watch'd as it balances on high.

But I am desolate, alone,
Ne'er cradled was my infant head;
Its first bed was a hard cold stone,
Where sleep the happier village dead.

Me never did a parent bless,
Me never did a parent name;
Me parent never did caress,
The fruit, alas! of guilt and shame.

The children of the valley play,
Not one calls me a sister dear;
I hasten from their sports away,
To hide the better gushing tear.

The peasant careless sits at eve,
His darlings clustering round his knee;
And all is joy—why do I grieve?
There is no place, no kiss for me.

The parish bread, the workhouse home,
There only not a stranger poor;
As through the weary world I roam,
Is refuge and the unshut door.

Oft to the church-yard gloom I steal,
On the unconscious stone to gaze;
Where first 'twas mine, oh life! to feel
The miseries of thy endless maze.

Prone on its flint, my eyeballs strain,
Affection's parting tear to trace;
Perhaps my mother shed—in vain!
My floods the records would efface.

Then wand'ring o'er the mound heap'd sod
I ask the tombs if, done with strife,
One friend rests there? For me, oh God!
Alike are blank, the tombs and life.

Again I throw me on the stone, [breath;
Since fourteen springs where I drew
Come, mother, haste to claim thy own,
I wait for thee,—for thee, or death!

W. L. G., Sec.

Traveller's Friend Lodge, Skipton.

PEACE.

Thou dwell'st not with the proud in heart,
 Vain gaudy splendour suits not thee;
 But where Contentment forms a part
 Of humble life's felicity.

Thou dwell'st not 'neath the lordly dome,
 Nor dost thou in a palace reign;
 But makes the lowly roof thy home,
 Blest maiden of the rural train!

For ah! without thy aid benign,
 How fraught with strife this world would be;
 The peasant, meek-ey'd Peace divine,
 Is happy if possessing thee.

I've seen thee with the homely clad,
 Blessing the toil-worn hind's increase;
 His mind at ease, his feelings glad,
 Grac'd with Contentment, Love, and PEACE!

September, 1836.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

THE MEN OF DECENCIES.

Many, I believe, there are
 Who live a life of virtuous decency—
 Men who can hear the decalogue and feel
 No self-reproach; who of the moral law,
 Established in the land where they abide,
 Are strict observers; and not negligent
 In acts of love, those with whom they dwell,
 Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
 Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
 But of the poor man ask—the abject poor—
 Go and demand of him, if there be here,
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,
 Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
 No!—Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life,
 When they can know and feel that they have been
 Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
 Of some small blessings—have been kind to such
 As needed kindness—for this single cause,
 That we have all of us one heart;
 Such pleasure is to one kind Being known.

WORDSWORTH.

On reading the Tablet placed in Saint John's Church, Manchester, to the Memory

THE REV. JOHN CLOWES, M. A.,

RECTOR OF THAT CHURCH.

Whoe'er thou art, with rev'rence tread
 The sacred mansions of the dead;
 Not that the monumental Bust,
 Or sumptuous tomb HERE guards the dust

Of rich or great ; let wealth, rank or worth,
 Lie undistinguished in the earth.-
 Oh reader ! if ever genius, taste refined,
 Or native eloquence of mind,
 The clearest head, the kindest heart,
 Of thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,
 Oh ! to his memory shed a tear,
 For know that CLOWES lies buried here.

Duke of Sussex Lodge, Manchester, 1837.

LETTERS FROM A RAMBLER.

BY GEO. F. JENNINGS, OF THE CUMBERLAND LODGE.

No. 5.

DEAR L——,

Guernsey, August, 183—.

DURING my stay in this place I have made several excursions to the small islands mentioned in my last, and which are situated at a convenient distance for being visited by parties of pleasure or research, actuated either by a desire to obtain information relative to their history, and the social condition of their inhabitants, or by the more common impulse of curiosity. I shall not pause to define by which of these motives your Rambler was guided, but beg you will assume the best. Our party, on these occasions, consisted of five or six gentlemen, and our voyage was performed in a pleasure-boat, belonging to a friend in Guernsey, of a sufficient size to insure safety in the heavy swell frequent in this part of the channel. The nearest of these islands is HERME—or, as it is generally pronounced, HÆRME—lying about four miles north-east of St. Peters. It happening to be low water when we landed, we had to climb over an immense quantity of shingle and rock, after which a steep winding road leads up from the shore. The place itself is small and insignificant, but has some peculiarities to render it worth a visit. It is about four miles in circumference, and contains a very small number of inhabitants : a good deal of corn is grown, though much land is at present covered with furze. But the principal trade—if it can be so called—of the island is in stone, of which there are several quarries now being worked : a small harbour has been constructed near the quarries for the convenience of shipping the stone, and great quantities are occasionally sent off. The proprietor of the island has a good house near the centre where he constantly resides, and the only other dwellings consist of a few houses and cottages inhabited by the agricultural labourers and quarrymen—the society of Herme is therefore, as you may suppose, peculiarly select, and routes and balls are of rare occurrence. The *field sports* consist of shooting rabbits and wild fowl, of which some parts of the island abound. There is also in the season good mackerel fishing, and many visitors appear to derive much amusement from dabbling among the rocks in pursuit of a few shrimps—but every one to his mind.

After perambulating about one-half of the island we arrived at the place which is the greatest attraction in Herme—its shell beach. This beach extends along the foot of the cliffs for about half a mile, presenting a beautiful smooth surface, completely different to the shore on the other side where we had landed. The attractions of this place are two-fold : first, the shells of which it is composed ; and secondly, the excellent natural dining rooms formed by recesses in the cliffs—no small recommendation to pic-nic visitors. We soon availed ourselves of this advantage, and forthwith proceeded to discuss the contents of our knapsack ; for though Nature has bountifully provided plenty of room for dining, she has not furnished a larder—nor has the hand of man improved upon her work—as the visitor would find to his cost, were he to depend upon the *Herme Hotel* for his dinner. While we were thus engaged a venerable gull, whose size and plumage “bespoke his lengthened years,” very quietly perched on the cliff within a few yards of us, waiting to dispose of any fragments we might

leave, with an air of composure and assurance which plainly indicated how well accustomed he was to visitors. This beach is composed entirely of shells, unmixed with either sand or stones;—dig as long as you will, and as deep as you will, there is nothing but shells. At a moderate estimate, many hundred tons might be taken away within the space of half a mile. There are numerous varieties to be found here: some most minutely small; and immense quantities of fragments of broken shells of the larger kinds. I do not suppose there are many that are reckoned valuable by conchologists, but, as far as regards quantity, I believe this beach is without an equal in the world. It is a common thing for visitors to fill a basket from the mass, and afterwards pick out the perfect shells. Here are also frequently found rare specimens of lobsters, crabs, &c., as well as coral and other submarine productions.

Having sufficiently satisfied our curiosity by a ramble of a few hours, we re-embarked, and, before returning to Guernsey, sailed round the little islet of *JEHOU*, a near neighbour to *Hermé*, being separated from it by a channel only a few score yards across. It is about a mile and a half in circumference, and rises high out of the water. With the exception of an orchard the island is almost entirely a rabbit-warren; and the only habitation on it is the house of the proprietor, who, strange to say, makes it his constant residence, seldom leaving it, and then for no long period. There is but one landing place, and there a board is erected threatening prosecution to all trespassers! The place did not, however, offer any inducement for us to intrude on the owner's privacy.

The island of *SERK* (or *SARK*) is another favourite excursion, and presents a much wider field for observation. It is, in fact, one of the most interesting spots the tourist can visit—quite different to anything and everything else.

Serk is situated about ten miles south-east of Guernsey, and as our little bark danced over the waves, the appearance presented to us was that of a high rugged wall of rock, rising perpendicularly from the sea to a great height, and forming at the top a large extent of table land: upon a near approach the prospect is not much improved; and even when the landing place is reached, a stranger, unaccustomed to scaling walls or climbing spires, must not be too confident of attaining the summit: he will in vain look for a road, a foot-path, or even a ladder to assist him in his ascent, but must lay hold of a rope, dangling down the rock—he may please himself respecting holding *fast*—and he will then find sundry notches in the rock, by the aid of which he will reach a ledge about the height of forty feet: his path is then rather easier, but he must scramble near three hundred feet before he finds himself on the summit. You must not, however, suppose that this is the only entrance to the island: there is a small harbour on the opposite side, but it being on the side furthest from Guernsey most parties prefer scaling the rocks to the increased length of the voyage.

Well then—the Rambler is at last safe on *terra firma*, and he soon finds that *Serk* is not—as the appearance from the sea would induce him to think—a continued plain, but beautifully diversified by hill and valley, little rivulets wending their way through them, and heavy crops of corn waving in the wind; numerous cottages are scattered among the trees; and the ivy and wild honeysuckle, joined with the warbling of numerous feathered songsters, render the scene beautiful and pleasing—such an one as might have inspired the Bard of Lancashire,* (and of Nature too,) when he sung—

“The trees are adorned with spiey buds,
Like scattered gems on the sun-bright woods;
Whilst down in the dell doth the rindle spring,
Glimmering dimly and murmuring;
Where the pebbles are dark and waters clear,
As a sloe-black eye and a pearly tear.”

The inhabitants of *Serk* amount to about six hundred, the majority of whom are employed in the united avocations of farming and fishing. The farms are so small—the largest not exceeding twenty English acres—that they do not afford sufficient employment for the occupier and his family. The soil is extremely fertile—but still the *Serkmen* seem always to prefer the net to the plough. These men will often venture

*Samuel Bamford, of Middleton.

over to France with the produce of their fields or orchards, in a boat of their own construction, scarcely 20 feet in length. The natural result of such a life as this is, that they are a robust, hardy race; and, what is greatly to their own credit, a very temperate people, though spirits may be purchased at less than one-fourth the English price.

A strange law, respecting the holding of property, exists in Serk. All the land—with the exception of one portion—is held by copyhold. There are just forty of these copyholds, and the owner has not the power of ever dividing it: if he chooses to sell, he must sell the whole, and one-thirteenth of the purchase money is claimed by the Lord of the Manor: in case of his death also the whole goes to the eldest son; or, if no son, to the nearest heir; and all buildings, &c. erected on the estate must go with it. The effect of this law is to check improvement in building, for which reason it is a rare thing to see a new house, and also to prevent any considerable increase of population, as the younger sons of the farmer are generally compelled to leave the island, and seek a livelihood elsewhere.

The government of Serk is vested in an officer under the government of Guernsey: called the seigneur, and all local enactments are passed by the owners of the forty copy-holds beforenamed, who assemble three or four times a year; by them all rates and taxes are levied, and Serk is not affected by any enactments of the other islands. The militia is about one hundred strong, and government also provides a small train of artillery. There is one church, built in 1820, a neat building, the salary of the minister is about £80. per annum, and a house; a free school is also established, and is well attended.

The coast of Serk presents some fine rock scenery, but it is a matter of much difficulty and some danger to reach the points where it is seen to the best advantage; there are also numerous caves, called by the natives *boutiques*, most of which have communications with the sea; some extend, by several different passages, to a great length, so that the visitor should be cautious in his intrusion, or he may be shut in by tide, and perchance discover, when too late, that he has trodden a path he will never again retreat.

At one extremity of the island is a small part detached from the main land, with the exception of a neck or isthmus, nearly 200 yards long, and only four or five feet broad, while on either side is a rugged and almost perpendicular precipice, of near 300 feet to the sea; this division is called "Little Serk," and access to it can only be obtained by going over this connecting ridge. I have been informed of the following anecdote, but do not vouch for its authenticity:—A person resident in Little Serk, used frequently to visit the other part of the island, and before returning was in habit of making sundry libations to the presiding deity of the vine and barrel; the effect of which was the rendering him so pendulum-like in his movements, as to make the passage of this ridge by no means prudent: but the jolly god used not, as he too frequently does, to desert his votary in his utmost need, but inspired him with the idea of ascertaining whether or no he was sufficiently *compos* to make the attempt in safety; and this was the test—a cannon had been planted at the junction of the ridge with the main land, upon this cannon the tippler used to mount, and if he could walk upon it from end to end, he concluded he was steady enough to venture across, but if he failed, he lay down in the heath till sleep had restored him to a condition to make a more successful experiment.

The climate of Serk is peculiarly salubrious, many persons are found living to an extreme age, and the general average of life is longer than the usual period; you may perhaps be surprised when I tell you that there is not a medical practitioner in the island, but such is the case. There are one or two tooth-drawers, bleeders, and so forth, but for any higher branch of medicine, advice must be procured from Guernsey; and in the years 1816 and 1820, there was not a single death on the island; this could not be from an excess of physic—if from the paucity of it, I shall not now inquire.

The island of ALDERNEY is the last on my visiting list; it is distant from Guernsey about forty miles, and within a few miles from the coast of France. The passage to Alderney is the most difficult navigation in the channel; besides innumerable rocks and shoals, there are two impetuous currents, one called the *race*, on the south side of the

island, and the other the *swinge*, on the north side. Through these channels the tide runs from six to seven miles an hour; it is only at a favourable state of the wind and tide that the coast can be approached, and then only by persons well acquainted with navigation; however, our little "Zebra" danced gaily over the waves, and in due time we were safely landed on the shore of the cow-famed Alderney. About half a mile from the harbour is the town of St. Anne, containing from 800 to 900 inhabitants, and consisting principally of country farm-looking houses, with their yards and out-buildings, and resembling rather a large village than a town; the reason of this is that almost all the population of the island reside in this place, and the majority of them being farmers, occasion their houses to be of the same description, and this not only swells the apparent size of the town, but gives a desolate aspect to the other parts of the island; the church of St. Anne is a large plain building, of great age, but I cannot ascertain the precise date of its erection.

The general aspect of Alderney is by no means equal to that of Serk; this is owing to the almost total absence of both cottages and trees; neither is there any rock scenery of so bold and romantic a character; the soil also is not so good, and a large portion of it was, till lately, uncultivated. *Vraic*, the sea-weed I mentioned being used for manure in Jersey, is also used here, and the gathering of it is quite as important an affair. But the great characteristic of Alderney agriculture is the cow, from which animal, I believe, it is better known than from any other means; the cows are generally milked three times a day, and in many instances are surprisingly productive. The chief characteristics of the genuine species, are the short curve of the horns, and the prominent sparkling eye; in which latter, the real Alderney cow offers a striking contrast to all other breeds.

The remarks I have made on the character of the inhabitants of Serk, will pretty nearly apply to those of Alderney, with the exception, that instead of frugality, feasting and improvidence seem to be the order of the day; this difference may arise from many causes which I cannot now investigate, but this is evidently a principal one—the prevalence of smuggling; here is no regular trade as in the other islands, and the great majority of the men either are, or have been, in some measure, engaged in the illicit traffic; as a natural consequence, the gains thus acquired are lavishly spent, and it is a rare thing for an Alderney man to die rich. Society is in a very low state, and the exertions of the "schoolmaster" are miserably at a discount; the island does not contain a single public library nor a book-club; very few persons have any books in their houses, and only one or two whose collection amounts to more than the library of a cottage shef. The climate is healthy, but not so pleasant as Jersey, owing to its being more exposed to the north-east winds; the inhabitants are generally long-lived, and out of 201 persons who died during the last ten years, no less than 65 had attained to upwards of seventy. With regard to government, &c., the regulations are nearly the same as those of the other islands, the difference being only in local regulations, not sufficiently interesting to detail. Alderney is on the whole well worth a visit, though it is wanting in many of the attractions which render the other islands so lovely and delightful.

And now I must pause, for as my next steps will be directed homewards, my ramblings may be said to have ceased. The sight of the beauteous face of nature in some of her countless varieties of feature, recurs to the memory with a freshness, like the remembrance of the friends of by-gone years; various scenes pass before us; a brief space, and they are gone from the sight, perchance for ever, but they will dwell on the remembrance with pleasure, until that remembrance shall have ceased to exist.

Your's, &c.

G. P. J.

WAR AND GLORY.

The following spirited production from the pen of Dr. Johnson, constituted the original No. 22 of the *Idler*, but on republication of that work in volumes, this paper was suppressed by the author, and another substituted in its stead :—

Many naturalists are of opinion that the animals which we commonly consider as mute have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have, indeed, a variety which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has been always attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skillful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues have been commonly found among the philosophers of the east, in a country where the calmness of the air and the mildness of the seasons allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers; but what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has, by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least, he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned:—

"As I was sitting," said he, "within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of my flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

"I soon perceived that my labour would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismissal to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions because you have had my practice before your eyes: you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."—"Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture? Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"—"He is too bulky," said the mother: "when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."—"Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear; by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?"—"We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled, for the convenience of the vulture."—"But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?"—"Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species."—"If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?"—"Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are

hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."—"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter: I could never kill what I could not eat."—"My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aërie of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What is it that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows, by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any of the others, —a friend to the vultures."

(From the Penny Magazine.)

STANZA

*On the Blessing of Good Health, with a few Remarks on the Love of Life, &c.
(Written in Affliction.)*

FRAIL mortal man! say what is life
Without its chiefest blessing—health?
Can kings confer a boon so great,
Can human skill or India's wealth?
But mark—when pale affliction comes,
What then is health's pure blessing worth?
Loath to resign affection's ties,
How fondly do we cling to earth!
Stretch'd on my bed supine, I crave,
With patience to endure the ill;
And whatso'er my fate may be,
Submission to the Almighty will.
Yet would I live for one I love,
My wife, my gentle partner true;
With her I've more of nature's claims,
In sweet and helpless babies—two.
Yes, I would live for their dear sakes,
Their fickle infant minds t' engage;
To bless the tenor of my years,
And comfort me in drooping age.
Fain would I see their promise fair,
Virtue and duties path begun;
In Him, whose grace is manifest,
I trust, and say—"Thy will be done!"
These are my claims, these are my ties,
If 'tis a sin to wish to live;
I pray that in his boundless love,
God's mercy will the sin forgive.

Manchester, November 5th, 1836.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.



John Elson P. Prov. G. M.

Nottingham District.

BIOGRAPHY.

P. PROV. G. M. JOHN ELSOM

WAS born December 24th, 1801, at Aslackby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which parish his father was, for three-and-twenty years, the respected clerk. Being thus, from his earliest years, led to attend the services of religion, he learned from childhood to be "not slothful in business," and is a living instance of the wise Solomon's injunction,—*"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."*

The completion of his seventeenth year found him an orphan. Death, armed with more than usual terror, deprived him, in nine short months, of both father and mother; and, as the former died intestate, Mr. Elsom, by the advice of the Rev. S. Barwis, the clergyman, procured Mr. T. Casswell, an opulent farmer, to become administrator of his affairs—an office which he fulfilled with the utmost punctuality and satisfaction to himself and sister. The four following years he passed at Boston with his uncle, (now P. Prov. G. M. Tunstall, of the Nottingham District) and if anything could compensate for the loss of a father, it were the uniform kind-heartedness, the inflexible integrity, the sound judgment, and excellent example of such an uncle.

Mr. Elsom removed to Nottingham in January, 1823, and in March, 1824, was initiated a member of the Mount Gilead Lodge. He was appointed Secretary of the Lodge in October following, and in the same month was appointed first C. S. of the newly-formed Nottingham District, by the Grand Committee, at which he brought forward a motion for instituting a Funeral Fund, which was the origin of the present flourishing Institution. Having been elected V. G. April 5th, 1825, he was appointed Deputy to the Huddersfield A. M. C., and sat on the Sub-committee for adopting the Patriarchal Degree; he was elected N. G. of his Lodge, October 12, 1825, and was shortly after re-elected C. S. of the District, and was presented with a silver medal for his services.

About this period upon receiving the unfortunate circular of the Leeds District, inculcating the Manchester District, and inviting the whole Unity to resist their authority, the January Committee of the Nottingham District appointed their Secretary (Elsom) to reply to it, and also to convey to Manchester an expression of their attachment and loyalty; and at the following Manchester Grand Committee,—*It was resolved*,—"That the thanks of this Committee are eminently due and hereby given to C. S. Elsom, of the Nottingham District, and to P. Prov. G. M. Renie, of the Monmouth District, for their friendly and able letters in No. 8 of the Magazine.* That the said letters be recommended to be read and duly considered at lectures through the respective Lodges; and that brothers Renie and Elsom would confer a benefit on the Order, by attending at the next Annual Committee, to assist in the great work of improvement."

In April, 1826, he was appointed Deputy for the District to the A. M. C. at Manchester, where he acted as assistant Secretary to the C. S. of the Order, and was one of the Sub-committee appointed "to take into consideration the subject of Districts," the report of which was adopted and made law.

At the Annual Meeting of the Nottingham Grand Committee, October, 1826, he was a third time elected C. S., and being thus so long in uninterrupted communication with the Officers of the Order, became fully acquainted with their operations, and was the means of diffusing an amount of information, confidence, and friendly feeling, which, we trust, will always continue. At the A. M. C. of Nottingham, Mr. Elsom not having been appointed by his District, received the higher tribute to his indispensable services, by the appointment of Assistant Secretary to the C. S.; and although he attended solely at his own expence, he felt, no doubt, amply recompensed by the proud reflection, that he then planned and saw executed, (what he was the first to

*Old Series.

suggest two years before at the Huddersfield A. M. C.) a General Fund for the Order, a source of confidence, and a bond of union incalculably advantageous. The Subcommittee in accordance with the resolutions of the preceding A. M. C., took the subject into consideration, but spent the whole of one day without being able to adopt a single proposition on the subject, so that almost all became assured that it was impossible to effect the intention. Mr. Elsom, however, convinced of its necessity, withdrew after business into a private room, and, after calm reflection in solitude, developed a code of propositions which were introduced the following day to the Committee,—Mr. Elsom having been added to their number,—and agreed to, with a few slight alterations; and their report was received and honored with a vote of thanks from the general Committee.

In October, 1827, Mr. Elsom was again elected C. S., and the following month was chosen President of the Funeral Fund. At the October Committee, 1828, he was elected the fifth time C. S., and the following year Grand Master of the District. At the April Committee, 1831, was appointed to the A. M. C. at Liverpool, as sole Deputy for the District; was there chosen on the Subcommittee "for examining into the nature of the business to be brought before the A. M. C.," and was selected as their Secretary; was also chosen here, in conjunction with four other past and present District Officers, as a Subcommittee to examine the Accounts of the Board of Directors, on which he acted as Vice President; was also appointed here, by the A. M. C., as an Auditor for the I. O. in 1832, being amongst the first that were chosen to attend the Board Room prior to the holding of the A. M. C., to make up the accounts and examine the stock on the premises. This was the last A. M. C. he attended, and having concluded the office of Prov. G. M. in October, 1831, he has, since that time, been but comparatively little engaged in the affairs of Odd Fellowship beyond the interests of his own Lodge, or of giving his opinion when solicited on any question of importance.

It is but justice, however, to say, that whilst holding the high office of G. M. he displayed a spirit of conciliation to the mistaken and the erring—of fostering care to the weak, and of unflinching justice to the wilfully guilty—that speedily and obviously produced the natural results of increased attention to the true spirit of our Order, of confidence in its resources and support, and of rapid advancement in its utility and importance.

It would be in vain to particularize the numerous other services rendered by the subject of this Memoir to the Order. Appointed upon most Committees of importance, few transactions have occurred in the District without his assistance. Not, however, personally only has he fought the battles of Odd Fellowship: Mr. Elsom has "the pen of a ready writer," and many of the former numbers of the Magazine* contain his expositions of our system, and his views of its improvement. Nor should we neglect to refer to his Preface to the Laws of the Nottingham District, nor his masterly Pamphlet, intitled "ODD FELLOWSHIP DEFENDED," being a reply to those few insignificant individuals who, a few years ago, endeavoured to excite disaffection in the Nottingham District, in a manner only less contemptible than atrocious.

On December 26th, 1835, Mr. Elsom was presented with a handsome Medal, purchased by voluntary contribution, on which is engraved—

"TO PAST PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER
JOHN ELSOM,

AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT, BY THE NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT OF I. O. O. F., M. U.,
FOR HIS INVALUABLE SERVICES AND EXEMPLARY CONDUCT."

The Medal was presented by Grand Master Beck in an excellent Address, to which Mr. Elsom made the following reply:—

"HONORED SIR AND BROTHERS—I receive this additional mark of your esteem with heartfelt gratitude, not only from the distinguished compliments that accompany its presentment, but also by the festive and important season selected for the occasion. I feel bound, however, from a due regard under such circumstances, to submit a few remarks relative thereto; sober-minded reflection teaches me that this matter (insig-

*See Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 10, 13—No. 8, New Series, &c. &c.

nificant as it may appear to many) comprehends vast and instructive lessons, and evinces a superior cast of mind in those who appreciate and concur with such acts of mutual regard and good-fellowship. In reference, therefore, to your compliments this evening, I am fearful, lest they are in any degree unworthily bestowed; however, they shew that although my present sphere of usefulness amongst you is very limited, yet notwithstanding, for previous exertions, I am still worthy of a place in your recollections, that the lapse of time only succeeds to strengthen those grateful and exalted feelings, which inseparably unite us together as brethren, and which, may we long live to dedicate to the cause of friendship and benevolence, so eminently demonstrated by the present occasion. As respects the opportunity thus chosen for displaying your kindness, many impressive remarks might be deduced from it, and I should be insensible of my situation as a Christian and an Odd Fellow, were I not to advert to it. The great Founder of the Christian Dispensation was first introduced to mankind at this very season, "with tidings of great joy;" which important event, be it remembered, demands our supreme reverence, inasmuch as we know it is from that source alone, by which Odd Fellowship derives its pre-eminence,—that implants in the human bosom those lively emotions, those kindred feelings, and wonted sympathies, which constitutes our bond of union; that has given rise to numerous names, admirably adapted for many Lodges belonging our Institution, and whilst acknowledged and adhered to, we may confidently rely it will continue our system, unimpaired, through all the countless ages of futurity. I have, Sir, always considered the Mount Gilead Lodge, and the Nottingham District, as a faithful city, whose foundation is UNITY itself, supported by the strong arm of OMNIPOTENCE, and under such protection, therefore, can no unfriendly schism, nor unnatural events, prevail against our interests, or repudiate our worth; and he, whom I have seen beguiled by specious theory to desert our standard, strongly reminds me of the dog when crossing the stream with a piece of flesh in his mouth, and who fancied the reflection in the water promised a superior bounty, he therefore let fall into the water what he safely possessed, and sprang upon the shadow.* Alas, for man's distrust and avarice! for too often is this simple fable verified in the human character, and the consequences deplored as the canker-worm of society. In this respect, however, the Nottingham District has but little cause to murmur. We have generally conducted our government upon such a principle as to insure a constant obedience to the laws, and in cases wherein parties have resolutely bid defiance to our authorities, the injury sustained has been upon themselves; for the nature of our Institution is such, that men cannot openly triumph in their iniquity. But to conclude—for I have too long trespassed upon your time and patience—I beg to be understood as receiving this token of your esteem on no other grounds than as a symbol of your good-will towards me. I did not desire it; but to have refused the gift, and thereby treated your generous wishes with disdain, would have manifested a more unsocial part than Odd Fellows are accustomed to, and therefore, my friends, I accept it with a feeling towards you of "gratitude immense," which I hope will terminate only with my existence."

Mr. Elsom was appointed a Deputy to the Derby A. M. C. recently held, but was prevented from attending by private business. The A. M. C., however, showed that they did not forget his services, by directing his portrait and biography to be published in the present number.

To conclude—few members of the Order have acted more up to the spirit of our Institution than P. Prov. G. M. Elsom. From his first initiation he has been laboriously industrious, and perseveringly active, in fulfilling the duties of an Odd Fellow. In office—whilst uniformly displaying the strictest impartiality with the most considerate attention; the sternest justice with invariable conciliation—no one could ever accuse him of the slightest neglect: and as a member of the Order, he has been excelled by none, in constant endeavours for its advancement, and the improvement of its management; and no one could have conceived a greater advantage than the establishment of the General Fund, a measure almost wholly due to the genius and sagacity of Mr. Elsom. In short, for thirteen years he has been one of our "shining lights," and has shone, and still shines, with undeviating lustre. The opinions of no one in the Nottingham District have more weight than his, nor can any one stand higher in all the attributes that belong to a man, a christian, and an Odd Fellow.

*In allusion to a few dissatisfied individuals who had recently bid defiance to the Resolutions of the Kendal A. M. C., and subsequently seceded from the District.
Vol. 4—No. 6—2 N

ON THE PRESENT PROSPECTS OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER.

It must be evident to every member, who is in anyway interested in the welfare of the Independent Order, that some unpleasantness has existed since the Derby A. M. C. The Board of Directors consider that the origin of those unpleasantnesses should be known by every member in the Unity.

The Derby A. M. C. having taken upon themselves to elect their own Officers to govern the Institution has frustrated the design of some ambitious members in the Manchester District, and who made the groundwork of their complaints—"That the A. M. C. were a packed and corrupt body."

There requires, on our part, no pains to be taken to prove that the A. M. C. (the highest tribunal of the Order) have, and should have, the power to direct how the Institution should be governed; and it must be evident to every impartial mind that none but unprincipled men could harbour the opinion, that upwards of 150 individuals—the majority of whom had never seen each other before—would act so corruptly as to shelter a few individuals to their own injury.

The Board of Directors knowing that it was their duty to protect the Laws as established by the A. M. C.s, and at the same time being satisfied of the base intentions of the disturbers of the public good, took all the means in their power to frustrate their designs. It must be satisfactory to the Order in general, as well as pleasing to the Board of Directors, that the twenty Districts in the immediate vicinity of Manchester, (who have an opportunity both of seeing and hearing what is going on) are one and all, in common with the more distant Districts, doing their utmost to support the Officers of the Order and the Directors in the performance of their duties.

Those *virtuous characters* have also, since the Derby A. M. C., discovered that the books were wrong. Now we think it very unfortunate, that the same parties who have made that discovery, should have been on the Board the year previous, and never have detected that error until they were out of office; and it is a matter of fact, and beyond the reach of contradiction, (even by individuals who do not stick at trifles) that a P. G. was, by a resolution of the Board, of which he was a member, allowed access to the books of the Board, in order to prepare a statement of their proceedings.

The Board have thought it necessary to give the above explanations, as an introduction to the following occurrences; the result we have no doubt, will be read with the greatest satisfaction, for whatever doubts some of the members might have had about the illegality of the Society, will now be removed, when they read Sir John Campbell's (his Majesty's Attorney General) opinion, "That we are a very loyal, moral, useful, and praiseworthy Institution; and that there need no remodelling of the Independent Order—and that we have nothing else to do, but go on as quietly and harmoniously as hitherto."

On reference to the September and December Reports it will be found that charges were brought, by the Book-keeper of the Order, against various individuals for violations of the General Laws, customs, and usages of the Order, and which charges were tried before a SPECIAL COMMITTEE of the Manchester District, held on the 31st October, and 4th of November last. By this Committee P. G.s George Smith and James Royle, of the Rock of Hope Lodge; Joseph Shires, of the Sharon's Pride Lodge; and Edward Chew, of the Cumberland Lodge, were excluded the Order; and P. G. John Goulding, of the Nelson Lodge, was suspended until the next A. M. C. P. G. Samuel Higenbotham was exonerated from the charge; but, on appeal to the Board of Directors, he was suspended until the London A. M. C., and the whole of the matters were referred to such Committee, in order that the members of the Order generally might have an opportunity of finally deciding the matter.

Immediately after Shire's expulsion, the Sharon's Pride Lodge (of which he was a member) passed a Resolution to the following effect, and forwarded the same to the Officers of the Manchester District:

"That except P. G. Shires be reinstated in the said Sharon's Pride Lodge, they (the said Sharon's Pride Lodge) DO EXPEL THE INDEPENDENT ORDER," and followed up such Resolution by publishing a scurrilous Pamphlet, entitled, "THE ADDRESS OF THE SHARON'S PRIDE LODGE," and which—though purporting to come

from the Sharon's Lodge—we have undoubted authority for stating, was subjected to the corrections and amendments of Messrs. Chew and George Smith—the latter of whom was the wholesale publisher. So determined were the parties for the circulation of this document, that a copy was sent to most of the Lodges in the Unity through the medium of the Post Office, and we are given to understand that it cost one District alone, in postages for this *valuable exposé*, the moderate sum of THREE POUNDS.

On reference to the September and December *Magazine* various Addresses will be found from numerous and respectable Districts, evincing their opinions of the expelled characters, and their firm determination "to stand forward and support the Officers of the Order in their arduous duty, so long as they continue to act for the general good," and "to maintain, in spite of any evil disposed party, the laws of our Institutions inviolable." Every Lodge and District, from which we have had any communication, state that the Sharon's Pride Address was burnt, and received the merited odium it so justly deserves.

It will be here necessary to state that P. G. Hignett, of the Rock of Horeb Lodge, for printing such Pamphlet, and P. G. Blore, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Liverpool, for circulating it, were excluded the Order.

Immediately after their expulsion, Royle, Smith, and Goulding applied to the Lodges, to which they had respectively belonged for the amount of moneys paid by them into their Lodges, and which were refused. Royle then thought proper to commence proceedings in a legal way, and put the Rock of Hope Lodge in the Manchester Court of Requests for five pounds. The cause came on for hearing on the 25th day of January, and the Book-keeper of the Order appeared on behalf of the Lodge, and proved that Royle had been regularly summoned, and had a copy of the charges, and that he had been legally expelled according to the Laws of Odd Fellowship; but not being able to prove that he had a copy of the summons delivered to him, the hearing was put off to the next Court, when the Chief Commissioner expressed an opinion that the Order was an illegal one; and although it was contended, on behalf of the Lodge, that if the Society was illegal, no party excluded could recover back moneys paid in, and which has been repeatedly decided by the higher Courts—both of Law and Equity—yet a decision was given in favour of Royle for five pounds. Mr. Hill, having some doubts on his mind as to the law of the case, suspended his judgment—requested to be furnished with a copy of our Rules—and desired the parties to attend at the next Court for his final decision. This request was complied with, and a copy of the new revised Minute Book was forwarded to him, and that without "any note or comment," the Directors being determined that *they* would not tamper with parties who had to decide. Accordingly, on the 25th January, all parties attended, and Mr. Hill delivered judgment for the plaintiff, in doing which he said, "he had with great care read over and considered the Act of Parliament relative to Secret Societies, and he was clearly of opinion that the Order of Odd Fellows was an illegal Association—that the law upon which the party had been expelled was also illegal; for the Order could make no such law as would authorize it to expel any member, and consequently that the plaintiff was entitled either to recover the amount of his subscription, or otherwise to be fully reinstated in his membership in the Lodge—that the Laws of the Order were, in many respects, of a philanthropic character, and he should advise the Society to get them enrolled at the Quarter Sessions as directed by the Statute relating to Benefit Societies, in which case he did not doubt that every law would be allowed, except those relating to the secrets."

The Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* reported the case, and commented as follows:

ROYLE v. HEATON AND ANOTHER.—In this case the defendants, who are the "Noble Grand" and the Secretary, of the "Rock of Hope Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows," in this town, were summoned for the amount of subscriptions which the plaintiff, a member of the Lodge, had from time to time paid thereto, from the period of his entrance to that of his expulsion, for an alleged breach of one of the laws, in revealing or exposing the pass-word of a degree. The case had been heard at a former Court, and stood over to this day, to afford the Chief Commissioner time to give the matter due consideration. He now proceeded to give judgment thereon; in doing which the learned gentleman said he had with great care read over and considered

the act of parliament relative to Secret Societies, and he was clearly of opinion that *the Order of Odd Fellows was strictly an illegal association*; that the law upon which the plaintiff had been expelled was also illegal: for the Order could make no such law as would authorise it to expel any member; and, consequently, that the plaintiff was entitled either to recover the amount of his subscription, or otherwise to be fully reinstated in his membership in the Lodge. The laws of the Lodge were in many respects of a philanthropic character, and he should advise the Society to get them enrolled at the quarter sessions, as directed by the statute relating to Benefit Societies; in which case he did not doubt that every law would be allowed *except those relating to the secrets*. In order to aid him in his decision, we understand that the learned Chief Commissioner had been furnished by the defendants' friends with a beautiful bound copy of the laws of the Order, or of the particular Lodge with which they were connected.

"We have repeatedly animadverted on the absurdity of the mummeries with which the Odd Fellows clothe and mystify what may be, for aught we know, a Sick or Benefit Society; but even admitting for a moment the objects and aim of this craft to be good and benevolent, we have no hesitation in declaring that the means and observances of Odd Fellowship have always been anything rather than beneficial to the members generally. Many a working-man may date the origin of a life of wretchedness to his inauguration in the ridiculous mummeries of Odd Fellowship, amidst the intemperance which characterises the orgies of its Lodge-nights; including Sunday tippling, and other baneful habits and practices fatal to the sobriety and peace of those ensnared into them under the specious guise of benevolence and good-fellowship. We rejoice, on these grounds, that the decision in the Court of Request,—a decision alike just in law and in equity—has been given, and we should not be sorry to hear as its result, that other similar cases were brought before the Court by expelled members, till the managers of these Odd Fellows' Lodges shall find themselves compelled either to give up the objectionable parts of their system, their secret oaths and ceremonial fooleries, their drinking-bouts, and indeed their assembling at public-houses at all, and so merge into legalised Benefit Societies, with authorised rules, and a prudent and carefully arranged scheme of allowance to their sick and aged members; or, failing this, that the whole organization of Odd Fellowship, which is a standing reproach on the intelligence and enlightenment of the nineteenth century, shall pass away with the other fast fading relics of a superstitious by-gone age."

To which the Board sent the following answer:

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

SIR,

In Wednesday's paper you give a report of a case, *Royle versus Heaton* and another, tried at the Court of Request; you also thought proper to comment on the body whom the decision materially interests. There is little doubt you look upon Odd-fellowship as an insignificant body, but you are probably unacquainted with the fact that it consists of upwards of 80,000 individuals; also that we are of a different class of beings than your remarks would lead a stranger to suppose. To such a numerous body I have no doubt you will without hesitation give the opportunity of vindicating their principles and character, both of which your remarks are likely materially to affect. It is evident you are unacquainted with the body who through your instrumentality are, perhaps unintentionally, calumniated, and also ignorant of the laws and regulations which govern that body.

That the Chief Commissioner said that the Order of Odd Fellows was an association not under the protection of the laws (not being registered under the Friendly Society Act), is most true; but with due deference to that gentleman we are decidedly of a different opinion. But if the Independent Order of Odd Fellows is really proved to be an illegal association, which we greatly doubt, steps will be immediately taken to legalize the Institution, for it is certainly not the wish of the members, nay it is even contrary to the laws by which they are governed, to act in any way contrary to the laws of the country. As a proof of this, I can inform you that previous to the committal of the Dorchester Unionists an oath was administered to every new initiated member, of course without the knowledge that such an act was illegal; but at the first Annual

General Meeting of the Order after that occurrence, a law was passed forbidding the administration of an oath, either at the initiation of a new member or at any subsequent period ; and no such oath in any shape is now taken, although you state that the contrary is the fact.

Without any disrespect to the Chief Commissioner of the Court of Request, I must say there is high legal authority for doubting that the decision is as you state, "alike just in law and in equity." We deny that the decision is legal, because if the Society is an illegal Institution the Court cannot take cognizance of the transaction ; and in this view of the subject we are borne out by the very recent decision of the present Lord Chancellor in the case of Ewing and Osbaldiston ; and which, when mentioned to Mr. Hill, he said was only a newspaper report ; and though we obtained that information through that medium, yet it does not detract from its accuracy. We deny that the decision is equitable—to award to one member of a Lodge £5 when we were ready to prove, and offered to do so, that the funds of that Lodge did but average little more than £3 per member.

We are recommended to enrol ourselves under the act of parliament, as Benefit Societies ; we doubt not this advice is well intended ; we certainly should have been glad to adopt the recommendation ; the subject has been long since taken into consideration, but we find it impracticable to act upon our philanthropic principles, and at the same time be enrolled as a Sick and Burial Society. We aim at a higher grade of philanthropy than general Sick Societies ; in addition to relieving our sick and burying our dead, we relieve our distressed and aged members. We subscribe to charitable Institutions unconnected with our Order ; the Oldham Blue Coat School received upwards £100 from the Odd Fellows' Lodges in its immediate neighbourhood ; the Stockport Infirmary, in June last, received £139 14s. 2½d ; and in November, 1835, the Leeds Public Charities received a donation of upwards of £100, from the Lodges in that district. I could fill a page of your paper with the gifts to charitable purposes from Odd Fellows' Lodges, but the above will be sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of the fact.

At our last General Meeting, held at Derby, we established a Fund to relieve the Widows and succour the Orphans of deceased Odd Fellows, and there is little doubt before the expiration of twelve months some hundreds of pounds will have been distributed among those objects of charity.

We know that were we enrolled under the Act regulating Sick and Burial Societies, every Lodge would have to be governed by their own laws, and we should be prevented acting in conjunction with each other : the rich Lodge would not have the power to assist a Lodge that is poor in funds ; in fact, we should not have the means of carrying into effect our philanthropy, on account of being disunited.

You state "many a working man may date the origin of a life of wretchedness to his inauguration in the ridiculous mummeries of Odd-fellowship, amidst the intemperance which characterises, &c." We are certainly at a loss to know where you got the information, and we are quite confident, had you an opportunity to notice our proceedings, or an acquaintance with the majority, or even a portion of our members, you would not, or could not form such an opinion of us, let alone to lend yourself to calumniate and misrepresent a respectable and peaceable body, whose sole aim is to banish vice in all its ramifications, and inculcate UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE AND CHARITY.

Drunkenness is severely punished according to our General Laws ; and our Lodges are liable to heavy fines if they do not close at ten o'clock ; we open at half-past seven ; here we have two and a half hours to transact our business ; how much time is there left to indulge in the state of inebriety you represent us guilty of ; and if you are inclined to think that tippling commences after the Lodge closes, we would recommend you to call at some of the Lodge-houses, and notice how many members remain after business is over ; and I would remark that at our last General Annual Meeting, a law passed to allow the opening of Odd Fellows' Lodges in respectable *Temperance Hotels*, and some of which are already in active operation, but we can give a more convincing proof that we are not the drunken sots you represent us. We at present consist of 80,000 members, 10,000 reside in the towns of Manchester and Salford, and its im-

mediate neighbourhood, 15,000 more within twelve miles of Manchester; here you have at least 25,000 members within this immediate neighbourhood. Take the trouble to look through the Calendar at the New Bailey, and see how many members of our Order have been committed? Refer to the scores who are weekly brought before the magistrates for inebriety and disorderly conduct, tell us how many belong to our Institution. We challenge you or any one else to count one-tenth of our ratio to the population in this town and neighbourhood committed for misdemeanours, and other crimes, and more especially for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; if you take that trouble, you will be satisfied that not one-tenth of our ratio were guilty of any of those crimes; this is a state of things which could not exist if your assertions were correct.

You further state that Odd-fellowship is a reproach on the intelligence, &c. of the nineteenth century; we have more justice on our side to say, that it is a reproach on the intelligence of the nineteenth century that an editor of such a widely circulated paper should be so unacquainted with the habits of 10,000 inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood in which he lives, as to misrepresent them in the manner in which you have done. We have so frequently been calumniated, that it appears some parties take it for granted that we are really the mystified body that we have been represented. We can good-humouredly listen to the tales of an old lady about the ceremonies, &c. of Odd Fellows, but we are certainly surprised that the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian* should propagate such gossiping tales. Instead of Odd-fellowship being a reproach to the present generation, we have no doubt the time will soon arrive, when Odd-fellowship will be boasted of as being a credit to the nation, where the principles of our Institution have been cultivated. You do not find amongst Odd Fellows, opponents of political opinions, ready to cut each others throats, the same as you find amongst many other subjects of his Majesty's dominions. Well would it be for Ireland if Odd-fellowship were there cultivated: we should not have so much of party spirit as we at present have. You are mistaken in the opinions you have formed of us; in justice, we shall call on you to insert this letter to refute the misrepresentations ushered to the public through your instrumentality.

I am, Sir, your's obediently,

THOMAS ARMITT.

5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street,
King-street, Manchester, 3rd Feb. 1837.

The Editor *altogether declined* to insert the long letter in favour of the Odd Fellows. The Board then sent a copy of the above letter to the other Manchester papers, ALL of whom very kindly inserted it, with the exception of the *Advertiser*; but the *Advertiser*, in their notice to correspondents, in their paper of February 18th, said, "We have received a long letter from Mr. Armit, one of the Officers connected with the Odd Fellows, complaining of some strictures passed upon their Order in a print of Saturday week. Mr. Armit entirely refutes the statements as to the alleged demoralizing tendency of the Society—as the letter in question has already appeared in some of the Manchester papers, it is not necessary to reprint it now."

It ought to be stated that the Board of Directors were anxious to have the best legal opinion on the subject, and the following Case, drawn up by J. S. MYERS, was submitted (through the medium of one of the most respectable solicitors in Manchester) to SIR JOHN CAMPBELL (his Majesty's Attorney General) for his opinion; and, in order to convince the Order that the Case was fairly and honestly stated, we subjoin the whole, premising that a copy of the Questions and Answers were inserted in the whole of the Manchester newspapers, of February 11th, and paid for as an advertisement.

CASE.

The Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was formed about the year 1812, for the purpose of mutual assistance in sickness and funeral expences; and, like the Masonic Order, has pass-words and peculiar signs, by which the members recognize those in compliance and entitled to benefit, and to distinguish those who, by assiduity and attention, have deserved well of their fellow-members; and by those pass-words are protected from imposition.

Persons of the age allowed by article, and of good character, are admitted members without any reference to their religious or political opinions; and in order to prevent any discussions on such subjects, it is one of the fundamental principles of the Institution, that no song or toast on religious or political topics shall be given or sung, under the penalty of certain fines.

The Manchester Unity consists of upwards 1100 Lodges, and 70,000 members, divided into 131 Districts, the whole of which are governed by certain laws and regulations sent herewith, and which laws and regulations cannot be altered or amended except by the Annual Committee of the Order, (to which Committee each Lodge if it thinks proper can send a representative,) and which is held annually in Whitsun week, at some place appointed by the previous Annual Committee, and by which the Grand Master and Board of Directors (who are the Executive Council of the Order) are appointed.

It must here be remarked, that previous to May, 1834, the Order without being aware of its illegality administered an oath to each new member, that he would not divulge the secrets of the Order, but since that period *such oath has been abolished*, and all that is now required, is the *promise* of the party, nor is any *oath* at any time administered.

The Order on all occasions, has done its utmost to assist the constituted authorities in the preservation of the public peace, and in the most disturbed times and districts their Lodges were allowed under sanction of the resident magistracy to hold their usual meetings, and there is not even a solitary instance of any one violating this good faith, by entertaining any discussions of a political nature, contrary to the government and constitution.

On the accession of his late Majesty George the Fourth, an Address of Condolence was presented on that occasion by the Officers, on behalf of the Independent Order, and to which Address the following answer was given:

Whitehall, 25th March, 1820.

SIR,

I have had the honour to lay before the King the very loyal and dutiful Address of the Loyal Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Lancashire, and I have to inform you that his Majesty was graciously pleased to receive the same in the most gracious manner.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

SIDMOUTH.

To Thomas Hignett, Esq., Manchester.

And on the accession of his present Majesty, an Address, of which the following is a copy, was presented:

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

WE, the Grand Master and Board of Directors, acting in the name and on the behalf of 457 Lodges composing the Manchester Unity of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, beg leave, as your Majesty's most faithful and loyal subjects, to present your Majesty with assurances of our sorrow and condolence on the loss of your loyal brother, our late beloved Sovereign, whose protection of our rights and privileges, calls forth our warmest and sincerest gratitude.

We further most respectfully beg leave to assure your Majesty, of our unbounded loyalty, and firm devotion to your crown, and the illustrious house of which your Majesty is now become the principal member.

That the Almighty may long preserve your Majesty's life, and that your reign may be happy, prosperous, and peaceable, are the sincere prayers of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity, than whom, your Majesty

has not more loyal or faithful subjects. Given under our seal at Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, the 14th day of July, 1830, and signed on behalf of the Independent Order,

JOHN ASHHURST, G. M.
WILLIAM GRAY, D. G. M.
THOMAS ARMITT, C. S.

To this Address the following answer was received,—

Whitehall, July 26th, 1830.

SIR,

I have had the honour to lay before the King, the loyal and dutiful Address of the Grand Master and Board of Directors, acting in the name and on the behalf of the 457 Lodges composing the Manchester Unity of the Loyal and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which accompanied your letter of the 4th instant; and I have the satisfaction to inform you, that his Majesty was pleased to receive the same in the most gracious manner.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT PEEL.

Mr. Thomas Armitt.

Another striking feature in the constitution of the Order is, "that it does not countenance Trades' Unions, and that no officer or brother is allowed a travelling certificate, or the travelling reliefs, who may have left his employ through a strike or a turnout for wages under any circumstances:" a measure which, as the Society consists of both masters and workmen, has a tendency to carry into practice those benevolent views upon which the Independent Order is based—"Good will to all."

It will be obvious to all that, in so numerous a Society, instances will occur in which individuals render themselves liable to be excluded for some violation of the laws, a copy of which is given to each member as a guide for his conduct as soon as he enters.

The following is a recent instance in which a party was excluded, and which has been the cause of laying before you the present case for your opinion:

In the month of October last a person of the name JAMES ROYLE, a member of the Rock of Hope Lodge, Manchester, was summoned before a District Committee for a violation of the 73rd resolution, page 19th of the Minute Book sent herewith; in making known the secrets of the Order, and such charge having been fully and clearly proved, he was expelled. It will be requisite here to observe, that although he was regularly summoned to attend to answer such charge; and with a copy of which he was furnished, he did not appear, and was expelled in his absence, a provision being made for parties who will not appear, by the 79th resolution, (page 20.)

Royle, who had been a member of his Lodge upwards of six years, but who at the time of his expulsion was out of benefit for non-payment of his subscriptions, applied after his expulsion to his Lodge for re-payment of the money he had paid in the way of subscriptions; and this being refused him, he commenced proceedings (against two of the presiding officers) in the Court of Request, for the Parish of Manchester, for the recovery of £5, the extent of its jurisdiction. When the case came on for trial, the defendants objected that Royle having been regularly summoned, tried and sentenced according to the laws and regulations of the Order, was not legally entitled to anything. Mr. Hill, Attorney General for the County of Chester, (Chairman) was of opinion that the laws of the Order not being enrolled pursuant to the Friendly Societies Act, 10th Geo. 4, c. 56, and also stating themselves on the very face of them to be a "Secret Society," were not entitled to the benefit of the Act of Parliament, and were an Illegal Society, and on these grounds the Court gave a verdict for the plaintiff; but which judgment, Mr. Hill has since suspended until the next Court-day, in order that he may take time to consider his opinion.

The Manchester Unity, anxious in all cases to act in accordance with the laws of their country, are desirous of knowing how far such verdict is correct, and therefore wish to have an opinion on the following points, after perusal of the Minute Book sent herewith, and which contains the General Laws, and all the Rules and Regulations of the Order:

QUESTIONS.

Is the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, a legal, or an illegal Society?

If the Manchester Unity is an illegal Society, can a party expelled, or an individual who is desirous of leaving the Order, recover by an action in the Court of Requests, or any other Court, the amount of money paid by him into his Lodge; and if he can recover, is he entitled to more than an equal quota or proportion of the surplus fund in possession of the Lodge at the time of his expulsion?

If the Manchester Unity is an illegal Society, what proceedings should be adopted to render it a legal one?

If the Manchester Unity is an illegal Society, can the Lodge set-off against any claim a member may make after his expulsion or withdrawal, sums of money paid him during sickness; as also his proportion of the quarterly expences of the Lodge, from the date of his entrance up to the time of exclusion or withdrawal?

Could not a rule for a writ of prohibition be obtained from the Court of King's Bench, upon an affidavit of the facts, to restrain the Court of Requests from issuing execution, on the ground that their verdict (if against the Society) is illegal, and contrary to law, and thus bring the whole matter before that Court?

Am I generally to advise?

ANSWERS.

Some little doubt may be entertained whether the Society of Odd Fellows may not be considered as coming within the letter of the provisions of the statutes respecting affiliated societies; but it appears to be a very loyal, moral, useful, and praiseworthy Institution,—and I think the members may continue to meet according to the rules of the Order, as they have so long done, without any danger of being called in question for a breach of the law.

If the Society were illegal, an expelled member cannot, by law, recover back any part of the money paid by him to his Lodge.

I do not see any necessity for the Society being remodelled.

If the Society were dissolved, no member could claim more than his share of the surplus: and if an account were taken on the footing of the sums he has paid, there must be a set-off in respect of the sums he has received.

I think the Court of Conscience has exceeded its jurisdiction, and if it proceeds in such cases, it might be restrained by a prohibition.

I would strongly recommend to the Odd Fellows to keep clear of law proceedings altogether if possible; let them try to go on quietly and harmoniously as hitherto. But should the Court of Conscience absurdly attempt to put them down, by encouraging actions against the Society by expelled or discontented members, I think an application should be made to the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition.

(Signed)

J. CAMPBELL.

Temple, January 30th, 1857.

It will now be necessary to revert back to Royle's case, and to state, that a verdict having been given against the Lodge, the amount was paid; it is also necessary here to add, that Smith having made a claim for £10. 13s. 0d. the same was paid him by the Lodge, but that contrary to the advice of the Officers of the Order and of the District.

Emboldened by this decision, and determined to get back his money, and to injure the Independent Order, Goulding next put the Nelson Lodge into the same Court for £5.; but the Lodge zealously determined to contest the matter, and authorized their officers to do so. The N. G. of the Lodge, who was ill at the time, deputed J. S. Myers to appear for him, who, together with P. G. Buck, made the necessary preparations to defend the case successfully; and in order that no difficulty might occur in proving that Goulding had been summoned to appear before the Committee who suspended him, and also that he had been furnished with a copy of his charges, the following notice was served upon him:

No. 227, IN THE COURT OF REQUESTS,

Between John Goulding, complainant, and Robert Buck and William Burrows, defendants.

We do hereby give you notice to produce and shew forth to the Court and Commissioners present at the hearing of this case, the summons or paper-writing, under the hands and seal of the Manchester District Officers, summoning and requiring you to appear before a Committee of the said Manchester District, on Monday, October 31st, 1836, at the Earl of Oxford Lodge-house, the Navigation Inn, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, to answer the charges therein contained and preferred against you, or otherwise parole, or other evidence will be given of the contents thereof; and you are further required to produce to the said Commissioners, on the hearing of this case, the silver snuff box paid for out of the Lodge funds of the Nelson Lodge. Dated this 11th day of February, 1837.

Yours, obediently,

ROBERT BUCK.
WILLIAM BURROWS.

To Mr. John Goulding, the above-named complainant, and to all whom it may concern.

The next consideration was, as to a notice of set-off to Goulding's claim, and which, according to his bill delivered, amounted to £10. 13s. and common sense naturally struck them that Goulding was liable to his equal or proportionate share of the half-yearly expences of the Lodge—that is, for sick allowances, gifts, share towards travelling expences, funerals, Secretary's salary, and all other necessary expences.

On this principle—and which must strike every one to be a just and equitable one—a notice of set-off was drawn up, and of which the following is a copy:

No. 227, IN THE COURT OF REQUESTS,

Between John Goulding, complainant, and Robert Buck and William Burrows, defendants.

We do hereby give you notice that we shall, on the hearing of this case, set-off against any claim you may make against us as the Officers of the Nelson Lodge, the following account. Dated this seventh day of February, 1837.

Yours, obediently,

ROBERT BUCK.
WILLIAM BURROWS.

To Mr. John Goulding, the above-named complainant, and to all others whom it may concern.

Mr. John Goulding,

To the Nelson Lodge, Dr.

		£.	s.	d.
1826, June 20 to Aug. 1, To your share of current expences of Lodge...		0	5	3½
Aug. 1 to Jan. 1827, To do.	do.	do.	0	16 4

Carried forward..... £1 1 7½

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward.....	1	1	7½
1827, January to July 31, To your share of current expenses of Lodge ..	0	13	3½
July 31 to Jan. 29, To do. do.....	0	7	5½
1828, Jan. 29 to July 29, To do. do.....	0	13	4
July 29 to Jan. 27, 1829, To do. do.....	0	17	1½
1829, Jan. 27 to July 28, To do. do.....	0	16	4½
July 28 to Jan. 26, 1830, To do. do.....	1	1	1
1830, Jan. 26 to July 27, To do. do.....	0	13	3½
July 27 to Jan. 25, 1831, To do. do.....	0	9	3½
1831, Jan. 25, to July 26, To do. do.....	0	16	0½
July 26, to Jan. 24, 1832, To do. do.....	0	17	2½
1832, Jan. 23, to July 24, To do. do.....	1	6	6
July 24, to Jan. 22, 1833, To do. do.....	0	16	2½
1833, Jan. 22, to July 23, To do. do.....	0	12	11½
July 23, to Jan. 21, 1834, To do. do.....	0	9	9½
1834, Jan. 21, to July 22, To do. do.....	0	13	7½
July 22, to Jan. 20, 1835, To do. do.....	0	11	7½
1835, Jan. 20, to July 21, To do. do.....	0	10	7½
July 21, to Jan. 19, 1836, To do. do.....	0	14	6½
1835, October, To Silver Snuff Box allowed by yourself.....	4	0	0
1836, Jan. 19, to July 19, To your share of current expenses of Lodge ..	0	15	10½
July 19, to Nov. 4, To do. do.....	0	7	9½
	£19	5	4½

For the information of Lodges who may be placed in a similar state through expelled or suspended members, we will briefly state the principle upon which this notice of set-off was drawn up. The number of members good on the books of the Lodge was ascertained for each half year, and the whole of the expenses for the half year been found, that amount was divided by the number of members; thus, the number of members good on the books at the first half-yearly Committee after Goulding entered, was ninety-six; and the expenses were £25. 2s. 4d. and his ninety-sixth share of such expenses, amounted to 5s. 3½d., and so on of the rest.

On Wednesday, February 8th, the case came on: Goulding, attended by Mr. Higinbotham and others,—and Myers and Buck attended for the Nelson Lodge, and the following is the account as published in the Manchester Guardian, of the 15th:—

GOULDING v. BURROWS AND ANOTHER.—In this case William Burrows, President, and Robert Buck, Secretary, of the "Nelson Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows," were summoned by the plaintiff, John Goulding, a member of the Lodge, for the sum of £5., paid by him into the Lodge since he joined it. He said he was now suspended from the benefits of membership, and he claimed the repayment of that sum, or his own re-instatement as a member.—In answer to an inquiry from Mr. Hill, Myers said that the plaintiff was suspended to the 15th of May next, for a breach of the laws of the Lodge, in bringing into contempt a decision of the Annual Committee.—Mr. Hill. These, I presume, are the same rules which I inspected before,—[Myers. Yes, sir,]—and which rules I said before and now repeat, even on more mature deliberation, are contrary to law. But I will go further. These rules are not only contrary to the Friendly Society Act, but also, as I said in the first instance, contrary to the Act of the 39th Geo. III., cap. 79. By this Statute it is enacted that every Society which shall be composed of different divisions or branches, or of different parts acting in any manner separately or distinctly from each other, or of which any part shall have any separate or distinct President, Secretary, Treasurer, Delegate, or other officer, elected or appointed by or for such part, or authorised to act as an officer for any such part, such societies, divisions, or branches, shall be deemed and taken to be *unlawful combinations and confederacies*. Nothing can be plainer, in my mind, than the words of this act. Again, in these Lodges there are secret signs to be observed, which is in fact a secret engagement between the parties. Now, in the clause of the statute, it is enacted, that after the passing of that Act all

Societies, the members whereof shall, according to the rules thereof, or to any provision or agreement for that purpose, be required or admitted to take any oath or engagement which shall be an unlawful oath or engagement within the intent and meaning of an Act passed in the 37th year, &c. (the Act for effectually preventing the administering of unlawful oaths,) every such Society, the members whereof, or any of them, shall take any such oath or engagement, shall be deemed and held to be an *unlawful Society*. I say that, acting as you do, one large body having a separate and distinct President, and acting separately from another, you are an illegal Society, within the meaning of this Act.—Myers. This case, Mr. Hill, stands on very different grounds from the last one, and we laid a case before the Attorney General, Sir John Campbell, who has given his opinion in our favour.—Mr. Hill. Very likely; any gentleman will get an opinion in his favour, if he takes care to draw up his case accordingly. I have a high opinion of the Attorney General; I believe there is no better lawyer in England; but it depends entirely on the case laid before him.—Myers. Then as to the illegality of the Society, I think you laid down that if a Society is illegal, parties cannot recover who are members of it.—Mr. Hill. What I say is, that you cannot enforce your rules, which are very numerous, and some of them very like freemasonry; but free masons are particularly excepted in the Act to which I have alluded.—Myers. But we'll take it on this ground, then; we'll consider, if you like, that this is an illegal Society: then the plaintiff can't recover, as a member of it.—Mr. Hill. I am not here to argue a case with you, but to decide.—Myers. Well, then, the plaintiff has not proved that he has paid £5. into the Society.—Goulding. Does the Secretary deny that I have paid £5., aye, £14. in?—The Secretary admitted that he had paid £5., but denied a payment to the full extent that the plaintiff alleged. Mr. Hill asked if he had received anything, and long statements were entered into by both defendants, to the effect, that though Goulding had not received any benefit himself, he had sanctioned by holding up his hand, in voting for payments to other sick members, of which his share (of liability) amounted to £19. 5s.; that altogether he had paid in £14. 10s.; and that consequently, he had sanctioned the expenditure of £4. 15s. more than what he had paid in subscriptions. The expenditure was voted at half-yearly meetings of the committee, and when the Lodge contained 95 members, the plaintiff was debted with a 95th part of the expenditure.—Mr. Hill called on the defendants to prove these facts, but said he could not take the evidence of any member of the Lodge, as he must be an interested party in the matter.—Goulding was sworn and admitted having occasionally voted for the expenditure of money. He had been a regular contributor ever since June 1826, and he had not received anything from the Lodge, except one present for his valuable services.—[This was a silver snuff box, with the inscription "Presented by the Nelson Lodge of the I. O. F. to P. G. John Goulding, as a token of its esteem Oct. 27, 1835."]—They had suspended him until Whit Sunday, and then, when the Annual Committee or Parliament met, that body might suspend him for such further time as it thought fit.—Mr. Hill. I think they ought to reinstate you.—Goulding. Let them reinstate me, and I'll endeavour to aid the Society, if it's in any difficulty.—Mr. Hill. What has he done to be suspended?—Myers repeated that the suspension was for bringing into contempt the decision of a yearly meeting; but when asked in what way the plaintiff had brought it into contempt, Myers said, "I don't know whether I am authorised to state it here. I can prove that he was summoned, tried, and convicted.—Goulding. I deny that I was tried by the rules of the Society. It is reinstatement I look for, more than the money. I have paid ten guineas more than I have received or sanctioned of: when I joined the Lodge they had £30. in hand, and when I left they had £180.—Myers said that those members who ceased to contribute, such as those who leave the town, left their money behind.—Mr. Hill. Yes, and every member you expel, increases the money of the Society, for his share goes amongst the remaining members. I think the plaintiff is entitled to receive his balance after deducting what he has received, or sanctioned, being expended. He would ask Goulding on his oath, if he had sanctioned the payment of, and had received, more than would leave the balance of £5. due to him which he now claimed.—Goulding. By no means, Sir. Mr. Hill. Then there is no proof to the contrary. What is your motive for not reinstating him? Myers. His suspension will be up on the 15th May, and he has two appeals that he may make if he likes.—Goulding. Yes; and in the one case it would cost me £20., to take my evidence up to London; and if I appeal to the other tribunal here, it would be to my accusers.

Mr. Hill. I don't see, in this case, so far as the evidence goes, any proof against the plaintiff. There is evidence that he has paid sums into the Society to the extent claimed, and therefore I am of opinion that there must be *judgment for the plaintiff*.—Myers. Then the Society will follow up the advice of the Attorney General; and without any disrespect to the Court I must say, that it is the intention of the Society to apply in this case, to the Court of King's Bench for a writ of prohibition.—(Clapping of hands by Odd Fellows, and a cry of "Bravo.")—Mr. Hill. I can have no possible objection.—Myers. Then, Sir, as a matter of course, we may consider that the execution will be suspended for a time.—Mr. Hill. Certainly; the execution shall be suspended for any reasonable time. How long do you desire?—Myers. I shall consult Mr. Law who took the Attorney General's opinion for us.—Goulding asked if Mr. Hill would have any objection to his employing counsel.—Mr. Hill. None upon earth.—Goulding stated to Mr. Hill, after the case was disposed of, that he was suspended merely for asking that the accounts of the Lodge should be audited and examined by a public accountant.*

The Editor of the *Guardian* made also the following comments :

In our number of the 1st instant, we gave a short report of a case at the Court of Requests: in which the "Noble Grand" and the Secretary of the "*Rock of Hope* Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows" were summoned by an expelled member of the Lodge, for the amount of subscriptions paid by him thereto; and in our present number will be found a report of a somewhat similar case—the member being, however, suspended till May next, and not absolutely expelled—against the the President or "Noble Grand" and the Secretary of the *Nelson* Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Both these Lodges are within the Manchester District of the Manchester Unity of this Order; and we find, by a List of the Lodges for 1835, that the former Lodge at that time contained 130 members, the latter 229. Appended to the notice of the former case, on the 1st instant, were some observations of our own, on the evils of this system of secret society-ship, especially in reference to the intemperance resulting from its Lodge celebrations, Sunday tipping, &c. We have since had laid before us some printed documents, which, if they may be relied on, go far to corroborate what we then stated. As none but Odd Fellows can have an opportunity of ascertaining whether they are strictly correct, we of course do not vouch for their accuracy; but we have been assured by a party, on whose veracity we think we can rely, that they are substantially true.

From these documents it appears then, that a part of the system is the delivery, chiefly on Sundays, in the various Lodges, which are held at public houses, of a sort of lectures, which it is stated are extracted principally from the works of Volney and Voltaire, and from the Bible, "*which lectures cost the Order £6371. per year in liquor only*." This it may be said is a sweeping assertion; but the details are given to the following effect:—525 [in 1835 there were 890] Lodges hold their Lectures 26 times a year, and supposing only the officers of the Lodge attend, (and twelve in each Lodge must attend or be fined) 12 persons spending sixpence each in liquor, makes the yearly expenditure of one Lodge £7. 16s., or for the 525 Lodges £4090. Then 525 Lodges hold their Lodges and their Lectures 13 times a year, the money expended in liquor amounts to £2045; and there are 118 [now 121] Districts which hold four quarterly Lectures per year, at each of which, on a very moderate calculation, 20 persons attend, [in Manchester, we are assured at least 200 attend] and spend sixpence each, £236. These three sums make up the enormous amount already stated. Perhaps some light may be thrown upon the subject, by the statement that the Grand Master of the Order (so says one of the documents we have mentioned) is a tavern-keeper.—The same documents contain a great variety of charges of jobbing, against officers of the Lodges and of the Order, and accusations against other individuals of altering figures, deficiencies in their accounts, &c., into which we shall not enter, as they are wholly beside our present purpose, which is to show that much intemperance does at present exist in connexion—and so long as the Lodges are held in public houses, we fear it must be said in compulsory connexion—with the nonsensical observances and

*This is untrue; he was suspended for bringing into contempt the decisions of the A. M. C.—J. S. M.

mammeries of the "Purple Degree," and the more doubtful morality of "Sunday Lectures," compiled in part from the pages of deistical writers. We conclude with an extract from an appeal to the public by a member of the *Rock of Hope* Lodge as to the tendency and effect of these things:—

"Such a questionable species of morality cannot fail to be properly appreciated by the religious world, which is led to believe that the Order is an Institution of virtue, philanthropy, and pure morality; such are some of the uses to which the funds of the Order are applied. This is the manner in which the poor man's money is taken from him; such are the inducements the Order holds forth to him, to leave his home and his family on the sabbath to seek the purlieus of the alehouse; such the temptations to drunkenness and its train of horrid evils, when the emaciated wife and the ragged children plead in vain for amendment from an abandoned, dissipated husband, whose home is the Lodge, whose god is the pot, and where the only honour that is paid him, and the only smiles he receives, are from those who are draining his pockets to replenish their own, and to offend whom, or to attempt to impeach them, is certain expulsion, and the loss of all the cash he may have paid into the Order since he became a member."

To which the Directors sent an answer, which the Editor again *entirely declined*; the Directors then sent the following introduction, and a copy of the letter to all the other Manchester papers, which they inserted *verbatim*, except the *Advertiser*, who stated through press of matter, he had to erase a part:—

To the Editor of the Manchester Courier.

SIR,—The *Manchester Guardian*, to justify his attack against this Institution, on Wednesday last cited extracts from an *anonymous placard*; we considered it our duty to lay before the public the inconsistency of the remarks, as well as the doings of a few headstrong individuals, but which the *Guardian* entirely declined. On behalf of a numerous and peaceable body, we solicit you, through the medium of your impartial journal, to administer the antidote to the poisonous slander of the *Guardian*.—Respecting the legality of our Society, we would recommend the perusal of the speech of Mr. Poulett Thomson, in the House of Commons, on February 16th, on the motion for the appointment of a Committee relative to Benefit Societies.

By Order of the Directors,

THOMAS ARMITT.

5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street, King-street,
Manchester, February 21st, 1837.

To the Editor of the Manchester Guardian.

SIR,—On behalf of 80,000 members, we appeal to you whether the mode you have adopted against us, and which has a direct tendency to prejudice the public against our Institution, has anything like justice or impartiality about it. In the first instance you made observations against us, and when we sent an answer you "*entirely declined to insert the letter in favour of the Odd Fellows*;" but, after all, your impartiality again led you to commence an attack against us. Surely you do not mean to say that your last Wednesday's remarks in any way strengthen your previous assertions; you may depend upon it, that the public will be rather surprised with your conclusions, when they find that you yourself seem to doubt whether the "*printed documents laid before you can be relied upon*," and from which you drew the conclusions, and though you state "that you have been assured, by a party on whose veracity you can rely." Now we can tell you, without fear of contradiction, that the same party on whose veracity you place so much confidence, is either a person who was expelled as unworthy to associate amongst us, or else a very intimate friend of an expelled individual, and from whom he got his information; in either case the authority is the same, and must be admitted to be rather doubtful.

You will admit that there is nothing very mysterious to hear a convict declare his own innocence, and attempt to criminate his accusers; nay, and call all the world rogues and himself the only honest man. Your case must certainly be very weak, *when we find that you grasp* ("as drowning men at straws,") at an anonymous pla-

card, to strengthen yourself—a placard which a few reckless and disappointed individuals, (in ambition and in place,) have posted at the corners of the streets, and to which *they themselves* even dared not put their signatures, nor could they persuade a printer to own it, and it was consequently ushered to the world without a printer's name; and yet to this document you give implicit confidence!

You appear stunned at the announcement in the "printed documents," that we spend the enormous sum of £6,371 per year in liquor *only*. In the first instance, you will not deny that an antagonist will never place his opponent's position in the most favourable view. In the second place, you forget that this £6,371 is the average expenditure of 80,000 members, and by the simple rule of division, we find that this enormous sum amounts to a fraction above *ninepence*, which every Odd Fellow spends in the course of a year, or less than one halfpenny per week. This is certainly terrible! Oh! what sots. Suppose it is all spent in fourpenny ale, every member has to swallow nearly five quarts in the course of a year! Now do not forget that this £6,371 is held up against us by our greatest opponents—by a party who have rendered themselves liable to expulsion, because 80,000 members did not think half a dozen nameless individuals fit to direct the affairs of the Institution; but mark, these calculations have been frequently published in our own periodical, (which has at present a circulation of 12,000 in number,) to impress upon our members the utility of sobriety. To shew the influence of these individuals, the Order now consists of above 1,100 Lodges, and one solitary Lodge has left us to support these *modern salons*, and of that Lodge nearly one-third have left, to rejoin our body, so well satisfied are they with the views and objects of the party. But why should they trouble themselves so much about our affairs; they have established a new Institution at a *public-house*.* Why not remedy the evils they complain of, and shew the world they have established a more moral and useful Institution than ours? We can answer, this is not their object.

To prove your previous assertions, you draw a conclusion from "the printed documents" about "the more doubtful morality of Sunday lectures, compiled in part from the pages of deistical writers." We really think this too bad; their "printed document" we never thought worthy of answering, being well acquainted with the authors, and the objects they had in view; but the Editor of the *Guardian* to draw such a conclusion, without being quite certain that such is the case, is more than we could have expected. We should have imagined that you would not so soon have forgot the implied censure of Lord Chief Justice Denman in a late case—"That if the Editor of a newspaper makes statements as statements of facts, he should be careful in first ascertaining whether they are really correct."

You will perhaps be surprised when we tell you that the author of the "printed document" was well acquainted with the fact, that the person against whom the greatest spleen has been exhibited, has been an active member of the Methodist Connexion for the last twenty years; we could also furnish you with a good round list of preachers of the Gospel, (Churchmen as well as Dissenters) who are members of the Order: and we imagine that the public will be rather dubious to believe that they would remain amongst us, if we were such an irreligious body as your remarks would lead one to suppose.—Besides, our laws expressly state "that religious disputes are never suffered in any Lodge;" and as for Sunday lectures, let it suffice when we tell you that our last Annual Meeting discountenanced such proceedings, and which has been attended to.

We must here remark, that it is not our intention to enter into a paper war: twenty unpaid individuals who have to attend to their own avocations, and act as the executive of 80,000 members, have other business than to satisfy a few *Invincibles*! Had an individual attacked us, we should never have wasted our time to answer him, being satisfied that "Time's a tell tale"—but when an Editor condescends to attack us, it alters the case. We admit it is the duty of an Editor to attack evils wherever they exist; but we deny that he has a right to attack a body on *ex parte evidence*, and that evidence a printed bill without a printer's name! Should you, Sir, receive any

*In order more fully to shew that their views are not in accordance with their professed object, they have, within the last few weeks, made an application to a beer shop, in Bury-street, Salford, to open a new Lodge, but the landlord declined the honor of their patronage.—J. S. M.

more documents, and it is really your desire to be acquainted with the facts of the case, send a note to our office, and you shall be furnished with all the information we are capable of giving.

In the mean time we think, though you have refused to insert our former communication, we are fairly entitled to have this inserted; but let this be as it will, we are certain that the public will be more inclined to take the opinion (formed after a perusal of our laws) of Sir John Campbell, the Attorney General, *that we are a very loyal, moral, useful, and praise worthy Institution*, than your unjust censure formed on *ex parte* evidence, and that of a very questionable nature; and be assured, that the time will soon arrive when public opinion will force you to do us justice, however disinclined you may be. Bear also in mind your assertion, that the decision of the Court of Requests "*was alike just in law and in equity.*" Mr. Hill (to his great credit) by carefully re-considering the matter, on last Wednesday admitted that his former decisions were not according to law, and of course, contrary to your assertions, and accordingly gave the final decision in favour of the Lodge.

In conclusion, we must inform you that according to our constitution we have no power to alter a single law; our duty consists to protect the laws as established by the Annual Meetings, (which consist of deputies from various parts of the country,) and to whom only we are amenable; at the same time, *any and every member* has the privilege to arraign our conduct before that tribunal.

We have at no time obtruded ourselves or our opinions on public notice through the medium of your or any other journal, and surely you may let us alone to mind our own business. That we have laws which may require altering, we do not deny; we do so every year at our Annual Meetings; but your mode of curing our disease, by prescribing to put an end to our existence, is certainly a novel prescription in the nineteenth century. *Our sole object is to do good*, and we shall at all times be glad to have our conduct criticised; but then we should be justly dealt with. We now wash our hands of the subject, and shall not attend to any further attacks, leaving the case to the *impartial* decision of the public.

By order of the Board of Directors,

THOMAS ARMITT.

5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street, King-street,
Manchester, February 17th, 1837.

In compliance with Mr. Hill's request, at the conclusion of the trial, the original case as submitted to Sir John Campbell, together with his opinion, and a copy of the new revised Minute Book were forwarded to him. The next court day, Myers attended at the Court at its opening, when it was intimated to him, that if Goulding was present Mr. Hill would give his opinion; Myers, therefore, waited upon Goulding, who promised to attend, and did so, accompanied by Mr. Higenbotham. Mr. Hill then proceeded to give his opinion, and which we give as reported in the Manchester Guardian, of February 22nd:—

GOULDING v. BURROWS AND ANOTHER.—In this case, a report of which appeared in our paper of Wednesday week, the parties were requested again to attend the court, and the learned Chief Commissioner addressed them at great length on the reasons he had for still holding the opinion that Odd Fellows' Lodges were illegal Societies. He then said that at the last court he thought it right, having some doubt in his mind respecting another part of the case, and understanding that the opinion of Sir John Campbell, the Attorney General, had been taken on the case, to see that case and the opinion of that eminent lawyer; for in a case fairly stated to him, he (Mr. Hill) should not for a moment arrogate to himself an equal degree of law, but should feel himself bound by such an opinion as the Attorney General's, in contradiction to his own.—But the case, as stated, certainly appeared to him to be an *ex parte* case, though he would add, in justice to the parties, some questions had been very fairly put; but he did not think the answers of the Attorney General quite so fairly given. He would read the questions and answers for the satisfaction of the public, because he felt himself called upon to justify the proceedings of that court, inasmuch as the Odd Fellows had thought proper (and he found no fault with them for it) to publish the opinion of the

Attorney General. The learned Commissioner then read the five questions, and the request to the Attorney General "generally to advise," which were advertised, together with the Attorney General's answers, in the *Guardian* of Saturday last. The first question was a very simple and direct one, and should have had a direct answer; but he (Mr. Hill) could construe nothing from the Attorney General's answer, but an admission that this was an illegal Society. What he meant by "affiliated Societies" he (Mr. Hill) was at a loss to conceive. He knew of no such societies. The Odd Fellows' was a "friendly Society," and in his judgment there was a very considerable difference between the terms. Very likely, as the Attorney General said, the members might continue to meet without any danger of being called in question for a breach of the law. But the Attorney General did not answer the question—"Is it or is it not a legal Society?" The Attorney General's answer to the second question met this case entirely; for it was as clear as the sun at noon-day, that this was an illegal Society; and he (Mr. Hill) felt bound therefore, to acquiesce in that opinion of the Attorney General, that an action cannot be brought either in this or any other court, to recover back the money he has paid into such Society. On this point he (Mr. Hill) had expressed some doubts to the Commissioners of the court, before he had seen the Attorney General's opinion; his impression then was that such money could be recovered; but he might now safely say, on mature reflection and consideration, that he was in error, and now believed that it could not be recovered from any illegal Society. In answer to the third question,—“If an illegal Society, what proceedings should be adopted to render it a legal one?” the Attorney General had said, “I do not see any necessity for the Society being re-modelled.” It appeared to him that this was anything but a direct answer,—and he thought any one who would examine the case and the opinion, would agree with him in saying, that the Attorney General seemed scrupulously to have evaded the question. He had not in any one instance, in any part of his opinion, said directly whether this was a legal or an illegal Society. In answer to the fourth question, the Attorney General said, “If the Society were dissolved,” (though there was no question as to its dissolution) no member could claim more than his share of the surplus.”—Could anybody doubt that? This was no answer to the question. To the fifth question, as to whether a rule for a writ of prohibition could not be obtained from the Court of King's Bench to restrain the Court from issuing execution,—the Attorney General's answer was, “I think the Court of Conscience has exceeded its jurisdiction, and if it proceeds in such cases it might be restrained by prohibition.”—“That (said Mr. Hill) I most distinctly and unequivocally deny; for the Court of King's Bench would not, nay, could not interfere with the proceedings of this court, whether its decision be a correct one or not, provided this court did not exceed its jurisdiction. The Court of King's Bench would and ought to grant a prohibition to prevent its trying cases out of its jurisdiction; but I repeat that the court has not exceeded its jurisdiction, and the Attorney General, who had not the Court of Requests Act before him, had no right to say that it had. By the 21st clause of that Act (48th George III. chap. 43) it was enacted, “that it shall be lawful for the Commissioners, and they are hereby authorised, to decide and determine all disputes and differences between party and party for any sum not exceeding £5. in all actions or cases of debt, &c., and in all cases of *assumpsit*.” Now the action brought here is for money had and received, which is an action of *assumpsit*; and the clause therefore gives to the Court express sanction to try all such cases. And the Court has also, by another clause in the Act, cognizance to try all cases between parties that are legally constituted by Act of Parliament Friendly Societies. If this were a legal Society at all, it would be a Friendly Society case, and the Court would thereby have a jurisdiction to try it. I say, therefore, without fear of being contradicted by the Attorney General himself, that this Court was right in entertaining this case; and that, it being within the jurisdiction of this Court, the Court of King's Bench would not grant a writ of prohibition. With respect to some observations in the general advice at the end of the opinion, I must say I think the Attorney General has not been very courteous. I think from one gentleman to another, the expressions might have been given with a little more courtesy. These observations were, “But should the Court of Conscience absurdly attempt to put them down, by encouraging actions against the Society by expelled or discontented members, I think an application should be made to the Court of King's Bench for a Prohibition.” Had the Attorney General, whom I have the honour of knowing, having

gone the same circuit with him many years, expressed himself a little more courteously than in the terms, 'Should the Court of Conscience absurdly attempt to put them down,' I think it would have been fully as creditable to him." After some further remarks, and a high eulogium on the Attorney General's legal knowledge, Mr. Hill said, that as the Society was an illegal one, and as he acquiesced in the Attorney General's opinion, that under such circumstances, no member could recover money which he had paid to it, execution, in this case, could not follow judgment. He did not make this decision for fear of a prohibition or anything else; but he felt it right to go into the case at the earliest opportunity, to state his conviction, and to shew that the Court had been most improperly attacked.*—Mr. Goulding said—Then, Sir, an individual may pay into a Society for probably twenty years, and for expressing some honest opinion, may be turned out, contrary to their own rules, and not be able to recover one farthing of his money?—Mr. Hill. I cannot enter into that at all.—Goulding. I am ready, if you please, Sir, to meet them on another court-day, and prove that they have expelled me in direct opposition to their own rules.—Mr. Hill. But this being an illegal Society, the money paid into it cannot be recovered in this or any other court. I should recommend you to meet again harmoniously and to make up all differences.—Defendant. We will never reinstate him.—Goulding. No: because you are afraid that I shall expose your books.—Defendant. Then, Sir, judgment, in this case, must be for the defendant.—Mr. Hill. Certainly not; there is no judgment given in the case.

In the case sent to SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, the two following observations, on the Jurisdiction of the Court of Requests, were added by the Solicitor who sent the Case up to London :

[There is a clause in the Manchester Court of Requests' Act, giving power to a plaintiff to summon any Friendly Society, or Sick Club, in the name of the principal Officers or Secretary.

There is not any clause in the Manchester Court of Requests' Act, taking away the power of the superior Courts at Westminster over their decisions, nor has the Manchester Court of Requests an exclusive jurisdiction for any sum, but a plaintiff may sue in any Court he likes, though both plaintiff and defendant reside within the jurisdiction of the Court of Requests.]

We have now laid all the particulars before the Lodges, so as to give every member in the Unity an opportunity to judge of the baseness of the characters implicated; and also to shew that we have not lost any time to prove to the world, that the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was purely a benevolent and philanthropic Institution; that we are neither a political, religious, or a partisans' combination; that Odd Fellowship has a tendency to direct mankind into the path of righteousness; that we hold out the hand of benevolence to every comer; that though we do not intrude ourselves upon the public, we are satisfied that our intentions and actions need not to be veiled, and that we are conscious of our importance in the scale of society, so as to force mankind to respect us, and give us our due. To convince the members that we have not coloured the matter, we have copied the reports from the *Manchester Guardian*, the Editor having shown the greatest spleen against our Institution, it must be admitted, would not state anything favourable towards us—nay, some sentences of his report had never been uttered at the trial, and some, we have good reasons to be satisfied, have been furnished him by some of the expelled members after the trials.

The Chief Commissioner having said something about that case submitted to barristers being *ex parte* documents. Now as you have it before you, we leave you to judge whether the case submitted to SIR JOHN CAMPBELL does not prove that we have stated it fairly, and that our object was to have a true knowledge of the position of the Order in regard to the laws of the country. The Directors cannot circulate this document, without returning their sincere thanks to those who have so ably supported them through this arduous struggle; and at the same time congratulate the members with the favourable result: those who intended the overthrow of our Institution, were

*And he would do the Odd Fellows the justice to say that, in their conduct throughout the whole case, they had acted in the most straightforward and honourable manner—See Report in *Times* newspaper, of February 18th, 1837.

little aware that they were adding strength to the already solid structure, and though we have nothing to thank them for, they have, unconsciously, done the Independent Order the greatest service. The most sanguine of the Order could not have expected such a favourable opinion as SIR JOHN CAMPBELL has given; nay, had we engaged a person to write something favourable towards us, he could not have said more in our favour, than his Majesty's Attorney General has done. This document will be a record well worthy to hand down to posterity, and when we are gone to the home from whence no traveller returns, our successors, who will carry into effect our benevolent intentions, will be satisfied that honesty requires nothing else but truth for its guidance.

After an attentive perusal of the foregoing statements, it must be evident to every one that much of the valuable time of the Book-keeper of the Order has been taken up in carrying into effect, in conjunction with the G. M. and Board of Directors, the resolutions passed by the Delegate Meeting of September 25th, 1836, in endeavouring to counteract the machinations of the base and designing, and in attending at the various trials at the Court of Requests, and the business consequent thereon; and to this sole cause must be attributed the delay which in some instance has occurred in the forwarding of goods, and the transaction of the regular business of the Order. It is hoped that when all things are taken into consideration, this apology will be sufficient to those who really have at heart the welfare of our Institution, and of which it may be justly said,—that it is more honoured, the more it is known.

WILLIAM GRAY, G. M.
JAMES GORBUTT, D. G. M.
THOMAS ARMITT, C. S.
JOHN S. MYERS, Assistant C. S.
And Book-keeper to the Order.

5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street,
King-street, Manchester, 3rd, March 1837.

HINTS TO VISITORS TO LONDON A. M. C.

THE following hints are communicated by Mr. JOHN BODEN, lately C. S. of the London District, and will be found of great use to the Deputies from the country Districts to the next A. M. C., especially to those who have never before been in the Metropolis, which will most probably be the case with a considerable number:—

In the first place I would advise all who are about to visit London to be very particular in having the address, *i. e.* name of the street, and number on the door, to which they wish to go. They must mind and not simply have the *name* but the *locality* of the street. The inconvenience of not attending to this is very great, as there are so many streets of the same name in different parts of the town. I knew a person who came to London to see a friend, and the only direction he had was his name, and "*No. 24, Henry-street.*" Now, in looking over the Directory, he found upwards of a *hundred streets of that name* in various parts of London, and, in consequence of not knowing which was the right one, he had very great trouble in finding him. The same is also requisite in writing letters, as hundreds of letters are returned in consequence of not being sufficiently careful in the above respect.

On your arrival in town your first care must be your trunk, &c., and if the place you want to go to is not far distant, you may hire a porter, who will take you the most direct way; but be very careful not to hire one without a lead or brass ticket suspended to some part of his dress, for coaches and steam packets are always, on their arrival, surrounded with vagabonds seeking to mislead and rob strangers; and it is easy for one of them to lose a stranger in some crowded street, and abscond with his luggage. But the best way is to hire a cab, it will cost very little more than a porter, and in addition to avoiding many inconveniences it will carry two persons. If the company be more numerous, a hackney coach must then be taken, their charges (which are very moderate) are laid down in most London Almanacks. If you take a cab or coach be sure also to take their number, in case you should meet with any abuse, or leave anything behind in the vehicle.

To all who visit the next A. M. C., unless they are otherwise directed, the List

of Lodges will tell them where the St. Olaves and St. Thomas are situated. All those who come by steam vessels will find the St. Olaves Lodge the nearest, at Mr. Williamson's, Brown Bear, Bridge End, Southwark,—also those in coaches from the north.—The following are the inns and quays nearest the St. Olaves Lodge, viz :—St. Catharine's Dock, and all other docks and quays ;—Swan, Lad Lane ; Axe Inn, Aldermombury ; Bull and Mouth ; Post Office ; Spread Eagle, Grace-church street, and anywhere near St. Pauls—from all of which places a cab ought to take you to St. Olaves for one shilling. Those coming from the west are all nearest to the St. Thomas', and also the following inns where many north coaches stop : all the inns in Piccadilly ; White Horse, Fetter Lane ; any inn in Holborn and Oxford-street. If you arrive at any place not mentioned above, you can easily ask in the office which is nearest, Bridge-street, Southwark, or Fitzroy Square ; but ask neither porter nor cabman, else they may direct you the longest route, in order that they may have a better job.—If you should choose to walk, and happen to get out of your way, never ask in the street—unless from a policeman—but go direct into a shop where you will be directed properly ; while, if you were to ask in the street, you might be sent a different way, or meet with some kind friend who is going that way—or the way you are—and will lead you to some back street, where you might be stript of all you have, and never be able to recover them, or ever find the place again. You will by these means arrive at the place of destination, where I shall leave you to the care of your friends, who can instruct you ; or you can get the Guide through London, which will give you some very useful instructions, as well as contain information which may be read with satisfaction by your own fire sides. The Odd Fellows' Pocket Book will also furnish you with a list of all the places of rational amusement.

THE LAWYER.

“ Where suits are traversed, there's so little won,
That he that conquers, is but last undone.”

It was not long after this, that a very unpleasant member joined our society, in the person of a man of law. He had served his apprenticeship in some country town, and, his master dying, he had become possessed of the business ; but there being no other lawyer in the place, he could not succeed so well as he had hoped in setting his neighbours by the ears, and accordingly repaired to London, where, if any where, business of some sort or other is to be obtained even by the meanest pettifogger. Of this description was the individual of whom I am speaking ; from whose discourse, when he was tipsy might be gathered, that he made it as much his care and business to create feuds, and animate differences, as the vestal virgins used to maintain the sacred fire.

He would boast that he had a knack of improving trifles, and frivolous disputes, into “ good fat causes,” as he called them. “ As to Coke upon Littleton, he seldom found it necessary to trouble his head about it.” “ The law,” in his opinion, “ lay in a very small compass ; trials depended chiefly upon evidence, and let him alone to deal with witnesses.”

Upon which he would quote Hudibras with great glee :

“ Will not fear, favor, bribe and grudge,
The same cause several ways adjudge ?
Do not some juries give their verdict,
As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?
And witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow.”

And from the rest of his conversation it was evident, that no cause was so bad that he would not undertake it ; for he piqued himself upon making (to use his own words) “ arrows of any wood”—that is—as much by plaintiff as defendant.

That I was right in my estimate of the character of this man, was soon proved ; for he had not been three months among us, 'ere he contrived to sow dissention between two of our members, who had before been the best friends possible ; and the cause of each being embraced by one or other of us, the whole club was soon at loggerheads together. For myself, seeing how matters were likely to turn out, I resigned at once, having always had a mortal aversion for a law suit.

"Law suits, like great fires," thought I, "once kindled, are difficult to be extinguished." The consequence of applying to the law on trivial occasions, cannot, I think, be better illustrated than by the old fable of the two travellers, who, having found an oyster, and not being able to agree to which of them it should belong, referred the matter to a lawyer who happened to come up at the time. The parties having been heard, Mr. Lawyer whipped out his knife, opened the oyster, swallowed the fish himself, gave plaintiff and defendant each a shell, and gravely went on his way. And this recalls to my mind a sign which I was shown at a village not very far distant from the metropolis, with the whim of which I was mightily delighted, though in fact it is too serious a truth to excite one's risibility. On one side is painted a man, stark naked, with this motto: "I am the man who went to law and *lost* my cause." On the reverse is another fellow all in tatters, looking most dismally, with this motto: "I am the man who went to law and *gained* my cause."

This is, indeed, but too frequently the true state of the case. "When the frog and the mouse could not make up their quarrel, the kite was umpire," and there can be no doubt that whoever flies to a knavish lawyer for succour, as the sheep to the bushes in a storm, must expect (like the sheep) to leave good part of his coat behind him.

Even supposing combination, subornation, and false evidence, to be out of the question, who can be certain that the justice of his cause shall prevail against the superior subtlety of his adversary's counsel.

It is reported of King James I, that soon after his accession to the English throne, he chose to be present in court while a notable cause was pleading. The counsel and witnesses on the plaintiff's side having finished what they had to say, the King was so thoroughly satisfied, that he cried out, "'tis a plain case," and was about to depart; when some one who stood near him said, "please to stay, Sire, and hear the other side." He did so, and the defendant's party made the justice of their case no less clear to his Majesty's conception; whereupon it is said, that the monarch merely exclaimed, "*Rogues all! Rogues all!*" and left the court in a passion. The renowned Czar, Peter the Great, being in England during term-time, and seeing multitudes swarming about the Great Hall, wherein are held the three superior Courts of Judicature, is said to have asked some one about him, "who all those busy people in black were, and what they were about?" Being answered that they were lawyers.—"*Lawyers!*" returned he, "why I have but two in my whole dominions, and I fully intend to hang one of them the moment I get home."

Jesting apart, however, *England* is now, and has been for many years past, quite overrun with lawyers; yet I should be extremely sorry to be supposed capable of asserting that *all* of this profession should be involved in indiscriminate censure. Far from it; for among that learned and numerous body there are, doubtless, many gentlemen of exemplary worth and probity, men of figure and fortune, who would scorn to soil their hands with dirty work; and I could mention men among my own limited acquaintances, several of whom I conscientiously believe may lay claim to the enviable title of "honest lawyers." It is the *quacks* in the law, like those in physic, that make the remedy worse than the disease, and against whose knaveries there is but little chance of redress, especially for the needy, who are most frequently their victims.

The rich man who *attempts* at his own cost to make all knaves honest, will quickly see his error, or die a beggar; but the poor man that rashly engages in a law suit, commits himself to the house of correction, where he must labour stoutly to pay his fees.

According to the old proverb, "good right wants good assistance," while then there are in England so many lawyers of learning and integrity, he must be a wretched fool indeed who to defend his rights applies himself to an insidious and rascally pettifogger.

Upright, however, as may be the conduct of some, and villainous as may be that of others, I cannot help thinking that from the whole nine out of ten might be extremely well spared; and that it were well for England, if they were compelled to betake themselves to other callings, in which they would not have the same opportunities of fostering the animosities of our nature, and preying upon the distresses of the needy.

(From "*Every Day Characters*," printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, & Co., London, 1824.)

BIRTHS.

February 18, 1836, the wife of P. G. James Harberd, of the Clarence Lodge, Lewes, of a son.—February 1st, 1837, the wife of P. V. Bennett, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mosley, of a daughter; February 3rd, the wife of N. G. Lees, of a son; and the wife of John Waterhouse, all of the same Lodge, of a son.—July 11, the wife of P. S. Dickinson, of the Alexander Lodge, Pudsey, of two sons.—June 6, 1836, the wife of brother Adams, of the Fountain of Peace Lodge, Newport, of a daughter.—April 8, the wife of P. G. William Houlgate, of a son; and May 28, the wife of P. S. George Dawson, of a son, both of the Harvest Home Lodge, Huddersfield.—September 11, the wife of brother Thomas Bowells, of the Clarence Lodge, Lewes, of a son.—September 10, the wife of brother William Hubbert, of the St. Olave's Lodge, London, of a son.—September 13, the wife of P. P. D. G. M. Samuel Daniel, of the Victory Lodge, Little Hulton, of a son and heir.—September 18, the wife of N. G. Sanderson, of the Stokesley District, of a daughter.—September 22, Martha, the wife of brother George Griffiths, of the Friend in Need Lodge, of a son.—September 29, the wife of P. G. Thomas Porter, of the Faithful Lodge, Heywood, of a son.—October 2, the wife of P. G. Richard Diggle, of the Faithful Lodge, Heywood, of a son.—October 5, the wife of brother William Phillips, of the Friend in Need Lodge, Varteg, of a daughter.—October 10, the wife of P. V. Edward Smith, and November 21, the wife of P. G. Robert Mullin; and November 26, the wife of P. G. Charles Bennett, all of the Pilot Lodge, Bradford, and each of a son.—October 11, the wife of P. G. William Robinson, of the Darwent Lodge, Cockermouth, of a son.—October 27, the wife of P. G. Lawton, of the Happy Retreat Lodge, Mosley, of a daughter.—October 28, the wife of V. G. James Diggle, of the Faithful Lodge, Heywood, of a daughter.—November 16, the wife of host Brown, of the Providence Lodge, Ouseburn, of a son.—November 7, the wife of P. G. Gonde, of the Good Intent Lodge, Loughborough, of a daughter.—November 27, the wife of P. V. John Wood, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, of a son.—November 28, the wife of host Joseph Mallinson, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a daughter.—November 30, the wife of brother John Osland, of the Friend in Need Lodge, Varteg, of a son.—December 7, the wife of P. G. George Hindle, of the Amicable Lodge, Hooley Hill, of a son.—December 31, the wife of P. V. John Moor, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Halifax, of a daughter.—January 1, 1837, Margaret, the wife of Jonathan Taylor, N. G. of the Mechanic Lodge, Leeds, of a daughter.—January 7, the wife of P. G. Ingham Besumont, of the Harvest Home, Huddersfield District, of a son.—January 10, the wife of C. S. Cotgrave, of the Whitchurch District, of a son and heir.—January 23, the wife of P. G. Thomas Phillips, of the Fountain of Peace Lodge, Newport, of a daughter.—January 26, the wife of brother David Moore, of the Heroes' Glory, Halifax District, of a son and heir.—February 4, the wife of P. G. John Marcroft, of the Golden Fleece, Rochdale, of a daughter.—The wife of V. G. Thomas Beckett, formerly of the Nelson Lodge, Kendal, now of the Golden Fleece, Rochdale, of a son on March 22, 1832, of a son; February 26, 1834, and of a daughter, July 2, 1836.

MARRIAGES.

December 5, 1836, brother Joshua Crowther, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Thomas Baxter, all of Hunslet, near Leeds.—December 3, C. S. John Starker, of the United Brothers Lodge, Bernard Castle, to Miss Eliza Hobson, of Brignall.—November 17, V. G. Christopher Heslop, of the Miners' Refuge Lodge, Middleton in Teesdale, to Miss Isabella Parker, of the same place.—February 2, brother John Shaw, of the Lily of the Valley Lodge, Armitage Bridge, near Huddersfield, to Miss Sarah Lambert, of the same place.—April 17, V. G. Redmain, of the Orphans' Rest Lodge, Delph, to Miss Eliza Buckley, daughter of brother William Buckley, of the Friendship Lodge, Saddleworth.—January 16, 1837, at the Parish Church, Halifax, by the venerable Archdeacon Musgrave, Mr. James Blackburn, P. W. of the Honesty Lodge, Ripponden District, to Miss Sarah Gawkroger,—

True they lov'd, and soon were buckled,
Neither cared to think or rue;
Youth and worth, and beauty coupled,
Love had never less to do.

Brother George Atkinson, to Miss Mary Rumley, all of the King William the Fourth Lodge, Lancaster.—November 13, P. V. Charles Cleminson, of the Earl of Lincoln Lodge, Lancaster, to Miss Margaret Stewart.—January 8, P. G. Buckley, of the Woolsack Lodge, Oldham, to Miss Jane Stafford.—January 2, P. D. G. M. John Brooks, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, to Miss Alice Entwistle.—January 7, brother John Ryder, (same Lodge) to Miss Ellen Clayton.—April 25, brother Thomas Mason, (same Lodge) to Miss Eliza Thaites.—November 14, brother John Gittins, of the Salopian Hope Lodge, Shrewsbury, to Miss Anne Norris.—October 2, Secretary John Ogden, of the Faithful Lodge, Heywood, to Miss Jane Glazebrook, of the same place.—October 25, brother John Jeffries, of the Friend in Need Lodge, Varteg, to Miss Rachel Fisher, of Grandifaith.—November 7, brother Ralph Brierley, of the Friendship Lodge, Upper Mills, to Miss Eliza Broadbent, of Saddleworth.—Lately at Newcastle (Potteries) P. S. John Vaughan, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Market Drayton, to Miss Elizabeth Beestin, of Hinstock; and lately at Shrewsbury, N. G. Adams, of the same Lodge, to Miss E. Walsh, of Drayton.—December 13, P. G. William Allen, of the Red Castle Lodge, Prees, to Miss Ann Glassy, of the same place; and brother Ebsey, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Davies, of Prees; both of these by the Rev. Edward Nevile, at Prees Church.—February 5, brother Richard Roberts, of the Refuge of Hope Lodge, Wem, to Miss Sarah Banett, of the same place.—January 8, 1837, brother John Wood, to Miss Mary Anne Wood; and Jan. 5, brother Arthur Gartside, to Miss Mary Brierley, a l of the Saddleworth District.—October 10, P. G. Sudberry, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Loughborough, to Miss Harriet Dexter, of the same place.—November 7, brother Thomas Clarke, of the same Lodge, to Miss Sophia Harris, of the same place.—Lately at Lincoln, Mr. William Gibson, son of host Gibson, of the City of Lincoln Lodge, to Miss Hawkins, daughter of the late Mr. John Hawkins, hosier of that city, and sister to C. S. Hawkins, Bradford July 16, by the Rev. J. E. Robson, P. G. Brown, flax dresser, to Miss Harriet Warburton, daughter of D. G. M. Warburton, of the Knaresbro' District; and on October 29, brother James Warburton, son of the foregoing D. G. M. to Miss Elizabeth Bramley; both the bridegrooms are members of the Rose of the Valley, Dacre Banks.—November 24, brother Thomas Kettlewell, of the Providence Lodge, Great Ouseburn, to Miss Jane Dickinson.—January 18, 1837, Secretary Edward Spencer, of the Good Intent Lodge, Halifax District, to Miss Martha Hinchliffe.—December 5, P. G. Thomas Nuttall, of the Heroe's Glory Lodge, to Miss Harriet Chadwick, of Ovenden.—February 6, Secretary Thomas Mitchell, to Sarah, daughter of P. G. James Taylor, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mosley.—November 11, at Bowden, P. V. William Mather, of the Good Shepherd Lodge, Marple District, to Miss Hannah Warhurst, of the Spring Garden Tavern, Compstall.—December 7, at Glossop, P. G. Horatio Warhurst, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Marple Bridge, to Miss Hannah Gee, of the Duke of York Inn, Hatterlow, Cheshire.—February 6, 1837, at the Parish Church, Stockport, by the Rev. E. Hawell, P. G. John Waine, of the Star of Bethlehem Lodge, Marple, to Miss Hannah Hall, of the same place.—Also, Feb. 6, at the Parish Church, Cheadle, brother George Dixon, of the same Lodge, to Miss Mary Mutch, of the same place.—October 24, P. G. Matthew Hutchinson, to Miss Esther Lister; and P. G. William Blinks, to Miss Hannah Clarkson, ail of Pudsey, Yorkshire.—October 31, brother John Baxter, to Miss Ann Kirk, both of Bradford, Yorkshire.—November 11, brother Henry Berry, to Miss Jane Mortimer, of Bowling, near Bradford, Yorkshire.—September 19, Daniel Carter, C. S. of Kendal District, to Miss Mary Ann Hughes, straw bonnet maker, Kendal.—July 22, William Marshall, P. S., book-keeper at the Mosley Arms Coach Office, Manchester, to Miss Field, daughter of Mr. Field, supervisor of excise, Kendal.

DEATHS.

December 13, 1836, the wife of brother George Ormrod, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington.—September 21, the wife of brother Daniel Stones, of the above Lodge.—January 1, 1837, Ann, the sixth daughter of Prov. D. G. M. Samuel Eastwood, of the same Lodge.—August 10, at Antwerp, brother James Donaldson, of the St. Olave's Lodge, London.—November 14, Hannah, the wife of brother Hacting, of the St. Thomas' Lodge, London.—December 14, Emma Jane Welham, daughter of brother

Welham, late host of the St. Thomas' Lodge, London, aged five years and two months.—October 3, brother Wolfendon, of the Poor Man's Friend Lodge, Thornhill.—November 12, brother George Stephenson, of the Hill of Glory Lodge, Shelley, and on the same day, brother Henry Dransfield's wife, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Lepton.—November 28, brother Henry Gartside, of the Victory Lodge, Huddersfield.—September 18, P. G. James Peters, Parbold Hall, of the Earl of Derby Lodge, Newborough; on the same day, brother Daniel Kershawe, of the Temple of Peace Lodge, Ormskirk; and November 6, P. V. John Gaskell, of the Earl of Derby Lodge, all in the Ormskirk District.—November 29, brother Waterhouse, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden.—December 15, brother Joseph Pratt's wife, of the Amphibious Lodge, Bradley.—January 9, 1837, the wife of P. G. John Hardy, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Lepton.—January 27, brother John Gartside, of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden.—February 8, the wife of brother Henry Haywood, of the Cornwallis Lodge, Mould Green, near Huddersfield.—February 9, the wife of brother Benjamin Brook, of the Truth and Sincerity Lodge, Huddersfield.—February 10, the wife of P. G. Thomas Astins, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Lindley.—February 12, the wife of brother Abraham Schofield, of the Peace Lodge, Brighouse.—January 27, Elizabeth, wife of brother Titus Marsland, of the Beaumont Lodge, Kirkheaton.—January 12, Mary, the wife of P. G. George Furniss, of the Fleece Lodge, Little London, leaving six small children to lament her loss.—April 7, 1836, brother Stephen Moor, of the Miners' Lodge; and October 11, brother John Pargeter, of the Lord Durham Lodge, both of the Dudley District.—November 23, Edwin, the son of P. G. Henry Payne, of the Victory Lodge, Stockport, aged six years and three months.—February 6, 1837, of Influenza, Frances, daughter of P. D. G. M. James Adkin, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.—December 14, brother Samuel Lord, of the Fleece Lodge, Birtle-cum-Bamford; he had been a member of the Order six years, about five of which he had been confined to his bed, and received full pay; his disease was fistula.—November 25, aged 42, P. G. James Jones, of the Friend in Need Lodge, Varteg, Iron Works, Monmouthshire; he was interred in the church of Llanelley, with the rites of the Order, and amidst the sympathy and regret of the members who were present.—November 30, Harriet, the wife of brother Charles Jordan, of the Hanbury Lodge, Torvaen.—September 29, brother Benjamin Dockray, of the Stokesley District.—September 21, brother Samuel Robinson, of the Phoenix Lodge, Mansfield District.—January 23, 1837, John, (aged three years) and January 26, Thomas, (aged ten months) sons of brother John Kirk, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.—June 26, 1836, brother James Patterson, of the Fountain of Peace Lodge, Newport. This was the first funeral of an Odd Fellow at this place, and was attended by an extraordinary concourse of persons.—January 18, brother Randal Clegg, pattern designer, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, leaving a wife and four small children.—October 26, Sarah Amelia, daughter of P. G. James Harberd, of the Clarence Lodge, Lewes, aged two years and five months.—April 27, P. D. G. M. John Snowden, of the Knaresbro District, formerly a P. G. of the Princess Charlotte Lodge, Barnsley.—February 7, brother Michael Hill, of the Good Intent Lodge, Halifax District.—November 11, Thomas, son of P. G. Thomas Nuttall, of the Heroes' Glory Lodge, Halifax, aged one year and ten months.—February 14, 1837, brother Edward Forman, of the King William the Fourth Lodge, Chesterfield District, aged 41, leaving a widow and six small children.—January 31, the wife of P. G. Matthew Greenlees, of the Philanthropic Lodge, Rochdale District, aged 45.—January 7, aged thirty-six years, brother William Ratcliffe, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Marple Bridge.—November 30, P. Prov. G. M. John Kinder, of the Harmonicon Lodge, Wirksworth District, a tender parent, and useful officer.—February 7, P. G. James Bunting, of the Offspring of Hope Lodge, Wirksworth District, leaving a wife and four small children.—Nov. 19, P. V. host William Daughton, of the Pilot Lodge, Bradford, aged forty-one, greatly respected by his friends, and by the Order of which he had been a most valuable member for upwards of fourteen years.—August 23, brother Stephen Jones, of the Prince of Wales Lodge, Mosley, after being afflicted with a disorder in his foot.—February 26, 1837, P. G. Joshua Wood, of the Friendship Lodge, Upper Mills, Saddleworth District, aged 43.

(Births, &c., too late for this Number, will be inserted in the next.)





John Whitehead P. Prov. G. M. & Ld.

Rochdale District.

THE
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1837.

BIOGRAPHY.

C. S. WHITEHEAD, ROCHDALE DISTRICT.

THE subject of this brief Memoir was born at Rochdale, in the month of December, 1800; and on the 6th of December, 1823, he was initiated into the Briton's Pride Lodge, of the same place. In the following August he was elected Secretary of the Lodge, and afterwards passed through the offices of the Lodge with the greatest credit, and was always assiduous in the discharge of the various duties of each situation. He afterwards served the office of G. M. of the Rochdale District, at the time when the Manchester District was divided into circuits; and in July, 1829, he was chosen C. S. of the District—a situation which he still continues to hold to the satisfaction of the members of the District. He has been chosen as a Deputy to the Annual Moveable Committees held at Nottingham, Dudley, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, Monmouth, Bury, Kendal, Derby, and London; the frequency of which appointments—being more than almost any other individual connected with the Order has been honored with—is a striking proof of the high esteem in which he has always been held by the District. He has also been appointed Auditor of the Accounts and Books of the Order for the years 1831-2, 1832-3, 1833-4. A further token of respect was also showed him by the gift of a splendid silver medal, granted by a vote of the District, and presented to him on the 30th. of April, 1832, by G. M. Gray, during the time when that gentleman was first holding the office of G. M. of the Order.

The biography of an individual like C. S. Whitehead, cannot be made of that interest to the general reader as that of some of his contemporaries, who may have been placed (either by chance or inclination) in a more prominent situation, and who have been more called into action in the offices they have filled: but it can confidently be asserted that no man ever possessed a greater desire to serve the best interests of the Order, and to benefit its members, or have discharged the duties of their offices in a more regular and laudable manner, than C. S. Whitehead. He is deservedly respected and esteemed in the District to which he belongs. As a Deputy to A. M. C.s he is regular and attentive in his duties, and his accurate and extensive knowledge of the laws and usages of the Order renders his opinion of considerable importance. In personal appearance he is above the middle height, and of a fair complexion, and gives every prospect of a long continuance of his services in the cause of genuine Odd Fellowship.

THE LADY BURIED ALIVE.

(*A romantic Story, or, Love is stronger than Death.*)

Two merchants at Paris, living in the street of St. Honorius, were connected with each other by the sacred and inviolable ties of friendship; possessed of equal fortunes, and engaged in the same branch of trade. The one had a son, and the other a daughter;
VOL. 4—No. 7—2 Q.

nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, also convinced her that her heart belonged to the son; who, in his turn, was no less attached to her. This reciprocal inclination was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorised by both fathers, who, with pleasure, observed the disposition of their children, exactly suited to the intention they had of rendering them husband and wife. Accordingly, a marriage was just about to be concluded between them, when a rich collector of the king's revenues, made his addresses to the lady, as a lover; the delusive charms of a superior fortune, soon induced her parents to change their resolution with respect to their neighbour's son; and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by her filial duty, she married the collector, and like a virtuous woman, discharged the gentleman whom she loved from ever seeing her again. The melancholy brought on by an engagement so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder, in which her senses were so locked up, that she was taken for dead, and interred as such. We may readily suppose, her first lover was not the last person who heard the account of this melancholy accident; but as he remembered, that she had before been seized with a violent paroxysm lethargy, he flattered himself that her late misfortune might possibly be produced by the same cause. This opinion not only alleviated his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance, he raised her from the tomb, and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the use of all the expedients he could possibly imagine, he happily restored her to life. The lady, probably, was in no small consternation, when she found herself in a strange house, saw her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her, during her lethargic paroxysm; it was no hard task to make her entertain a grateful sense of the obligation she lay under to her deliverer. The love she had borne him, proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf, so that when she was perfectly recovered, she justly concluded, that her life belonged to him who had preserved it; and to convince him of her affection, went along with him to England, where they lived for several years, superlatively happy in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, they went to Paris, where they lived without any care to conceal themselves, because they imagined that nobody would ever suspect what had happened; but fortune is too often an implacable enemy to the most sincere and rapturous love, the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, when the sight of her well known person made such an impression on his mind, that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. For this reason, he not only accosted her, but notwithstanding the discourse she used in order to impose upon him, parted from her, fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. As the whimsical nature of this event clothed the lady with a set of charms, which the collector never before imagined her to be mistress of, he not only discovered her apartments at Paris, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but also claimed her as his spouse before the court authorised to decide in similar cases. In vain did the lover insist upon the right he had to her, resulting from the care he had taken of her—to no purpose did he represent, that, without the measures taken by himself, the lady would have been rotting in the grave—that his adversary had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be interred—that he might be justly arraigned as a murderer, for not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death, and a thousand other reasons suggested by love, which is always ingenious when it is sincere. But perceiving that the court was not likely to prove favourable to him, he resolved not to stay for its decision, and, accordingly made his escape, along with the lady, to a foreign climate, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions, where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits.

BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

THE throistle, scarcely surpassed by any other bird excepting the nightingale, pours forth his full wealth of song in every varied form, upheaving his parded breast, and looking out upon the yet bare landscape with bright restless eyes. We hear him

singing in the earlier morning before the round sun has scaled the mountain tops : he keeps up his roll of music throughout the day, and closes at night without any apparent fatigue ; there is no diminution of sound, no feebleness ; he seems more like a good instrument, which, after being played upon for hours, sends forth a sweeter sound : he is no weary traveller, who, having gone a long day's journey, drags wearily up the last hill at sunset. You cannot fail to distinguish his voice from among every warbler of the woods ; not that his notes are always alike, but there is some regular modulation, or natural sweetness, which, however varied, ' still does his touch the strain prolong ;' and you know it is his own, and could not be deceived even if he had hidden himself in the carcass of the owl. I recollect well, that nearly one of the first birds that I reared was a throistle ; he was the pride and delight of the whole neighbourhood ; even the neighbours forgave his breaking their slumbers so early in the morning for the sweetness of his song. An old fisherman who rose with the break of day, and who resided in the adjoining house, made the opening of his music a clock to get up by : and he never was deceived in the time but once, and that was one really beautiful moonlight morning, which streamed in brilliant beams through the opening in the window-shutters, and lured the lovely bird into a belief that it was day. A cat, who loved his belly better than music, at last killed my poor throistle. I have heard a beautiful one singing in Cheapside in the early summer mornings, when the streets have been almost as silent as the fields ; and have often listened to his song until I have fancied myself again at the home of my childhood—have hearkened to his lay, while visions of green fields, and floating meadows, and lonely woods, have risen before my mind's eye as fresh and lovely as they appeared in the happy days of my boyhood.

* * * * *

I never look upon the free, open green in our English villages, which no one seems to claim for his own, and see the large old solitary oak, elm, or sycamore towering in its centre, and spreading its shadowy branches above the rude benches that surround its trunk, but I think of the many good and evil tidings which have for ages been talked of there. It is so perfect an English picture to see the old men, when their day's work is done, assemble there one after another, smoking their long pipes, and sitting down to talk over the progress of crops, the appearance of the weather, the health and prosperity or adversity of their neighbours, while their children are rolling and laughing upon the unclaimed grass, or playing with the harmless shepherd's dog. And then to observe the knowing looks of the older children, drinking in the words of the elders with wonder, and marvelling in their little minds how such things can be—how care can exist in a world where there are so many bird's nests, so much good milk, such large hunches of brown bread and cheese, and so many green fields and beautiful flowers !

* * * * *

Then to see the sun set upon such a tranquil scene: the blue smoke rising in unbending pillars and mixing with the deep foliage ; the sloping beam gilding a distant rivulet, or bathing in crimson the top of a far-off wood ; the church-spire rising in its grey antiquity, and looking down upon the lovely groves scattered at its base ; the dim outline of the hills, the faint mist spreading over the valleys, a bell just heard from some neighbouring village, the falling weir, the bay of a distant mastiff, the clap of an old gate, the song of the ploughboy returning home !

EXTENT OF THE MATERIAL WORLD.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

IN whatever place we first become aware that we are living beings, the scene which we survey is limited to a very small part of the whole system of Nature—that is, of what exists. If we look beyond the house in which we live, we probably see other houses, or large fields, hills, and plains. If we look upward, a more extensive view is presented ; we there behold a clear blue expanse called the sky, where the sun shines by day, and the moon and stars by night. But even these large plains, and that wide sky, are only a part, and a very small part, of the world. Far beyond the hills which

bound our view, there are other plains and hills; and far beyond the stars which we see by night, there are other stars without number. To acquaint young persons with the things beyond the reach of their sight, as well as those things which they cannot readily observe of themselves, is the purpose of this book.

Every young person knows what a mile is: it is about as much as he can walk at once without being tired. If he were to walk a few miles from the place where he resides, he would come to other places quite strange to him; and if he were to walk many more miles, he would still come to new places. The parish in which he lives is only a few miles in extent; but this parish is but a part of a country, which is again part of a state or kingdom. The state is probably many hundreds of miles long, and some hundreds broad, and it contains so many people, that it is not easy for a young person to understand their number. But, after all, a state is only a small part of the surface of the earth.

It will seem strange to young persons that they stand, not on a flat surface, as they would suppose, but upon a globe, shaped somewhat like an orange. Yet this is the fact. The firm earth beneath their feet is nothing else than a large ball—so large, that the small parts of it which we can see, appear quit flat. To make it clear that the earth is round, we may, on a clear day, look out from some high ground upon the sea, when we shall see the tops of approaching vessels first appear, and gradually the lower parts. The earth is about eight thousand miles in thickness, or twenty-four thousand in circumference, and is partly covered by water. The most of the land, as will be seen by reference to a map, is in large pieces called continents; other small pieces of land are called islands, of which England and Scotland are one, and Ireland another. The continents are divided into states, the most of which are occupied by nations, differing from each other in language and manners. The whole number of the people living on the earth is very great. A million is a thousand times a thousand; now there are, altogether, a thousand millions upon the earth.

Although the earth may seem very large and very populous, it is, after all, only the third of a set or class of globes, called planets, eleven in number, which move at different distances in the air, round the sun, and all of which are supposed to be occupied by living beings, and the things necessary for their sustenance. The moon is a small globe, which moves in like manner round the earth; and some of the other planets have moons moving round them. The sun, which gives light and heat to the planets, is a body of vast size—one million three hundred thousand times larger than the earth. The earth is distant from it ninety-five millions of miles, and the eleventh or last of the planets, is one thousand eight hundred millions of miles distant. Young persons cannot well form an idea of the immense space which is occupied by the sun and the eleven planets; it exceeds even the imaginations of full-grown men. But yet this is only a part of nature. Every little star which is seen twinkling in the sky, is a sun like ours, supposed to be surrounded, too, with a similar troop of planets, which, like our earth, are the residence of animated creatures. Though the stars seem near to each other, they are in reality, millions of millions of miles distant. Nor do we see all. When we look through a telescope, which is an instrument for bringing within our sight, objects too distant to be seen with the naked eye, we discover many more stars; and always the greater power we give to the telescope, we bring more into view. The number of the stars is indeed beyond all calculation.

What is here stated has been made quite certain by the inquiries of learned men; but it does not yet, apparently, comprehend the whole of nature. Learned men have found some reason for supposing that the stars which we see with the naked eye and the telescope, form but one cluster of worlds suspended in space. Far beyond the bounds of that vast cluster, they have perceived what they think may prove to be similar clusters of worlds, but reduced by their distance to so small a size, that most of them only appear like little clouds of faint light upon the dark ground of the sky. Indeed, as it is impossible to conceive a limit to space, or to the power of the Creator, we can hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that nature has no other bounds than those which have been set to our means of ascertaining and understanding it.

As already mentioned, the stars are supposed to be suns, or centres of light and heat, with planets revolving round them. The naked eye can only discern about a thousand, which have been classed in six magnitudes, with a regard to their various

degrees of light ; the largest stars being of the first magnitude, the next largest of the second magnitude, and so on. But when telescopes are employed, vast numbers, which are invisible to the naked eye, come into sight. Of the first magnitude, there are about twenty stars ; of the second, about sixty ; many of these have particular names, which were bestowed upon them long ago by astronomers. Of the third magnitude, there are about two hundred. The visible stars are scattered irregularly over the heavens ; and in some instances a few, taken in combination, form figures which may be likened to familiar objects upon our earth. For instance, a combination in the northern part of the sky resembles an animal with its tail projected far behind its body ; while another combination, which in winter we see in the south, suggests the figure of a man with a sword by his side. It has been found convenient by astronomers, to suppose the whole of the visible stars as forming figures, in order that the situation of any particular star may be readily described by one person to another. Those figures are called *constellations*, a word signifying a number of stars taken together. The cluster resembling an animal with a projecting tail, is called the *Great Bear* ; the cluster resembling a man with his sword by his side, is called *Orion*, that having been the name of a fabulous hero of antiquity. The whole expanse of the sky has thus been supposed to be covered by figures of men, women, beasts, fishes, and other objects, all of which are delineated upon our celestial globes.

The largest star in the sky is one in the south, called *Sirius*, or the *Dog-Star*. If we could suppose it to be equal in size and light to our sun, we should know that it is distant from us the inconceivable space of two millions of millions of millions of miles. But one of the stars has been calculated to have a diameter three thousand times greater than our sun, so that the distance of *Sirius* may be somewhat less. It is certain, however, from other calculations, that the distance is not less (however more) than nineteen millions of millions of miles. Light travels at the rate of a million of miles in five seconds : now, it will take a year and a half to travel from some of those conspicuous stars. Other stars have been calculated to be forty-two thousand times more distant than *Sirius* ; accordingly, the light which they bear in our eyes, when we look at them through a telescope, must have left them sixty-three thousand years ago, and been travelling a million of miles every five seconds ever since.

The stars are less numerous in some parts of the heavens than in others. If we were in a stripe of plantation around a field, we should see fewer trees towards its sides than in the direction of its length. Just so do we see more stars in one place than in another. There is a vast luminous belt which stretches across the heavens, and is called the *Milky Way*. This is simply an appearance produced by the comparatively great extent of space occupied by the stars in that direction. When inspected through a telescope, the milky light is found to be produced by a dense mass of stars at all degrees of distance. So numerous are the stars in the *Milky Way*, that an astronomer, directing his telescope to it, saw fifty thousand pass in a single hour.

Some of the more conspicuous stars, when inspected through a telescope, are found to consist of two, which revolve round each other in a greater or less space of time, and are of various colours—some blue, and others reddish, and others green. These are called *Binary Systems*—binary signifying the condition of *two in connection*. Other stars, again, make periodical changes in their size and brilliancy, apparently in consequence of an alternate advancing and retiring, in and out of our sight. Some of these grow less and bigger in the space of two or three days ; others in all spaces of time within five hundred years.

The sun, and the planets which circle round it, are called the *Solar System*—solar signifying what belongs to the sun. The sun is in the centre, while planets denominated *Mercury*, *Venus*, the *Earth*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, and *Uranus*, revolve at various distances around him. Between *Mars* and *Jupiter*, there are four other planets, called *Vesta*, *Juno*, *Ceres*, and *Pallas* ; they are of very small size.

Besides the planets, all of which have regular motions, there is a class of bodies called *Comets*, which also revolve round the sun, but in a very different manner.—While all the planets move on nearly one level or plane, and in slightly oval circles of which the sun is nearly the centre, the comets travel in all directions far into space, and on their return pass very near to the sun's body. Many hundreds of comets have been ascertained to exist, and the periods at which some approach the sun have been

calculated. But new ones are constantly coming under notice. One very celebrated one, called Halley's Comet, on account of the astronomer who first calculated its revolutions, approaches the sun once in seventy-six years; its last appearance was in the year 1835. Another, called for the same reason Enke's Comet, performs its revolution in less than four years. The appearance of these luminaries to the naked eye is that of a star with a long streaming tail. When inspected by telescopes, they are generally found to be composed of a light matter, through which the stars can be seen, while the tail is still more light and vapoury. Some comets have been seen with more tails than one; a comet, in the year 1744, had six. The uses or purposes of comets are not known; but it is ascertained that their courses are so arranged, that they come into and go out of the solar system, without the least chance of deranging the motions of the planets.

Mercury, Venus, and Mars, are about the same size with, or somewhat less than, the earth. An attendant planet or satellite, which we call the Moon, revolves round the earth, at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles. Jupiter is the largest of all the planets. Its thickness or diameter is eleven and a half times greater than that of the earth, and it is attended by four satellites. Saturn is of a diameter nine and a half times greater than that of the earth; it is surrounded by two thin plates or rings at different distances, and has seven satellites. Uranus is somewhat less than Saturn, and has six satellites.

The distances of the planets from the sun are as follows: Mercury, 37, Venus 68, the Earth 95, Mars 144, Jupiter 490, Saturn 900, and Uranus 1800, millions of miles. Their periods of revolution are respectively, Mercury 88 days, Venus 225 days, the Earth 365½, Mars 687 days, Jupiter nearly twelve years, Saturn 29½ years, and Uranus nearly 84 years.

The sun, when inspected through a telescope, is found to be a body with a luminous exterior or atmosphere, in which small openings occasionally take place, so as to disclose a dark interior. These occasional openings are usually called spots upon the sun, and their existence has been the means of detecting a movement of the luminary upon an axis, corresponding with the direction in which the planets move in their orbits. The sun requires about twenty-five days to perform this revolution. The planets, beside their motion round the sun, perform, like that luminary, revolutions on their axes, which, in their case, are evidently designed to produce the phenomena of day and night. These revolutions are all in a particular direction, which can only be described conveniently by saying that it is from west to east.

The earth, as already mentioned, is the third of the planets, reckoning them by their distances from the sun. It is a globe of 7902 miles in mean or medium diameter—is composed of substances, solid and fluid, with which we are generally familiar—and is surrounded by an atmosphere of about forty-four miles in thickness, the purpose of which is to support animal and vegetable life. It is provided with one satellite or moon, which revolves around it in nearly twenty-eight days. Its own revolution round the sun is performed in 365 days, 5 hours, 56 minutes, and 57 seconds, which constitute the space of time called a year. Its revolution on its axis is performed in twenty-four hours.

For the sake of convenient description, the figure of the earth has been marked with various imaginary points and lines, which it is necessary to understand before we can well acquire any knowledge of either astronomy or geography.

Let it first be understood that the direction from which the earth moves is called the *west*; that towards which it moves, the *east*; that the point which is on the right hand of one standing with his back to the east, is called the *north*; that on the left hand, the *south*. The studious men who first inquired into these subjects, imagined the earth to move in its daily revolution upon a pole, such as is actually used in the construction of our fictitious globes: the point towards the north they called the *North Pole*; that towards the south, the *South Pole*; and as they dwelt on a part of the earth nearer the north than the south pole, they supposed, in all their speculations, the former to be uppermost, though in reality such ideas as upper and under are quite inapplicable in astronomy. It is for this reason, that, in globes and maps, the northern part is always placed uppermost, the east being towards the right, and the west towards the left hand, with the south at the bottom.

Exactly between the two poles, a line, termed the *Equator*, has been drawn all around the figure of the earth. This has been divided into 360 spaces, termed degrees. Similar circles, denominated *Meridian Lines*, have been drawn in the contrary direction, so as to cross the equator at right angles. Ninety degrees intervene betwixt the equator and the pole in each direction. At the distance of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the equator, to the north, a line parallel to the equator has been drawn, and is called the *Tropic of Cancer*, on account of the constellation in the corresponding part of the sky. At the same distance towards the south, a parallel line, called for a similar reason the *Tropic of Capricorn*, has been drawn. The intervening space is called the tropical region of the earth. At the same distance from the poles, parallel lines have been drawn, which bear the names of the Arctic and Antarctic Circles. Another line, encircling the earth, but touching at opposite points in the tropics, and cutting the equator obliquely, is called the *Ecliptic*. These lines, artificial as they are, bear an express reference to natural circumstances. The earth, it must be observed, does not move with its pole quite upright or perpendicular, but in an inclined or stooping posture, the departure from the perpendicular being as much as $23\frac{1}{2}$ of the 90 degrees constituting the quarter of the circle. The purpose of this arrangement is to produce those beneficial and agreeable variations of heat and light, which we term the *Seasons*. The heat of the sun chiefly operates in a direct line, and upon objects which are directly opposed to it. Hence it is chiefly felt within that part of the earth traversed by the ecliptic—in other words, within the tropical regions—where the surface is presented to him at a right angle. The farther a place is to the north or south of those regions, his rays strike the surface more obliquely or indirectly, and the climate is the more cool—till, in the extreme north or south, we come to places where water is scarcely ever found except in the shape of ice or snow. These variations of the sun's heat are a most important part of the system of nature; for the vegetable productions of the earth, upon which men and animals depend for a great part of their subsistence, require, for being ripened, exactly those proportions of cold and warm weather, which the sun provides for them, and would cease to exist, if these proportions were materially deranged.

While the revolution of the earth round the sun produces the seasons, its revolution on its axis produces the equally important alternations of day and night. In turning from the west to the east, some part is constantly coming within sight of the great centre of light and heat; and at that place the sun then appears to be rising. The place moves onward, so as to come more directly under the influence of the sun, until, at noon, it is directly opposite. In proceeding, it gradually leaves the sun behind, until he seems to sink in the west, and night ensues. While he seems, however, to be setting at one place, he is rising to another on the opposite side of the globe, and producing every intermediate hour and minute of the day and night at some intermediate place. Within the arctic and antarctic circles, there is a certain time in winter during which the sun never sets, but circles round and round near the horizon; and a certain time in winter, during which he never rises. At the poles, these periods amount to the full half of the year, so that a single day and night might be said to last for a twelvemonth.

The moon is a globe, of 2144 miles diameter, which revolves round the earth in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, and 11 seconds, having a motion on its own axis performed in the same space of time, and also accompanying the earth in its circuit round the sun. The moon is not inherently luminous, as the sun is, but reflects the light of that body, which thus becomes what we call moonlight. The changes in the appearance of the moon, from being a thin luminous curve, to a complete circle, are produced in the course of its revolution round the earth. When the moon is at the point farthest from the sun, we, being between the two, see the whole of the luminous side. As the moon advances to a point between us and the sun, the luminous side gradually recedes from our view, until it is wholly averted from us. These variations are called the Phases of the Moon.

If the orbit of the moon were regularly conformable to the orbit of the earth, it would, every fortnight, either be between the earth and the sun, or have the earth between itself and that luminary. But its orbit has been arranged in such a manner, that it very rarely causes and experiences this interruption of light. When it intercepts light from us, it is said to eclipse the sun; when light is intercepted from it by the earth, it is said to be itself eclipsed.

The luminous surface of the moon, as seen through a telescope, appears full of high mountains, some of which are volcanoes, and frequently spout with fire and burning matter. This inferior luminary not only affords us a partial light, but exercises a powerful influence over vegetable and animal life, and is the cause of the tides.—Many of its uses are as yet but imperfectly understood.

The stars, the solar system, and the circumstances connected with the earth as a planet, form the subjects of a science termed Astronomy, from the Greek *astron*, a star, and *nomos*, a law.—(*From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*)

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS, &c.

BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT.

ON the 9th of January last two Medals were presented at the Royal Nelson Lodge, one to P. D. G. M. Pratt, the other to P. G. Collis, both of that Lodge, for the strict attention they had shown to their duties while filling the different offices of the Lodge, and for their services in revising the funded laws. The Medals were presented by P. G. Perkins, of the same Lodge, and were acknowledged in an excellent speech by the parties to whom they were presented.—On the following evening a Medal was presented to P. G. M. Drew, of the Good Intent Lodge, for his general attention to the duties of the offices of the Lodge; and also, for his services in revising the funded laws: the medal was presented by P. V. Rollason.—On the 18th of the same month, being the Quarterly Committee of the District, a medal was presented to brother Martin Heath, for his services as Outside Guardian; he having voluntarily served that office for five years in his own Lodge, (the Britons' Pride) and also in three new Lodges lately opened in Birmingham. At the same time, a Silver Snuff Box was presented to P. G. M. and P. C. S. Taylor, for his numerous and valuable services to the District; both these tributes of respect were presented by C. S. Colley, with extremely appropriate remarks, and the compliment was acknowledged by both parties.

OLDHAM DISTRICT.

On the 21st of August, 1836, a Silver Snuff Box was presented to brother John Lees, of the Nelson Ball Lodge, for fourteen years services. The time that this worthy brother has been in the Order, is of itself a sufficient proof of his utility.

SONNET.

Ye hasten to the grave! What seek ye there,
 Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
 Of the idle brain, which the world's living wear?
 O, thou quick heart, which pantest to possess
 All that pale expectation feigneth fair!
 Thou vainly curious mind which wouldst guess
 Whence thou didst come, and whither thou must go,
 And all that never yet was known would'st know?
 O, whither hasten ye, that thus you press
 With such swift feet, life's green and pleasant path,
 Seeking, alike from happiness and woe,
 A refuge in the cavern of grey death?
 O heart, and mind, and thought, what thing do you
 Hope to inherit in the grave below?

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.

THERE was once upon a time, a poor mason or bricklayer in Granada, who kept all the Saints' Days, and Holidays, and Saint Mondays into the bargain; and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at the door; he opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest. "Hark ye, honest friend," said the stranger, "I have observed that you are a good christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, Senor Padre, on condition that I am paid accordingly,"—"That you shall be, but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection, so being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door: they entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job; just before day break, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?"

"Gladly, Senor Padre, provided that I am as well paid."

"Well, then, to-morrow at midnight, I will call again."

He did so, and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault." The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words. He followed the priest with trembling steps into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner; they were evidently full of money, and it was with great labour that he and the priest carried them forth, and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked, and led forth by a route quite different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted; the priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand,—“Wait here,” said he, “until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you.” So saying, he departed.

The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the Xanil, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revelled with his family for a whole fortnight, on the profits of his two nights' labour, after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a great deal, and keep Holidays and Saints' days from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as gypsies. As he was seated one morning at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment beneath a pair of eyebrows,—“I am told, friend, that you are very poor.”

“There is no denying the fact, Senor Padre, it speaks for itself.” “I presume, then, you would be glad of a job, and will work cheap.” “As cheap, my master, as any mason in Granada.” “That's what I want. I have an old house fallen to decay, that cost me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair, for nobody will

live in it ; so I must contrive to patch it up, and keep it together, at as small expence as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused. "It seems," said he, "as if I had been in this place before ; but it is like a dream. Pray who occupied this house formerly ?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasure to the church ; he died suddenly, and the priest and friars thronging to take possession of his wealth, but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leather purse. The worst luck has fallen on me ; for since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house, without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear at night, the clinking of gold all night long in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he was counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough !" said the mason, sturdily,—“ Let me live in your house, rent free, until some better tenant presents, and I will engage to put it in repair, and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb it ; I am a good christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, though he come in the shape of a big bag of money."

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted ; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state. The clinking of gold was no longer heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbours, and became one of the richest men in Granada. He gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the wealth until his death-bed to his son and heir.

IRVING.

IDLENESS.

EVERY body has his passion, and mine is idleness. The curse which fell upon man, that he should live by the sweat of his brow, was a punishment denounced after a grievous offence ; from which it may be logically concluded, that to do nothing is the *summum bonum*, and idleness the supreme pleasure of human existence. The privileged classes, as they are called, have (it may be observed by the way) pretty well absolved themselves from the consequences of this denunciation, which sufficiently proves them to be the peculiar favourites of heaven ; and even when I am inclined to think irreverently of the church, the indolence of the cloth at once recalls me from the error, and throws me in submission before the chosen vessels. All men, it is said, are naturally idle. Horace makes ease the common wish of every class, and declares long-spun and ambitious cares to be the extreme of absurdity. The most active and enterprising of men are represented as toiling and plotting through their youth, merely for the sake of the *otium cum dignitate* of old age. The 'prentice boy looks at the dusty roadside villa of his master, and buckles to with renewed vigour in the hopes of a similar retirement. The soldier thinks of the sunny bench at Chelsea, and marches on, though half dead with watching and fatigue. The East Indian casts a prospective eye to Bath and Cheltenham, and a seat in a certain assembly for his evening's nap, and sets bile and dysentery, and the indolence of a hot climate, at defiance. The labourer alone has no such cheering vision, but toils on, from day to day, to support a bare existence, with no other prospect than that antidote to all ease,—a parish work-house. General, however, as the love of idleness is, there are few persons who really understand the thing. With most men every employment which has no return in mo-

ney is considered as idle. The schoolboy who neglects his task, and is ever to seek for a theme or a copy of verses, is called an idle boy, though he has passed the whole day at the long stop at cricket, in climbing the highest trees, rowing upon the river, or other violent exercise, and goes to bed as fatigued as a coal-porter—nay, though he should have been engaged in turning, painting, or music, he will not escape the imputation. So also at college I have known many persons enjoying the reputation of idle dogs, whose time was occupied in fox-hunting, or who walked most industriously after a dog, with twenty pounds of gun-metal on their shoulder, “from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.” This is obviously erroneous; but the mistake is more excusable respecting that rather numerous category of persons

———Predoom'd their fathers' hopes to cross,
Who pen a stanza, when they should engross.

The poets in general, it must be confessed, have an exterior of idleness about them that might impose upon the most keen-sighted. “These, indeed, seem” idlers, but they “have that within which passes show;” theirs “but the trappings and the weeds” of idleness. For whether they linger by the side of brooks, or “lose and neglect the creeping hours of time under the shade of melancholy boughs,” in solitude and in silence; or whether they pass their time amidst wine-cups and hilarity, their poor unfortunate brains are ever at work, work, work, from morning to night, and teem forth a harvest of bright thoughts as unceasingly as the twirls of a spinning-jenny, or a charity child in a factory. It is by no means the weight or importance of an occupation that entitles it to the appellation of industry. A man's activity may be expended upon a most trivial object, but still it is labour; and the world does but justice to the active-minded citizen, who runs about from house to house spreading scandal, and interfering in all things, when it calls him a *busy body*, although, to all intents and purposes of utility, he would have been much better occupied in spitting over a bridge into the water. A mistake of an opposite nature is not unfrequent, by which your general idler passes for an industrious man. This occurs more especially with respect to collegiates and templars, who, if they happen to be of a sedentary habit and do not stir much about the world, are believed to be great saps. I knew a man of this description, who passed his whole life in slippers and dressing-gown, but on whose privacy I never broke in the evening without finding the snuffs of his candles an inch long, and crowned with a fungus-like protuberance of soot, while a corresponding drowsiness of demeanour in his whole person sufficiently proved that the snufflers had not been overlooked through too close an application to Euclid or Greek metres.

There is, indeed, something peculiarly ungrateful in the avaricious undervaluing of idleness which is so prevalent. Like a vast many other pretences put forth in this island of false appearances, the affectation of industry has more of hypocrisy than of true zeal in it. With the great majority of men, ambition, or the love of money, is the real spring of action; and industry, though tolerated as a means, is detested as an end. There are thousands, and tens of thousands, who would willingly take up with the “*dolcissimo far niente*” if they dared; and Diogenes, with his tub and his cynicism, was less a philosopher than an idler; while Epicurus, in the opposite extreme, turned his philosophy to pretty nearly the same account. For myself, I beg to be understood as loving idleness, pure and perfect idleness, for itself alone,—just as your true sentimental lovers like to be adored, dear souls: and it always struck me that the setting a schoolboy his holiday-task was little better than proffering the gup of Tantalus to be taken under the sword of Damocles. No, Sir, none of your constructive idleness for me. Sleeping in the sun, watching the progress of a snail, or the transit of a bubble in the stream, are quite sufficient employment for a genuine idler, and angling is the only sport which does not absolutely break in upon his enjoyment. Idle persons are falsely accused of being ever in mischief; and on this account probably the devil is said to fly away with the roof of a house, if you don't give him an attorney or proctor to carry, or some other such job of journey-work. This is all very false philosophy. Active dispositions may become mischievous, when not profitably employed, exactly as Napoleon went to Moscow, for want of something better to do; but your genuine idler is contented with eating, drinking, and sleeping—or, at most, with playing the *cicisbeo*, perhaps, or watching a game of chess without understanding the moves.—Indeed, I question whether Neddy Bray had not a spark of industry in him, when he left the cat and the coal-skuttle to count the hackney-coaches which passed the windows of his lodging.

In favor of idleness, it must be observed, that the idler has no strong passions. Hence the absurdity of making the idleness of monks and churchmen a matter of reproach. Would to heaven they were all idle, and always idle ! for there is nothing so much to be dreaded as that such folks should take a sudden fit of industry, and recommence their old meddlings with politics and literature. I'll be bound the French, for instance, would be well pleased to find old Fressynous lounging in a lady's boudoir, or to catch the whole corps of Jesuits "sleeping upon benches in afternoons." The moment a man has a desire to gratify, he ceases to be an idler : accordingly, the greatest sluggards are on the alert towards dinner-time ; and a lazy lover is a contradiction in terms. To be a genuine idler, a man must be content with his own sensations as they come to him, and endure *ennui* without repining. His mind must never go abroad in search of amusement—it must have no world of its own, no castle in the air—the realization of which would cost him an effort, and the idea of which would beget discontent. The perfection of idleness is, therefore, rarely obtained, except through long practice, or under the influence of that morbid state of the biliary system, in which all the finer movements of its vessels are clogged and impeded, and the effort of volition becomes too painful to be attempted. Short of this, indolence is rarely more than occasional ; and in youth the merest idler is thrown into activity at the impulse of pleasure. I know a young lady who has very pretty pretensions to idleness, but who has no objection to dancing the livelong night, and who would work at a ball-dress for fifteen hours at a stretch, rather than not go to the assembly. Of this young lady's life, the following specimen, as set down by her mother, may afford some idea, and it proves her to be a real amateur :—

Rose at ten. Regretted not being able to lie an hour longer. Lamented the necessity of cleanliness. Dressing a great bore. Dogs, in this respect, happier than men. Watch-boxes still better.

Breakfasted till eleven. Sauntered for half-an-hour, and played with the cat. N. B.—She scratched both my hands.

Half-past eleven. Sunk in an arm-chair, with a novel—read the same page three times over, and fell asleep. Got up to walk to another chair, and was told I'd a hole in my stocking. I wonder why the maid does not mend them.

Twelve. Play'd half-a-lesson on the piano. What can Rossini mean by writing such difficult music ?

One o'clock. Took up a needle and thread, and looked out of the window at the cattle feeding, for three quarters of an hour. Cows lead happy lives. I wonder why man does not ruminate.

At two. Luncheon.

Three. Forced to walk out. I hate exercise. Was told my petticoat is longer than my gown ; but what does that signify.

Half-past four. Very tired and very hungry. Played again with the cat. Made Fidelle, the French poodle, fetch a stick three times out of the water. N. B.—Fidelle tore my glove to pieces. I wish my brother had been by to take it from him.

Five. Played at scratch-cradle, and then three games of Troumadarm till dressing time. Can't think why mamma does not allow me a maid to dress me. N. B.—Scolded for throwing my hair-papers about the room. What has the housemaid to do but gather them up ? It's monstrous tiresome to be scolded.

Six. Dinner. After coffee sat still doing nothing till bedtime. Thought half-past ten would never come. Went to bed very tired. N. B.—Doing nothing is extremely troublesome, and I hate it exceedingly. But then what can one do ?

Such, with a few drifting variations, is the life of this young lady, except as before excepted, when pleasure is afloat. During the season, as it is called, the case is different, and she undergoes great fatigues and hardships without repining ; sits up half the night, and will dance you three or four miles of quadrille, without "fainting by the way." This, however, is a defect, of which time, I have little doubt, will cure her ; and I dare believe that when she is once married, and has the cares of a family on her hands, her conduct will become perfectly consistent throughout ; and that she will relapse into an indolence as genuine and perfect as heart could desire.

Heigh-ho ! I never thought I could have written so long.

ICELAND TO THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Translated into English.

SOCIETY OF CHRIST! whose fame
The world shall raise o'er thy compeers—
Thou most deserving of such name,
Or in the past or present years—
Thy beam has shone, more lovely bright
Than solar blaze, or lunar ray—
Has shone, when all around was night,
And bade the darkness pass away.

When they, our unbelieving foes,
Would crush the hopes they could not feel,
You, sons of England, then arose,
With hearts all love, and hands all zeal;
You, bound by charity's blest tie,
And fearless in defence of truth,
Spent in our aid unsparingly
Riches and power—and age and youth.

And what! though near the Arctic pole,
And, like a heap of drifted snow,
The chilling north-winds round me roll,
The land of ice—call'd rightly so—
Tho' circled by the frigid zone,
An island in a frozen sea;
Yet I this charity have known,
This Christian zeal has glow'd for me.

For see—the messengers of Peace—
From Albion new Apostles come:
They, like the old, shall never cease
To quit their kindred and their home.
Like them, with canvas wide unfurl'd,
Careless of life, they tempt the gale,
And seek the limits of the world—
Ye friends to God and Iceland, hail!

Th' unfeeling heart, the sordid hand,
Would mourn, perchance, the vast expense,
With which on earth's remotest land
You spread the gifts of Providence.
The treasures of the word sublime
Go forth, were'er your banners wave;
In ev'ry language, ev'ry clime,
The mind to form, the soul to save.

SOCIETY OF CHRIST! most dear
To Heaven, to virtue, and to me!
For ever lives thy memory here:
While Iceland is—thy fame shall be.
The triumphs of the great and brave,
The trophies of the conquer'd field—
These cannot bloom beyond the grave,
To thee their honours all shall yield.

Aged and clad in snow-white pall,
I twine the wreath, and twine for thee;
Tho' mingled howls in Thule's hall,
The north-wind with our minstrelsy.
These strains, tho' rigid as the clime,
Rude as the rocks—oh! scorn not thou!
These strains, in Thule's elder time,
Kings have received—receive them now.

Yet, not the harp, and not the lay,
Can give the praise and blessing due;
May he whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Ye CHRISTIAN FATHERS, prosper you.
May he—if pray'rs can aught avail—
No joys in life or death deny;
Crown you with fame that shall not fail,
With happiness that cannot die.

CICADA SEPTENDICIM, OR LOCUST OF AMERICA.

(From Latrobe's Rambles in North America.)

THE observation of a past century had shown the inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Maryland, that every seventeenth year they were visited by a countless horde of insects, of the Cicada tribe, hence called *Septendicim*; distinct in aspect and habits from those whose annual appearance and mode of life were understood. Though of a different tribe, and with perfectly different habits from the locust of the east, the fact of its occasional appearance, as though by magic in such vast swarms, had caused it to be familiarly alluded to by that name. Its last appearance had been in 1817, and its re-appearance was thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week in May, this year, (1834.)

Nature, true to her impulses, and the laws by which she is mysteriously governed, did not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th of May, and following day, the whole surface of the country, in and about the city of Philadelphia, suddenly teemed with this singular insect. The subject interested me, and as during these days I had every opportunity of being daily, I may say hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with it, both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of my observations.

The first day of their appearance, their numbers were comparatively few, the second they came by myriads; and yet a day or two might pass before they reached their full number. I happened to be abroad the bright sunny morning which might be called the day of their birth. At early morning, the insect, in the pupa state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly barbed claws on the fore legs; its colour is then of a uniform dull brown, and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in form, excepting the absence of wings, ornament, and antennæ. The first impulse of the imperfect insect, on detaching itself from its gown, is to ascend a few inches, or even feet, up the trunks of trees, at the feet of which their holes appear in the greatest number; or upon the rail fences, which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws; half an hour's observation will then show you the next change which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell, down from the back of the head, to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows; with many a throe and many a strain, you see the tail and hind legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfurl themselves; and lastly, the head, with its antennæ, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born insect freed from its prison. The slough is not disengaged, but remains firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood; and the insect, languidly crawling a few inches, remains as it were in a dose of wonder and astonishment. It is rather under an inch in length, and appears humid and tender; the colours are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and the wings, for a while after they are opened, appear crumpled and unelastic. All this passes before the sun has gained his full strength; as the day advances, the colours of the insect become more lively, the wings attain their full stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for its future little life of activity and enjoyment.

Between ten and eleven, the newly risen tribes begin to tune their instruments; you become conscious of a sound, filling the air far and wide, different from the ordinary ones which may meet your ear. A low distinct hum salutes you, turn where you will. It may be compared to the simmering of an enormous cauldron,—it swells, imperceptibly changes its character, and becomes fuller and sharper—thousands seem to join in, and by an hour after mid-day, the whole country, far and wide, rings with the unwonted sound. The insects are now seen lodged in, or flying about, the foliage above; a few hours having been thus sufficient to give them full strength and activity, and bring them into full voice.

Well may the school-boy and the young curly-headed negro, rejoice at the sound, for their hands will never want a plaything for many days to come. Well may the birds of the forest rejoice, for this is the season of plenty for them; the pigs and poultry too, they fatten on the innumerable swarms which before many days will cover the ground in the decline of their strength.

The pretty insect, for it is truly such, with its dark body, red eyes, and its glisty wings, interlaced by bright yellow fibres, enjoys but a little week; and that merry harping which pervades creation from sunrise to sun down, for the time of its continuance is but of some six days duration. Its character would be almost impossible to describe, though it rings in my ears every time I think of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the sound produced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of musical chords produced by the action of internal muscles upon a species of lyre, or elastic membrane, covered with net work, and situated under the wings, the action of which I have often witnessed. The female insect may utter a faint sound, but how I do not know—it is the male who is endowed with the powerful means of instrumentation which I have described—though the sound is generally even and continuous as long as the insect is uninterrupted, yet there is a droll variety observable at times, but what it expresses,

whether peculiar satisfaction, or jealousy, or what other passion, I cannot divine. It has been well described by the word, Pha—ro! the first syllable being long and sustained, and connected with the second, which is pitched nearly an octave lower, by a drawing smorzando descent.

During the whole period of their existence, the closest attention does not detect their eating anything; and with the exception of the trifling injury received by the trees, consequent upon the process observed by the female in laying her eggs, they are perfectly innoxious. The end to which they seem to be sent to the upper day is purely confined to the propagation of their species. A few days after their first appearance, the female begins to lay her eggs: she is furnished with an ovipositor, situated in a sheath on the abdomen, composed of two serrated hard parallel spines, which she has the power of working with an alternate perpendicular motion. When her time comes, she selects of the outermost twigs of the forest trees or shrubs, and sets to work, and makes a series of longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender bark and wood; in each of these she lays a row of tiny eggs, and then goes to work again. Having deposited to her heart's content, she crawls up the twig a few inches yet further from the termination, and placing herself in a fitting position, makes two or three perpendicular cuts into the very pith. Her duty is now terminated. Both male and female become weak—the former ceases to be tuneful—the charm of their existence is at an end; they pine away, become blind, fall to the ground by myriads, and in ten or fifteen days after their first appearance, they all perish. Not so, however, their seed. The perforated twigs die, the first wind breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon the ground; the eggs give birth to a number of small grubs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without injury, and in it they disappear, digging their way down into the bosom of the earth. Year goes after year—summer after summer—the sun shines in vain to them—they 'bide their time!' The recollection of their existence begins to fade,—a generation passes away; the surface of the country is altered—lands are reclaimed from the forest—streets are laid out, and trampled on for years—houses are built, and pavements hide the soil.

Still, though man may almost forget their existence, God does not. What their life is in the long interval, none can divine; traces of them have been found in digging wells and foundations, eight and ten feet under the surface. When seventeen years have gone by, the memory of them returns, and they are expected. A cold, wet spring, may retard their appearance, but never since the attention of man has been directed to them, have they failed,—but at the appointed time, by one common impulse, they rise from the earth, piercing their way through the matted sod,—through the hard, trampled clay of the pathways—through the gravel—between the joints of the stones and pavements, and into the very cellars of the houses—like their predecessors, to be a marvel in the land, to sing their blithe song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun, and amidst the verdant landscape; like them to fulfil the brief duties of their species, and close their mysterious existence by death. We are still children in the small measure of our knowledge and comprehension, with regard to the phenomena of the natural world.

All things considered, we may venture to prophesy the re-appearance of the Cicada Septendecim, on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia, for the year, 1851.

I may still mention that I took care to ascertain that all these insects sung in one uniform musical key, and that this key was C sharp.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

Up to 1663, the date of the Marquis of Worcester's apparatus, the only persons who have any claim to be considered as inventors of steam-engines are Hero and Porta. In 1672, Otto Guericke formed an apparatus to raise heavy weights on the principle of the hydrostatic press. He exhausted a cylinder of large diameter, so that the cylinder, being fitted with a piston to receive the pressure of the air, power would be gained in the ratio of the areas of the larger and smaller pistons. In 1688, Dr. Papin,

a French philosopher, proposed to make a vacuum under a piston in a cylinder by the explosion of gunpowder; and in 1690, he proposed to use the well-known condensibility of steam for this purpose instead of manual exertion. Papin's apparatus consisted of a cylinder close at bottom, fitted with a piston, under which was placed a small quantity of water, to be alternately vapourised and condensed, by alternately placing the cylinder on and off the fire. This is inferior as a practical machine to that of Guericke, though it was the first that combined the piston and cylinder with the condensibility of steam, each of them having been well-known separately. Whatever be the merit, therefore, of suggesting this combination, though in a most impracticable manner, belongs to Papin; and to this extent France may fairly claim a share in the progressive improvement of the steam-engine. In 1669, Mr. Savery made his first working model of a steam engine, in which the elastic force and condensibility of the steam were employed upon the principles of Hero and Porta; the whole being arranged with a series of vessels, valves, and pipes, so as to produce an effective machine, which in a few years was practically employed on a large scale. In 1707, Papin, who had abandoned his cylinder and piston published a second project, copied avowedly from Savery's, and altered, as is universally admitted, for the worse. Still no very economical or practicable engine had been invented; this was reserved for Newcomen and Cawley, who between the years 1705 and 1712, invented and perfected the common atmospheric engine, in which steam was generated in a boiler, conveyed under a piston in a cylinder, condensed by cold water, and adapted to a system of valves and other apparatus, which first rendered any effectual service to the manufacturing interests of England. In these progressive changes there is evidently not one which can be called very extraordinary. Hero applied all the powers of steam which are at present known. Savery and Newcomen are entitled to the praise of inventing ingenious machinery, which embodied the various suggestions that had been made; but the only great name in the history of the steam engine, the only person who individually made any considerable advance, is the person who, by successive contrivances, converted the comparatively feeble, dangerous, and unmanageable machine of Newcomen into the powerful, safe, and pliant instrument which now occupies and traverses every part of the civilized world, forming as it were so many living monuments to the memory of JAMES WATT.—*From an account given by Mr. Ainger at the Royal Institution.*

SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE DOVE, NEAR DOVERBRIDGE, IN THE
MONTH OF JUNE.

BY W. W. BAILEY, PROV. D. G. M.

THOU sweet soft-flowing Dove, thy peaceful stream
With tranquil grace doth ever onwards glide;
No sullen murmurs haunt thy gentle tide,
But silv'ry whisp'rings. Fancy well might deem,
The sweet sad burthen of that plaintive theme
The dying swan outpours; or tender chide
Of modest lily fair, the water's pride,
Wooded by some current rude, or fierce sun-gleam!
How o'er thy bosom hangs like maiden fond,
The pendent willow, rich in lines of grace,
Whilst scarce a ripple dims that silv'ry face,
Where gay-wing'd myriads flit 'neath pleasure's wand.
Oh God! methinks it were a life of bliss,
Whilst here on earth to dwell 'mid scenes like this!

Stanhope Lodge, Horsley Woodhouse, Aug. 5, 1836.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT GREAT OUSEBURN TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following *compilation* is at your service, should you think it worthy of a place in your Magazine. I had not originally the most remote idea of sending this Discourse to the press, but having been earnestly requested to do so, by those members of your Loyal and Independent Order who heard it preached, I have acceded to their wishes, hoping that, imperfect as it is, the blessing of God may attend it.

Allow me to subscribe myself the Order's well-wisher,

E. GREENHOW.

Great Ouseburn, November 15, 1836.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—LUKE, chap. 2nd, ver. 14th.

THESE were the joyful acclamations with which angels announced the birth of the MESSIAH to a company of shepherds, while tending their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. Amidst the quiet solemnity of the night, when all nature was sunk in profound repose, a glorious brightness suddenly shone around them, "and they were sore afraid." But a heavenly form appearing in the midst of it soon dispelled their fears. "Be not afraid," said the angel; "behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Gospel of Christ is a message of reconciliation between God and man,—a proclamation of peace between heaven and earth. Its tendency and business is to produce love to God, and universal kindness and good-will, peace and friendship, among mankind. It gives us a clear account of our personal and social duties, "teaching us," *as individuals*, "to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts," and to "keep ourselves unspotted from the world;" and, *as members of society*, "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction;" and, "as we have opportunity, to do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

As Societies, like that which I have been commissioned to address this day, profess to be, and, I trust and hope, really are based on the principles of Christianity, I shall endeavour, with the blessing of God, to set before you the designs of such Institutions, calculated, as I believe they are, when not abused, no less to promote the benefit of man, than to redound to the glory of God. The plan I propose to pursue, in the following Discourse, is to notice a few of the most prominent points of excellence which the rules of such Societies should embrace, and among these I shall successively and particularly bring before you some of the leading benefits of those principles which the members of your Loyal and Independent Order are desirous to encourage.

1st.—The first excellence, to which your Society holds out much encouragement, is—*Industry*: an active and unremitting attention to your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God, in his good providence, to place you; a regular exercise of your respective employments and useful occupations; a conduct, in short, with respect to your various duties in the world, diametrically opposite to sloth and inactivity. And what are the good consequences which will flow from the exercise of this

virtue? Let the answer be given in the language of Scripture. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. In all labour there is profit, and he that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening hold not thine hand, and the blessing of God shall be upon thy labours. Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called, and study to be quiet, and do his own business, and work with his own hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth." But I need not dwell any longer on this part of my Discourse. I am addressing, I feel persuaded, a respectable body of industrious men—men who know how to appreciate the blessing of honest labour. It is by your own industry that your respective habitations become scenes of comfort—their conveniences many—their appearance neat—their inhabitants contented and happy: while the abode of the idle man is filthy and miserable—destitute even of necessaries—and those that dwell therein are pinched with want, and clothed in rags. It is by your own self-denying exertions that a fund is raised which furnishes relief to its members in times of distress. Hence the stranger, who is at a distance from his home seeking for employment, and has not, perhaps, where to lay his head, comes to you as a "brother beloved,"—penniless and weary,—he is received with the right hand of fellowship; is lodged for the night; his wants are supplied; he is sent on his way rejoicing. Thus you "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

2nd.—Another excellence which your body purchases for its members is an honorable degree of Independence. My dear friends, the day of sickness and death must, sooner or later, visit each of us. The eye, which now beams with affection and love, must, in a short time, be closed in death. The hand, which welcomes our approach with the grasp of friendship and tenderness, must soon become cold and motionless. The tongue, which greets us with the voice of joy and gladness, must, ere long, be silent in the grave. How distressing, then, how peculiarly distressing in the hour of pain and sickness, amid the various accidents of life, the manifold infirmities of age, or the solemn warnings of approaching death, to be destitute of those means of comfort and relief which a prudent forecast, in the days of health and vigour, might have secured! How must the frequent distractions of a death-bed be increased by the agonizing thought of leaving those we love in want and destitution! or what is still worse, that either we ourselves, or the objects of our affection, should ever be reduced to the painful necessity of applying for parochial relief! How many individuals and families have Societies like yours preserved from such misery, and saved from such humiliation and debasement! You "bind yourselves inflexibly to stand by each other in sickness, or in health; in poverty, or in competence; in prosperity, or in affliction." How many hearts have been soothed—how many anxieties chased away—how many sorrows mitigated, by the reflection that it was the fruit of their own industry which infused the balm into their wounds, and smoothed the asperities of a dying bed—that it was the effect of their own independent exertions which will carry them, when their days on earth are ended, to their long homes with neatness and decency—place the green turf over their earthly remains, and alleviate the sufferings of their friends and surviving kindred.

3rd.—The next excellence which your rules encourage, and which I would now proceed to inculcate, is—*Sobriety*. Without this virtue the most laborious industry works no profit, and the greatest activity can afford only the means of greater sin. It is necessary, my friends, to be distinct and uncompromising, and to "use great plainness of speech" upon this point; because, unfortunately for our country, there is no sin more prevalent than the sin of intemperance. Drunkenness, indeed, has become a national curse, blasting the happiness of the people, and spreading through the various walks of life poverty and wretchedness, crime and misery, disease and untimely death. "Let us look at a man," says a minister of our church, "who is, perhaps, able and willing to be industrious, but who indulges in drinking with the gains of his toil. To what good purpose is his industry employed? He consumes what he earns upon himself, in destroying his good name, undermining his health, and ruining his immortal soul. Strangers alone are benefited by the sweat of his brow, and the labour of his hand; while the poor deluded drunkard, who is wasting that substance which should have been the means of present comfort and future support, (deprived of reason and of manhood), is an instance of the hateful picture so strongly painted by

Solomon, and feels the *curse* which he has described as attending upon drunkenness—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long over the cup; that go to seek the strong drink. For at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." In the mean time his *home* is the scene of the bitterest distress. That faithful wife, whom he had sworn before God "to love and to cherish," and who, by her affection to him in health, and tenderness in sickness, had bound him to gratitude and kindness by the strongest and most endearing ties—she, I say, is left alone to weep over her sorrows; to mourn for an estranged husband, and for neglected children; or, perhaps, she sees him returned to his dwelling, maddened with liquor, only to reward her patience, or punish her sighs, with abuse, curses, and blows! His hapless offspring, too, have equal reason to lament his vile proceedings. In vain they look up to a father's *hand* for maintenance and support—that hand is only opened to gratify his own guilty indulgencies. In vain they look up to a father's *example* for instruction in religion and virtue—that example only affords them lessons of immorality and impiety. Thus deprived of fatherly care, and good advice, they struggle with want through infancy; they grow up in idleness and vice; their manhood is mischievous; their old age miserable; their death unblest; and their future lot—endless perdition! But why do I address your Order in this strain? Your own rules profess to discourage all vice, profaneness and immorality, and especially the crying evil of intemperance. See, then, that you act upon them. "Let your profiting appear unto all men." "Denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Debase not your rational faculties by intoxication, for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." "Give no occasion to the enemies of the cross of Christ to reproach it on your account, having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ." "Take heed to yourselves lest at any time (and especially at this time*) your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and so that day come upon you unawares."

4th.—The next point of excellence which I would touch upon, and which your rules embrace, is loyalty, and contented and peaceable subjection to "the powers that be." "With respect to this world," says the same author quoted above, "it has pleased God, in his infinite wisdom, to ordain various distinctions and ranks among mankind; some to rule, and others to obey—some to enjoy large riches, and others to have but a small portion of the possessions of this life. Not that he hereby meant to make, or has actually made, any difference between them in the means of enjoying happiness; because it might very easily be shewn, that, with respect to all the real and substantial advantages of life, such as health, strength, content, freedom from care, and peace of mind, the poor, the laborious, and the lowly, enjoy a larger portion of these, than those persons who are higher and richer than themselves. But he ordained such differences, in order that society might be maintained in happiness and regularity; since it is a clear case, that, were all men equal in power, rank and wealth, none would then be found to pursue those various useful employments and trades, or to fill those many necessary offices in common life, without which society could not go on, nor the different wants of its different classes be supplied. Hence, you will distinctly see, that in dividing society into different ranks, and making a larger allotment to some, than to others, of the possessions of this world, God has shewn forth both his wisdom and his goodness; and that to complain of this arrangement would be foolish and wicked."

I have made these observations to you, in order to put you on your guard against the false representations and deceitful words of crafty and designing men, who, thirsting after greater power, and more riches than they possess, or have any right to expect, would willingly make the lower orders dissatisfied with things as Providence has ordained them: and would stir them up to overturn all social distinctions, all civil government, and all public order, peace and tranquility, that they themselves might "thereout suck the greater advantage,"—and roll in plunder, and rule with rigour, at the expence of the safety and happiness of those whom they have deluded. The good sense, however, and sound and loyal principles of my countrymen will at all times, I trust, enable them to

*Preached at the village feast.

withstand the solicitations of these wicked men ; since the most humble individual amongst us ought to have sagacity enough to see that the differences of station, and the inequalities of property, in our own country, are infinitely more productive of the general happiness, than could possibly arise from any mad scheme of destroying all distinctions of rank, and dividing among the many, the property which lawfully belongs to the few. "Let your conversation, therefore, be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." "Render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due ; custom to whom custom ; fear to whom fear ; honor to whom honor." "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers ; for there is no power but of God ; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God ; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake ; whether it be to the king as supreme ; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men : as free, and not using your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. Honor all men ; love the brotherhood ; fear God ; honor the king." "My son, fear thou the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change."

5th.—The greatest and noblest object of your society remains yet to be spoken of. I come, then, to that mutual kindness and friendship, that benevolence and good-will, that love and charity, which it is your object to cherish and diffuse. "A new commandment," says our Lord, "I give unto you, that ye love one another." "Owe no man anything," says the apostle, "but to love one another ; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not covet ; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, viz :—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." Nothing so much promotes a circulation of mutual assistance, as this heavenly principle of love. Mankind must perish, were they to cease to help each other. "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office ; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." "And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee ; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you." From the cradle to the grave, we cannot exist without mutual kindness and help ; we are all, from the highest to the lowest, constantly dependent upon each other. No man can, by his own single labor, provide for himself either food or raiment, or any of the numerous comforts with which he is surrounded. "Be ye, therefore, of the same mind one toward another ; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous ; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !" Oh ! how it reminds us of those realms of bliss, in which, all distinctions being swept away, but that which goodness makes, the faithful and obedient, the loving and holy, shall meet again in one great family before the throne of God and the Lamb, there to be united for ever in firm and indissoluble bonds of "friendship, peace, and love."

6th.—In the last place, though above every other consideration, let me recommend you to build your Order on the foundation of religion. He who erects a human institution on any other basis, acts in the same manner as the foolish man in the gospel, who built his house upon the sand. Nothing is stable but religion, every thing else is vanity and vexation of spirit ; youth, health, strength, beauty, pleasure, riches, honors, each must fall before the all-consuming hand of time. One age presses upon another, generation succeeds generation, "the fashion of this world passeth away." Individuals, societies, and nations, are continually and rapidly gliding down the stream of time to the ocean of eternity. The firmest friendships, the most perfect enjoyments here below, the greatest earthly glory and wealth, pomp and splendour, power and wisdom, will fail to make us permanently happy, if indeed we have no hope, no expectation beyond the grave, no other dependence than the fleeting vanities of this transitory world. Aware of this, look to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and fading not away, eternal in the heavens. Place your confidence in Almighty God, and say—

"Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the works of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou remainest: and they shall all wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up; and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." "They that trust in the Lord shall be like the Mount Zion, which may not be removed, but standeth fast for ever." Give, then, your Society that best of foundations—the rock of ages—the principles of religion. Sensible of your manifold inherited corruptions and actual transgressions—of your weakness and sinfulness—be convinced that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." Make the word of God your rule and guide; order your steps according to its revealed precepts—doing what it commands, and abstaining from what it forbids. Make our blessed Saviour your brightest hope, your safest refuge, your best friend, your all in all, "determining not to know any thing," in the way of religion, "among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" and then your faith will stand not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Then you will be safe in life with all its trials, in death with all its conflicts,—in judgment with all its terrors,—in eternity with all its destinies; then when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and this material system shall be dissolved; when the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and the stars shall withdraw their shining,—even *then* you will be "unhurt amidst the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds." And when the judgment day shall have finished its transactions, you will be admitted into the beatific presence of God, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

Such is a brief sketch of what I conceive to be the leading principles of institutions like yours; and do they not tend to promote the "glory of God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will toward men?" What are such societies, when properly conducted, but patrons of *industry*—maintainers of *independence*—encouragers of *sobriety*—advocates of *loyalty and of obedience to civil government*—cherishers of *mutual kindness and universal love*—and promoters of *true religion*? It is only by deviating from your articles that you can incur discredit or censure; by adhering to them you will evince a wisdom which none of your adversaries shall be able to gainsay or resist. Make it, then, your serious business, each and all of you, to deserve the character of credit and respectability, and of a peaceable and orderly, of a sober and friendly disposition. Refrain from all licentious practices—from drunkenness—from fornication—from profane swearing—from sabbath breaking—from filthy conversation—from party disputes—and every species of uncharitable language; constantly bearing in mind, that "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." You are assembled within these sacred walls to give the sanction of religion to your Society. See, then, that the feelings which this solemnity is calculated to excite, vanish not when you leave the house of God; carry them with you to the place to which you are about to retire, and let them regulate your conduct in the season of festivity, and amidst the various temptations to which you are at this time exposed. Carry them hence also to your own homes, and never suffer them to depart from you in your ordinary intercourse and occupations of life.

Such are the suggestions which I take the liberty to offer on this occasion, not as desirous of throwing a damp on rational enjoyment, but only as cautions to excess.—"Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand." Flee excess of every kind, and "follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness, temperance." "Let love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate; be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, *vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.* Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he

thirst, give him drink ; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Above all, while you are endeavouring to assist and befriend each other upon earth, remember " the time is short." Remember life's pilgrimage is hastening to a close. Remember you are approaching fast to another world where you must be happy or miserable for ever. I beseech, I implore you, in the bonds of friendship and in the bowels of the Lord ; by the tender mercies of the God of peace ; by the dying love of a crucified Redeemer ; by the precious promises and tremendous threatenings of the Gospel ; by all your hopes of heaven, and by all your fears of hell ; by the worth of your immortal souls, and by all that is sacred, important and dear to men, I intreat you to provide for your eternal state. I conjure you to accept the offers of redeeming mercy, and flee from the wrath to come. And may the blessing of God attend your laudable views, and give success to your undertakings ! May he prosper the work of your hands upon you—may he prosper your handywork ! " And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment ; that ye may approve things that are excellent ; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, to the glory and praise of God."

ODE TO SPRING.

" —————Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love ;
Wide flush the fields, the soft'ning air is balm,
Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles,—
And every sense, and every heart is joy."—THOMSON'S SEASONS.

AWAKE my muse, awake and sing,
The pleasing charms of verdant Spring,
The pride of all the year ;
Reclin'd by some clear river's side,
Where crystal streams soft murmur glide,
And countless sweets appear.

Hark ! from amidst yon vocal bush,
The blackbird, linnet, and the thrush,
In concert tune the lay ;
Or 'midst the silent midnight hours,
Her plaint sad Philomela pours,
From off the leafy spray.

Hail beauteous Spring ! array'd in green
The fields and meadows now are seen,
And every valley sings ;
The rising crop on yonder hills,
With hope the farmer's bosom fills—
What joy this season brings !

The southern breeze with vernal showers,
Has cheer'd the earth, and all the flowers
With sweet profusion charms ;
The sun by slow degrees unshrouds
His radiant lustre from yon clouds,
And kindling transport warms.

As o'er the verdant turf we tread,
A thousand sweets their tinctures spread,
And freshness breathes around ;
The rose refresh'd with vernal dews,
And thousand flowers of various hues,
Enamel all the ground.

Chesterfield, Jan. 21st, 1837.

Here daisies spring, there cowslips grow,
On mossy banks sweet violets blow,
And all their pride assume ;
With leaves and bloom the trees look gay,
And every hedge and every spray
Sends forth a rich perfume.

The shepherd tends his fleecy care,
To freshest pasture, purest air,
The wandering sheep directs ;
The tender lambs secures from cold,
Feeds from his hand, and in the fold,
He all the night protects.

Thus let us be the widow's guide,
Thus let us for her wants provide,
And calm the heaving breast ;
Thus let the tender orphan too
Be fed, and freed from grief and woe,
Thus give the wanderer rest.

Processions now in every place,
Conducted well, our Order grace,
And strike th' admiring eye ;
Or in the Lodge that blest retreat,
In friendship, Love and Truth, we meet,
Secure from every spy.

There choose some friend, whose spotless
You free from all deceit shall find, [mind
To his affections cling ;
Then pleasures sweet, and rapt'rous joy,
Shall all your ravish'd thoughts employ,
And all the year be Spring !

THOMAS MERCHANT, P. P. G. M.

ANCHOR HALL.

(ORIGINAL.)

I HAVE traced many rivers that offer in their course scenes of more romantic grandeur, of more sublime and varied beauty than the Trent, but none are so sacred—so closely allied to the earliest and happiest associations of my life; and now, when the buoyant spring-tide of youth is past, and autumn's tints are but too apparent in my moral and physical being, the remembrance of the quiet and placid track of my favourite stream, coincides in most soothing sympathy with my altered condition.

To many of my readers the spot I am about attempting to describe must be familiar; to those who will bear with an old man's garrulity, for the knowledge, which circumstances have prevented their acquiring by personal visits, the following is presented. Scoped out of a lime-stone rock, which, rough as from nature's quarry, displays its moss and ivy-mantled front on one margin of the river, where it flows through the rich and luxuriant domain of Sir F. B.—near the small agricultural village of Ingleby, are three subterranean apartments, to which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood,—impelled partly by tradition, and partly, no doubt, by the eminence of the term as applied to the residence of some one elevated above others of his species,—have given the strangely anomalous designation of "Anchor Hall," as if the domicile of the holy anchorite were unworthily mentioned by a word of lower import, than that which concludes this popular name. However, with this it is not my business to interfere, except to make good my reasons for obtruding the locality and myself on the pages of the Magazine, and the patience of its subscribers.

In Ingleby, at the time when my school holy-days enabled me to be familiar with its aspect and inhabitants, of course, no event occurred of which I had not timely intimation; and although I can hardly expect to infuse into my reader any portion of the interest I felt during the following occurrences, I will crave his indulgence whilst I relate them.

Few of the many fair candidates for rural distinction could anywhere compete with Fanny Cartwright; and certainly in the precincts of her native village she was without a rival. Her education, it is true, had been circumscribed by the limits which usually fetter it in the remoter districts of the country; still there was apparent in every action of her life, such an indication of innate superiority over her companions, as notwithstanding the necessary similarity of their pursuits, precluded all comparison of their pretensions. She was the only child of a respectable, but, (as they are usually called) small farmer in the parish, who on dying, as was the case shortly after the commencement of our narrative, had little to bequeath, except his good name and the partner of his toils, the care and protection of whom now naturally descended upon her. At the period of which I am speaking, this kingdom was engaged in the long and bloody contest which was terminated by the exile of Napoleon; whilst his assumption of the empire of France, and threats of invading our own shores had only just roused that spirit of patriotism and determination of defence, which were so universally exhibited in all parts of the country. That Ingleby should be behind her neighbours in this patriotic resolution was not to be expected; and she certainly did boast of as fine a phalanx of bold and true hearted yeomanry as any of her more populous compeers. Robert Dudley was one of the first who volunteered on this occasion; and many who, like myself, remember his martial bearing, his cleanly and soldier-like appearance, can delineate in the veteran of the present day, the portrait of the youthful soldier.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove," and Ingleby was not likely to be exempt from its universal dominion. If we must equally admit that "none but the brave deserve the fair," it is not unreasonable to surmise that two, whom I thought alone fitted for each other, should early feel a mutual affection. The contiguity of their respective tenancies, (for Robert's parent was a farmer) induced necessarily a close intimacy; even during their loitering journeys to the village school, no one was so ready to oblige by carrying the simple dinner for Fanny, and other infantine services, as Robert Dudley, nor was any one more ready to be obliged by the handsome lad than Fanny Cartwright.

Frequent were my visits to this station of country life. I had permission to the

full, of practising that wily employment, so feelingly and picturesquely advocated by honest *Isaac Walton*; and although I may have since obtained in the silver Tay, in the muddy Nith, or the noisy and precipitous Clyde, "better sport," I have never found greater enjoyment. The houses of Cartwright or Dudley were always open to me, the best of baits that could be obtained were always ready; do not think, however, that this favour was conferred on me alone, for the hospitality of these good people was unbounded—their courtesy was at the command of all who possessed the sanction of their benevolent landlord.

The reader must forgive me for dwelling a little on the happy circle in which I moved on these occasions—on the happy days I spent in this sincere and unsophisticated society; numbers of my schoolfellows now living who were my companions in these rambles would willingly resign the exultation and emoluments of their present professional, care-bringing occupations, to renew their acquaintance with the quiet, healthy, unalloyed recreations at Anchor Hall. He must also pass over with me the time which elapsed between the boyhood of our hero and his occupation of the farm, of which he came into possession on the decease of his father. That he should forget the bias of his youthful inclinations was not likely—they grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Although he had the particular esteem of the commander of his corps, he did not, I will venture to affirm, consider the encompas of him and of his brother officers on his efficient and soldier-like deportment, as a feather's weight in the balance, when poised against the approving smile, the evident satisfaction of Fanny, when training or review called the regiment to Derby, on which occasions her duties as her father's successor, *always* called her to the market.

That the course of true love never did run smooth, is not intended to be exemplified in the present history; an intimation of the contrary would be a decided falsehood. They lived and loved together; and had it not occurred that some of our enemies were placed by the generous spirit of our countrymen as prisoners of war on their parole within a short distance of Ingleby, Robert and Fanny would have remained in the uninterrupted reciprocation of requited love. I have not attempted to particularize the personal charms of the latter, though I shall never forget them; she was my senior by a few years, still I felt that she was lovely, and I knew she was kind and good. There were no difficulties to be surmounted between the lovers—no barrier to their constant and daily interchanges of plighted faith—their landlord was disposed to acquiesce in their intention of joining the two farms together. Robert was healthy, industrious and respected—Fanny, all that woman could be; yet fate had ordained a reverse, and that of a most unlooked for and fatal character. Robert Dudley, although the best soldier in the troop, the best man at cricket, at football or five, was the meekest and most unassuming of men; an insult he never gave, assistance he never refused; he stopped not to inquire of the objects of his philanthropy, their creed, their country, or their name; nevertheless, he was a thorough representative of the emblem on his standard—a lion when roused. His avocations frequently called him to the neighbouring market towns, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Burton-on-Trent, and so on: and during one of these excursions he met with the object which was so nearly to annihilate for ever, the prospects of his future comfort; Robert's humanity was always prompt and ready, and at that time there were many Frenchmen at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, whom the fortune of war had consigned to this country. His breast, as I have before observed, never harboured a thought that a Frenchman was not a brother, and one of Napoleon's officers, then a prisoner with us, was employing his talents for drawing, for the purpose of eking out the pittance which his misfortunes had left him. On Robert, the beauties of nature, the varying features of light and shade, the hill, the vale, the plain, the river, the wood and the mountain, had impressed a regard for an art which could describe and represent these peculiar objects of his attachment; desiring, therefore, to possess portraits of the scenery in his own immediate neighbourhood, as well as wishing to benefit the poor foreigner, he invited him to Ingleby. In the exercise of hospitality, Dudley was never excelled; though unversed in what are commonly called the refinements of polite life, there was a native delicacy in his behaviour and language, which was only surpassed by the unlimited bounty of his board; and if the viands were not of so luxurious a description as the habits of his casual guests might have accustomed them to, they were always seasoned with a welcome, a free and hearty welcome, which gave them an undefinable zest.

We are not the masters of our own destinies. Every action of our lives may, notwithstanding its original good intention, plunge us into an abyss of trouble. Every heart is not alike grateful—it is not in every bosom that we must expect a favour to be received in the spirit in which it was granted. So it proved in the present instance.

Robert was not one of those who do good by halves ;—his mind was not of so contracted a nature as to desire the sole possession of the artist's efforts. He thought (and thought truly) than an introduction to his neighbours and friends would be the best means of insuring the success of his protegé ; and with this view frequently took his inmate to the news room at the village inn. The French are proverbially a sober people. One evening, however, the glass had circulated more freely, and had taken more effect than was consistent with this observation. From the warmth of the liquor a corresponding warmth of temper resulted ; and Mons. De Boyet so far forgot the restraints which conventional politeness, and his present humiliating dependance, ought to have doubly enforced on his behaviour, as to insult his benefactor by referring to certain reverses which the British arms had sustained, and by sarcastic allusions to the discipline and effectiveness of the force of which Robert was a serjeant. This could not be submitted to. To fierce and angry altercations, menaces of a personally hostile nature succeeded. The farmer was indignant ; the artist would not apologize ; the farmer's house was closed against the further admission of his former friend, and Mons. De Boyet was under the necessity of returning to his old quarters at Ashby.

" Robert, dear Robert, what can have thus agitated you ? I really feel more than half intimidated by that dreadfully angry look which is so unbecoming to your features—features never intended to be the resting place of a frown," said Fanny, half sorrowfully, half reproachfully, to her lover on the evening in question, when he called as usual at the house of Mrs. Cartwright on the way to his own.

" I am vexed, Fanny, vexed for many reasons and with many people—nay, I fear I must add, with myself. I cannot to-night explain the cause of my uneasiness—you, my dearest—why look so sorrowfully ?—you, I pledge my word, have no participation in its cause. A little time, and the exercise of more discretion for the future, will entirely remove all apprehension of my being again subjected to the stinging reflections which I am now labouring under."

" It is not my province to elicit from an unwilling mind the source of its present annoyance. I would not, with unbecoming freedom, presume on the intimacy so long connecting us, as to persist in inquiring into a subject which is too certainly distressing you. But"—and here the kind-hearted girl was nearly overpowered by her emotion—" if—if I could alleviate by any effort of mine—if I could only assist in diminishing its poignancy—you surely do not doubt that that effort shall be made ? I cannot, although your words would imply such an inference, think for a moment that any act of your own can seriously and conscientiously afflict you ;—you who have always so well fulfilled every relative duty ;—and if its origin is in some sudden demand which my small store can supply, do allow me to offer that which ultimately *must* be at your disposal."

" Dear, dear Fanny, thank Heaven ! the kindness of your disposition did not require such a test. No, no ; 'tis only a trifle which, in your society, must soon be dispelled by happier feelings. I am not involved in any pecuniary difficulties : Providence has, I fear, by its gracious bounty in that and other respects, (your faithful love is not the least of them), made me less capable of performing the mutual offices that are laid upon mankind. Nevertheless, I cannot bear to accuse myself of injustice, nor would I willingly impute to others, motives for conduct of which I cannot approve ; let it be sufficient, (yet to your undeviating affection, a more explicit explanation were due) to state that my agitation is not the offspring of dishonor, though it may have had some affinity to pride. I will forget everything, except that you are with me."

On the morning succeeding the events above detailed, I was early pursuing my favourite amusement at the Hermit's Cave ; a shoal of bream, in the course of their annual peregrinations, had attracted the wonted accompaniment of hungry pike, which usually attends upon these movements, due notice of which had been transmitted by a friend of mine in the village, who promised to meet me at the rendezvous, with additional means of enjoying the anticipated sport. The morning was one of the loveliest.

(in the month of May) that ever roused a "brother of the angle" from his downy couch; the various objects of nature were rapidly progressing towards that maturity which an early spring had indicated; in fact, a more perfectly beautiful combination could scarcely be depicted by poetry or pencil. I had but just commenced operations, when a rustling among the sedges close by, followed by a moan so indicative of suffering, and so little in accordance with the cheerful sounds, unceasingly emitted by the thousand warblers around and above me, compelled me to suspend them, and seek an explanation of this startling and unexpected phenomenon. On searching among the rank and waving vegetation for a solution of my dilemma, I was soon convinced by one of the most piteous spectacles that ever engaged mortal eyes, that the noise, which I had almost surmised to have been the chimera of an imagination, ardently excited by the romantic solitude of my position, was in fact the apparently expiring groan of a fellow creature. Under other circumstances, and with the experience which years and travel have given me of the vicissitudes common to our lot, I should no doubt, have adopted such means as I possessed of assisting the wretched individual before me; but by a youth of fifteen, the immediate aid requisite could not be so promptly applied. Approaching death, under the mildest and most natural contingencies, must be to every mind, young or old, a subject of fearful contemplation; but connected with the hideous and disfiguring deformities of which I was then the spectator, it excited such sensations, as subsequent familiarity with similar occurrences has failed to supplant or suppress; and never in the course of my existence, in the chequered career of my life, have I felt more truly grateful at the appearance of a friend, than I did on the approach of my expected companion. With the ready tact of one whose residence is too far from surgical assistance in every case of emergency, my comrade assisted me in removing the body to a drier and more elevated spot on the bank; proceeding afterwards to instruct me by his example in the necessary steps to be taken to stem the ebbing current of life. At his suggestion I then rapidly set off to the village for such further assistance as I might procure, with which I was not long in returning. The object of our solicitude was still insensible, but having been washed and otherwise cleansed as far as means would allow, was soon recognized by the by-standers as the French artist; still it was impossible to acquire any precise information as to the causes of his misfortune, although it was sufficiently evident from the wounds on his face and head, and the bruised and lacerated condition of his hands, as well as the aspect of the place where I had found him, that it could not have been accidental. To carry him to the village and provide necessary professional attendance was the further care of some of us; whilst others, whose curiosity was predominant, busied themselves in conjectures as to the probable perpetrator of this murderous deed. Many minutes had not elapsed ere the latter party rejoined us, having picked up a walking stick a short distance below the place where the body was discovered, to which, as common opinion had already attributed the injuries of our patient, I forthwith directed my attention. A cursory glance instantly convinced me that I was no stranger to the stick, or to speak more logically, the stick was no stranger to me. In piscatory excursions, besides a rod and basket, most people are in the habit of carrying a stout walking stick, and an angler is generally as critically acute in judging of the respective merits of hazle, thorn, or ash, to assist him towards his destination, as he is of the tackle and baits most suitable on his arrival. The one under examination (a sapling of no ordinary dimensions) owed its appearance in its present shape to another branch of my private amusements, of which it would be imprudent to say more in this place, lest I should be self-convicted of *destroying plantations*, and had been presented by me to Robert Dudley.

A German writer (Kotzelme) has observed, that in one minute we can foresee the events of an age; my recognition of this disastrous staff did not falsify his remark. With the pardonable ambition of a juvenile wood-cutter, I had inscribed on it "From S. to R. D.;" any denial on my part, could not have disproved the ownership, nor the tendency of these literæ scriptæ; and the horrible truth flashed on my mind, that they would naturally lead to prejudicial suspicions. That Robert had actually committed the cowardly assault, I could not for a moment entertain, but as the stick was identified as his by numbers who were present at the altercation between him and De Boyet, the *probability* that it would inculpate him in the opinions of others was too flagrant to be doubted. To forewarn him of his danger was my first impulse; this however, was anticipated by his unexpected entrance amongst us, urged by rumour.

which circulated with the rapidity peculiar to country places, to come forward, and disprove, as he said, all knowledge or participation in the savage act. Whatever might be the propriety of the principle by which he was actuated in this respect, it availed nothing with a neighbouring magistrate, by whose orders, amid the astonishment and heartfelt regret of most of his acquaintance, he was removed under a strong escort to the county gaol.

Any words of mine are inadequate to describe the piercing agony with which this decree was received by her, whose existence had appeared to be wrapped up in his; nor will I attempt to convey a picture of the despairing and silent woe, which then assumed the place where happiness and beauty, content, and every cheerful grace had formerly presided. My own share in his commitment I felt to be insupportable; but compelled as I was to acknowledge the manner in which I had disposed of the weapon, I could find no alternative. To rectify the consequences of my testimony was seemingly impossible. I could speak the French language pretty well; but for several days De Boyet was incapable of uttering or understanding a syllable, and when he was so far recovered by the unremitting skill of the surgeon, as to be able to express his ideas, his communications threw no light, except what was unfavorable, on the subject. His intending assassin had, he said, come upon him so suddenly whilst he was taking the path by the river to get into the highroad to Ashby, and the thick foliage on that side so absolutely excluded the beams of the young moon, that he could not identify the features of his assailant: but a stout walking cane found in the prisoner's house, was instantly sworn to by him, as the one with which he had set out on his journey, a circumstance that was considered by too many as strong presumptive proof in support of the other collateral evidence against poor Robert. Not having time to defend himself, he added, there was no necessity for his antagonist to bear any reciprocal marks of the fray; and when the vengeance of the latter was satiated, mistaking their respective walking sticks was likely enough to happen.

Of all these bearings on the case, the public prosecutor did not fail to take advantage, and we could not but feel, notwithstanding the convalescence of De Boyet, that our friend's character, if not his life, was in a state of inextricable danger.

The time of the assizes arrived,—the grand jury were impanelled, and the first "true bill" returned was against Robert Dudley, for an offence, under Lord Ellenborough's Act, involving, if convicted, the certain forfeiture of his life. I will hurry over the subsequent scenes of this melancholy drama; I cannot even yet think calmly on the blasting, withering influence which my evidence seemed to cast on the heretofore blooming prospects of my respected friend; circumstantial though it was, as was all that was adduced against him, it was too pointed to miss its aim,—he was found *guilty*!

With a presentiment that Robert could not have degenerated into the vindictive ruffian which this verdict proclaimed him to be—that there was some mystery, which, if unravelled, would lay open his innocence to the world, I implored the judge to avert or suspend the terrific fate which threatened him. His lordship, although pleased to appreciate my motives, stated that his duty lay only in one line—the terms of the statute; and deprived me of every hope by pronouncing the awful sentence. I do not recollect anything further,—my brain reeled, and I fell senseless on the pavement.

* * * * *

"What o'clock is it?" asked I, of a person whom I saw at my bedside, "and where am I?"

"Past one, Sir," replied my attendant, in a very low voice, "but you must not talk, the doctor says it may bring your fit on again."

The dreadful scenes I had so recently been a performer in, immediately recurred to my burning reflections; and the certainty that I had been instrumental in the ignominious death of one whose uniform conduct to me had been that of an indulgent and affectionate elder brother, sunk with redoubled force on my riven heart. Whether it was already Thursday, whether the soul of my murdered friend had already gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns, I dared not inquire; but burying my face in the pillow, too wretchedly conscious of the misery of my future pilgrimage, from the act of which I had been the involuntary cause, to desire further communication with mankind, I passively submitted to the torments that engrossed me.

From this state of apathy I was roused by feeling one of my hands clasped in that of another person ; and whilst I silently awaited its transference to my wrist, supposing that my physician had visited me, I heard the audible sobs of some one who evidently felt greater interest in me, than that very respectable, but matter of fact, functionary. Imagine my surprise, on turning round to ascertain the source of this unlooked-for sympathy, to find that it emanated from him whom I had numbered with the dead ! His countenance was pale, but his hand was warm, and I soon learned by the introduction of a third person into our circle, that when despair of all assistance had nearly severed the tie by which he desired to live, a beneficent Providence had watched over and protected him.

On the arrival of the judge at Leicester, the next assize town on the circuit, a culprit was brought before him of notoriously bad character, and convicted among other crimes, of a long continued practice of sheep stealing. The convict had no hope of pardon ; with a view, therefore, of alleviating as much as possible the burden which weighed so oppressively on his conscience, he confessed a deed to the chaplain of the prison, which more than all the rest of his sinful catalogue, awakened his dormant fears. Engaged one night in May at Anchor Hall, in laying "night lines," (a species of poaching to which he was much addicted) he was suddenly interrupted in his illegal occupation by the game keeper of the manor ; irritated at this, and goaded on by the desire of vengeance for acts of severity which he considered the keeper had inflicted on him on previous similar occasions, he took advantage of the opportunity and beat his victim to death with a heavy blackthorn hedge stake. This intelligence was instantly conveyed to the bench, to whom it was soon made clear, that the poor Frenchman had been the mistaken object of the poacher's fury. A reprieve was consequently transmitted to Derby, with all the swiftness with which horses could convey it ; and one of the first objects of Robert's solicitude on being restored to "thoughts of earth, and earthly things," was myself, generously, and I believe truly, declaring that he felt more for my situation, than he could have done for his own.

Little further explanation is necessary. The walking stick of Mons. De Boyet (who with a warmth of manner, and politeness of expression that did him infinite honor, shortly presented himself to congratulate his former patron) had been exchanged during their abrupt and hurried departure from the King's Arms ; and I will only add that this trial was of the most beneficial effect in softening the asperities of party feeling among the inhabitants, and every one acknowledged how dangerous might have been the event of substituting appearances and prejudice, for calm and deliberate investigation.

By the possession of Fanny, who soon afterwards became his wife—by the respect of all ranks—by a family every way worthy of such parents, Robert Dudley has been compensated for this most distressing visitation ; and with the performance of his extended duties as husband and father, he still connects those of the good-natured, hospitable and considerate neighbour and friend.

SIGMA.

Exhortation Lodge, Ashton-under-Lyne.

ADDRESS TO THE STEAM ENGINE.

HAIL ! thou proud triumph of consummate art,
So perfect in thy every form and part ;
Which ever art obedient, faithful found,
Moving perpetual thine untiring round.
With power unlimited, thou seemest rife
With sense and knowledge, wanting only life.
Down in the earth, where jewels of more worth
Lie hid than ever blaz'd from sceptres forth—
Where the bright sun was never seen to shine,
Thou work'st laborious in the gloomy mine ;
And bring'st its treasures open to the view,—
And mak'st them fit for man's convenience too.

Lo ! on the trackless, vast, unfathom'd deep,
 Whilst furious winds, in vain, remorseless sweep,
 Yon vessel every wild blast proudly braves,
 And rides triumphant o'er the vassal waves.
 By thine unseen mysterious aid impelled,
 As by a power that may not be withheld ;
 Though gales may blow, and waves in mountains rise,
 Queen like, o'er ocean's heaving breast she flies,
 Whilst clouds of smoke, in volumes mark her way,
 As forth she moves amid the dashing spray.

Next mark we, on this iron-railed road
 Thy power, quick drawing th' herculean load ;
 On with a speed, and such resistless force,
 As ne'er belong'd to fabled *winged horse*.*
 Through tunnels, wrought throughout the solid rock,
 Onwards it flies without the slightest shock ;
 From hill to hill, on bridges thrown on high,
 Or at a rate that mocks the traveller's eye.
 O'er valleys blooming verdantly below,
 And rivers gliding with unheeded flow ;
 Onwards—still onwards, fleet^{er} than the wind,
 Whilst nature's objects vanish far behind.

Oh ! wondrous, perfect, beautiful machine,
 What source of wealth and labour hast thou been ;
 Of all her trophies, Britain's truest pride,
 How nobly hast thou all her wants supplied.
 By thine assistance chiefly did she gain,
 And by thine aid alone must she maintain
 That rank, that glory, that superb renown,
 In arts and commerce which is all her own.
 How vain, how bootless, were the task to trace,
 The many works of art thou dost embrace ;
 Since almost every comfort we possess,
 Even to the veriest article of dress—
 To thee we owe—to thine unceasing play,
 Which ever movest on from day to day.

And shall the bright, the heaven-descended muse,
 Inspir'd by thee, unwillingly refuse
 The meed of praise, the well-earned tribute, that
 So much belongs to thee, illustrious Watt ?
 No ! kings may lord it o'er the human race,
 And lordlings revel in the sweets of place ;
 Thy name a far more welcome echo brings,
 Than that which sounds from lordling's graves, or kings.
 Whilst these ephemera of the passing day,
 Are sunk and rotting in their kindred clay,
 Their deeds, their names, remember'd then no more,
 Thy name shall flourish brighter than before ;
 Firm—as the work which thou hast left behind,
 The proudest triumph of man's mighty mind !

Ventworth Lodge, Malton, April, 1837.

BETA.

ODD FELLOWS.

ODD FELLOWS abound in England. Every country town has, at least, two or three of them ; there is scarcely a club, a regiment, or a *coterie*, without its Odd fellow. It is truly astonishing by what minute particulars this infirmity may be de-

* The winged horse in the *Arabian Nights Tales*.

tected in persons who are otherwise tolerably rational. In one man it transpires in a broad-brimmed hat, and a coachman's upper benjamin ; or lurks in another in an obstinate rejection of suspenders, who exhibits himself in short tights, and white stockings on a November morning. Again, there are odd fellows who can only smoke their pipe in comfort, at a certain house, in a certain chair, at a certain corner of the fire place, or using tobacco from a certain tobacconist ; a person of this frame of mind will send a mile for a pound of tea, which might be got as good or better at the next door. And there are odd fellows of rare and splendid talent, who become stark mad once in every twenty-four hours, if their dinner is not punctually served to a minute, at the one uniform and appointed hour ; there are some oddities who are never at ease when there is a petticoat in the room, because it reminds them of some early disappointment ; so likewise there are odd fellows who banish their whole kin from their house, because they were once cheated by a first cousin, or suspected an attack upon their last will and testament by some nephew, and what proves the oddness of such fancies, is the fact the same odd fellow leaving his property to those very relations he has thus sedulously shunned. There are odd fellows who cannot endure an attorney, and whom it is impossible to persuade to sign their name, though their signature is of the utmost importance to retain their property, and all on account of the odd hatred for the legal gentry. There are some who would rather die than take a dose of physic. Again, there are odd landlords who have a restless impatience when any one interferes with the management of the fire ; and are no less uneasy if any one should open and read the newspaper, when it comes from the post, though he should not be in the house to take precedence : and I have known some odd chaps who keep a particular room, or "glory hole" for their own use, into which they will suffer no one to intrude, and fall into a paroxysm of absolute fury, if the house-maid should presume to dust and arrange it.

Among the many varieties of odd fellows, there are none more intolerable than those who seek notoriety by what they call—speaking their mind. They tread upon the corns of their neighbour's fine feelings—they call up the blush of shame, or the red-hot spot of indignation by malapropos allusions, and probe the half-skinned wounds of affliction with a detestable *sang froid*, in the hope of being stared at ;—they ought to have a horse-whipping for their pains.

But of all pretenders to oddity, the Society of Odd Fellows who assume to themselves that title *par excellence*, and who congregate in clubs for the sake of being facetious, are in every way the most worthy of the appellation. Essentially communicative, and friendly in their manners, there is one genuine point of oddity about them, that is, that they can find amusement in their odd society, by aiding and assisting each other in sickness and distress, and in that social and uninterrupted flow of harmony and good humour, which ever forms the great characteristic of their order ; and I can assure my readers that they are at bottom an agreeable, odd, friendly, and humane sort of people, who care little about the attention of the world, as they neither wish nor claim it, but confine their pretensions and oddities to their own club room, where, should the reader ever be inclined to have an odd peep or two, he will find much to admire in their odd manners towards each other, much to approve in their odd regulations and order, and the odd way in which it is maintained, and I hope little to condemn 'in our odd name.

VESTA.

SONG.

Tune—"SCOTS WAE HÆ."

YE who oft assemble here,
 Ye who mystic rites revere,
 Welcome with a hearty cheer,
 And a good intent ;
 Now's the time, and here's the place,
 We the sons of friendship grace,
 Still to meet and part in peace,
 Let our minds be bent.

To a cause sent from above,
 Striving to unite in love,
 Who is he would traitor prove—
 Let him turn and flee ;
 Who for the Odd Fellow's cause,
 Firmly will support its laws,
 Spite of its inveterate foes,
 Welcome him to me.

By the good that has been done,
 Since the Order first begun,
 Let us strive to travel on
 In the generous road ;
 Throwing every fear aside,
 Virtue being our only guide,
 Till at last we shall abide
 In heaven with our God.

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS

Was presented to the Lodges in the Birmingham District, upon establishing a Widow and Orphans' Fund.

WORTHY OFFICERS AND BROTHERS,

You have now submitted to you a copy of laws which have been drawn up for the government of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, an Institution which needs nothing to be said in its favour to recommend it to a generous and sympathizing community, such as the I. O. of O. F.

Our Order has been from its very infancy, a feeling child of nature ; being always touched with a lively sense of feeling for every appearance of distress, and ever ready if not entirely to remove the evil, yet as much as possible, to mitigate it. Such has been its principles, and such has been its practices in its childhood—as such it was conceived and brought into the world by its first founders—as such it was nourished and brought up by its first supporters—and as such it has always been esteemed by all the friends of humanity who have understood its objects and its principles ; and, as it grew up, it became more and more useful, and more and more valued on account of its manifold and valuable Institutions, till now it has arrived at maturity, and become the most useful and the most respected Society of which the country can boast. It improves the minds and the morals of its members, (that is if they follow its precepts) it is calculated to enlarge the attributes of benevolence and charity, and improve every other faculty of the human soul ; it inspires, or ought to inspire, its members with a tender regard for each other's welfare ; it encourages love and friendship amongst us, and cultivates every other social virtue. Such are the privileges which Odd Fellowship affords to every brother of the Order ; and then, the advantages which it holds out to individuals who may be unfortunate either in health or circumstances, are of themselves sufficient to raise it above the contempt of the proud, or the prejudice of the ignorant. First, it provides a resting place for the weary traveller, whose circumstances compel him to wander from his home, and while it affords him necessary subsistence on his journey, it meets him everywhere with that cordial friendship, which cheers his drooping spirits—animates his hopes—and causes him to go on his lonely way rejoicing : and should affliction's heavy hand lay a brother prostrate on a bed of sickness—'tis then that our Order displays its blessings—'tis then that meek eyed pity beams with tenderness—'tis then the heart of sympathy throbs with kind emotion—'tis then the hand of charity overflows with kindness, each feels a portion of a brother's suffering, each strives to mitigate a brother's pain. And should all-conquering death extinguish the vital spark of life, and snatch him from his family or friends, Odd Fellowship attends him even to his grave, and performs in mournful friendship, its last sad duty to his cold remains ; and should he leave a tender wife, or darling child to

mourn in silent sorrow, and in deep distress deplore their loss—'tis then, alas! what then? Ah! hapless widow! ah! friendless child!—'tis then that something yet remains for the warm heart of charity to perform,—for you, 'tis then, if ever the human heart was wont to bleed—'tis then it must be touched with pity—'tis then it must expand with sympathy, to see the heart-broken widow, with palid cheek, and sunken eye of grief, pining away a life of wretchedness, without a friend to mitigate her sorrows—to hear a young and darling child asking a despairing mother for a crust of bread, without a friend or father nigh to satisfy their craving wants, and shelter from inclement poverty—to see them both together looking round the world with mournful eye, and find themselves destitute of every comfort which the world affords. This surely calls aloud for pity, and shall the call be made in vain?—shall we, sympathize with a brother's afflictions, and disregard the sorrows of his helpless family?—shall we render prompt assistance in a brother's sickness, and yet neglect the cry of those more dear to him than health and life itself?—shall we assemble round a brother's bier, and pay our last devotion to his mouldering dust, and pass unheeding by the cheerless cot of those he left behind? Forbid it heaven! forbid it Odd Fellowship! and how can we pay greater respect to a departed brother than by protecting his helpless widow and children from the heart-rending pangs of misery, and the chilling hand of poverty: for if we were to ask a dying brother for his last request, doubtless he would answer with his quivering breath,—oh! protect my wife and children from danger and distress!

It is for this purpose that this Institution is about to be established, and need I say more to induce you all to join in such a benevolent work as this, need I say more to convince you of its importance? No: I know you all have hearts that will cheerfully respond to such a call as this; for doubtless, if they were permitted, the very dead would rise out of their tombs to bless the friends of the fatherless, and be assured such actions are noticed by the angels in heaven, and will as surely be rewarded hereafter. But there are many of you who never bore a husband or a father's name, and therefore, perhaps, you may not fully appreciate a father's feelings; but although you have never been in that situation, yet the time may come when you may all have wives and children, and then they will be entitled to the benefit of your labours, if they should, by adverse fortune, be in circumstances to require it. And now, I hope, that none of you will suffer such a laudable Institution to want your support, when such a trifle will entitle you to all its benefits, for you must know that it is left optional with brothers, whether they become subscribers to it or not; and indeed I think it would be an insult to the generous feelings of true Odd Fellows, to make a law compelling him to join in such a generous work, without giving him a chance of showing the benevolence of his heart by joining voluntarily; and as it only wants the Widow and Orphans' Fund to complete the usefulness and the lustre of our Order, I hope that in a little time this gem will be added also, and then this great community will stand pre-eminently above all others for its charitable Institutions, and become the most glorious diadem of the world, making the rugged path of life as smooth as possible by all the means humanity can devise, and rendering our journey through this vale of tears as pleasant as possible, by all the means good humour can invent, at the same time pointing out the road to true happiness in another and a better world.

ADDRESS FROM THE EARL OF SEFTON LODGE, MANCHESTER.

At a Quarterly Committee of the Earl of Sefton Lodge, held on the 16th day of January, 1837, the following Address was unanimously agreed upon:—

TO THE G. M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

GENTLEMEN AND BRETHREN,

On ordinary occasions it would have been an act of supererogation on our part to have thus addressed you; but we feel impelled by a sense of duty, as well as inclination, to offer you our warmest acknowledgments for the energy, promptitude, and wisdom, you have displayed, during a period of agitation, unexampled in the history of the Manchester District.

We have viewed, with feelings of ineffable disgust, the conduct of certain individuals amongst us, who, regardless of their most solemn promises, have wickedly conspired to subvert the laws and usages of our most excellent Institution, and thereby sow the seeds of anarchy and discord upon its ruins.

To you, Gentlemen and Brethren, our meed of praise is due, for your unflinching perseverance in exposing and bringing to justice, the guilty authors of such atrocities.

Our sincere and fervent wishes are, that you may long enjoy the esteem and confidence of your fellow-men, especially the members of the Manchester District; but above all, may you derive the best of all possible rewards, viz :—the inward satisfaction arising from a self-approving conscience.

We remain, Gentlemen and Brethren, on behalf of the members of the EARL OF SEFTON LODGE,

In the Bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth,

JOHN LINGS N. G.
JAMES CHAPMAN, V. G.
JOHN POTTER, Sec.
SAMUEL WARD, P. G.

A RAMBLE INTO THE WOODS AND WHAT THE WRITER SAW THERE.

(From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.)

'Twas about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages' and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had stretched myself in languid listlessness on the bank of a stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed around me, and gradually sinking into a state of unconsciousness of the world and all its hold; I lapsed into a state of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse croaking voice, exclaiming—"Cruel, savage monster! what does he here?" I looked round and could only perceive a hawk, seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me, as I fancied, with a peculiar expression of hostility. In a few moments I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper—"I dare say the blood-thirsty villain has been setting traps for us." I at first could see nothing from which the voice could proceed, but at the same time imagined I could distinguish a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seem commingled; my curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose, as they seemed very much excited, and in a great passion, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

"Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep," cried an eagle, "for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don't require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living by prey." "Let me scratch his eyes out," screamed a hawk, "for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his farm yard, though I am dying with hunger; and come in open day to claim my natural indefeasible rights."

"Ay, ay," barked a fox, "he interferes in the same manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen and roost in the night, that I may not disturb him."

"Agreed!" hissed a snake, "for he wont let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature; and kills me according to scripture."

"Agreed!" said a great fat spider who sat in his nest, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects, "agreed, for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labours on all occasions."

"By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle fly, "for he will not let me tickle his nose on a hot summer day, though he must see that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

"Kill him!" cried a little ant who ran fuming and fretting about at a furious rate,

"kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than I do killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider. "The less you say about that, the better," whispered the spider.

"Odds, fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the water, "odds, fish! kill the monster, by all means; hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable appetite."

"To be sure," said a worm, "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for although I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only for his amusement."

"I consent," cooed a dove, "for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate widow."

"He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider.

"He has drowned all my kittens," mewed the cat.

"He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty."

"He is a treacherous cunning villain," barked the fox.

"He has no more bowels than a wolf," screamed the hawk.

"He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle.

"He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all with one voice.

I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was thinking how I might slip away from hearing these unpleasant reproaches, but my curiosity kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was, as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

"I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle.

"I'll tear out his eyes," screamed the hawk.

"I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox.

"I'll sting him home," hissed the snake.

"I'll poison him," said the spider.

"I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly.

"I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

"I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

"And I'll—and I'll," said the worm,—“What will you do poor devil?” exclaimed the rest in a titter. “What will I do? why I’ll eat him after he is dead,” replied Sir worm; and then he strutted about until he unwarily came so near that he slipped into the brook, and was snapped up in a moment by the trout. The example was contagious.

"Oh! are you for that sport?" mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

"Tit for tat!" barked Reynard, and snatching puss up in his teeth, was off like a shot.

"Since it is the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle," and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.

"By your leave," said the toad, and snapped at the spider in less than no time.

"You ugly thief of the world," hissed the snake in great wrath, and indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

"What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones," cooed the dove, and

picked up the ant and was flying away with it in quite a sentimental way, when the hawk seeing this, screamed out—

“What a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence hath ordered that I should eat her.”

He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his eyry, on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove, then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, “what a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!”

“Humph!” exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half asleep: “hump! a man is not so much worse than his neighbours after all.”

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE fable of the Old Man and his Ass, “who, in striving to please everybody, pleased nobody,” one would imagine had got into the heads of some of the readers of your excellent Magazine, which is fast becoming a source of information and intelligence to the whole Order. Still it seems to be the very nature of some people to find fault with that which they cannot mend. Thus we hear one man complaining of there being too much repetition and returning of thanks for medals and gifts, which are of no importance but to those who receive them. Others assert that there is too much extraneous matter selected from works that every one has read before—nothing original! Some complain of anniversaries being reported with an everlasting sameness, while others insist it is sufficient to hear a sermon preached on a Sunday, but a complete bore to read one afterwards in the Magazine. I fear these latter gentry are not over-religious.

Now, Sir, I would advise all these fault-finders just to try their own skill at composition, and I doubt not their united efforts might probably enlighten and astonish the whole Order—at least, in their own opinion. But as some of these gentry may wish to know who and what I am, I have been some time in deciding whether I should satisfy them or not; for—as I care for nobody, and as I am not yet at the bar—I do not feel inclined or bound to answer to my name. In the second place there are very few men who can give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever so hard—but this is not my case; and thirdly, it is nobody’s business—or if it were, I do not hold myself bound to attend to anybody’s business but my own, and even that I take the liberty of neglecting whenever it suits my own convenience. Willing, however, to gain that friendly opinion at first, which I am certain of ultimately possessing, I am anxious to spare my brother officers the trouble of making a thousand conjectures,—not one of which would be worth a tobacco-stopper,—by informing them, that as I do not write for money, neither will I write for *fame*, knowing too well the variable nature of public opinion to build my hopes upon it. I therefore care not a fig what people think of me. I shall write when I please, and what I please—in short, I shall write for no other earthly purpose but to please myself, and this I am certain of doing, because I have determined beforehand to be pleased with what I write; so I spare myself the trouble of any further explanation, because I hate trouble, and hold the man who would unnecessarily incur it in the most supreme and ineffable contempt.

While I continue to write prose, I shall write merrily, being decidedly of opinion that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump jolly dame, who sits in her arm-chair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life, and takes the world as it goes.

It is frequently a source of great mortification to a writer, who for the amusement of himself, and those who may chance to read his lucubrations, that he cannot employ his leisure hours in sketching an odd character from mere imagination, but every Jack Pudding conceives it is pointed directly at himself; or if he throws a fool’s cap among the crowd, every queer fellow will insist upon putting it on his own head, and write

his name under it. Now, however, I may be mortified at these characters supposing themselves of sufficient consequence to engage my attention ;—I should not care a rush, if they did not get into a passion and complain of being ill-used ;—yet it is but natural that when a man gets a thwack in a crowd to suppose the blow was intended exclusively for himself, and so fall into anger. But I do assure these good people that I would not, for all the money in my best purse, willingly hurt the feelings of any single mortal upon earth—therefore, as I am about to exhibit a cap and bells, I do beseech my good-natured readers not to get into a passion, or place the cap on their heads before they are certified of its being a fit.

And now, gentle reader, allow me to introduce to your acquaintance my most esteemed and highly respected friend and brother, Mr. Nicholas Fuzz—a humourist by nature, a very little man, but of the true gunpowder temper—one flash and all is over. It is true, when the wind is in the east, or he happens to hear of a new peer being created, or a pension granted, he is apt to become a little splenetic, and heaven help the man who happens to cross his humour at that moment. I would not lose one of his splenetic bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe. I assure you, in these moments, he is actually sublime, and blazes forth like a volcano against king, lords and pensioners. He is one of the most inveterate little radicals I ever knew, and no persuasion could ever induce him to join in our national anthem when closing the Lodge, until we came to Rule Britannia,—then burst forth his mighty voice in all its power and melody, and, when acting as N. G., Fuzz would slip out of the chair, and out of the Lodge if possible, while his right-supporter gave our usual toast “The King.”

The death of William Cobbett had nearly proved the death of Nicholas Fuzz. He had pinn'd his faith to the infallibility of that great man—all he said and all he did was gospel, in the opinion of poor Fuzz—and he once actually caused a Lodge of emergency to be called, to consider the propriety of withdrawing the funds of the Lodge from the Savings Bank, merely because Cobbett had said, in his *Register*, “that Government had withdrawn fifteen millions to liquidate the proprietors' claims on the abolition of slavery in our West India Colonies,” and insists, to this day, “that if Cobbett had said the word, the Bank of England itself would have been broken.” He is also a particular friend to the Clergy, and I have heard him exclaim, in one of his paroxysms of loyalty, “that he should like to see the whole church militant whigs and tories, tied together and frizzling on Cobbett's gridiron,” though I really believe he has too much of the milk of human kindness to hurt a worm, were it in his power to do so.

He is, moreover, a very learned little man, and I verily believe, had he been brought up at Oxford or Cambridge, he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of senior wrangler. Should you get into an argument with him, you would be overwhelmed in a trice by such a number of syllogisms, and high sounding words, as would almost annihilate you with astonishment. Only permit him to take a synopsis of the case, and he will prove, to a demonstration, “that water never can, of its own accord, rise above its own level—that air is certainly the principle of life, and that not a particle of the flesh upon a man's bones is the same at forty as it was when he was born—that there is no difference betwixt frogs and toads, the one being male and the other female,—knows it to be a fact—is confident the world goes round, and that the moon is inhabited.”

Fuzz is, moreover, an inveterate punster ;—you can scarcely make an observation, but whack ! he throws a whole handful of puns in your face, like a bowl of cold water. Notwithstanding this, he is one of the most humane and benevolent of little men in the whole town of Gotham. Should a man be in sickness or distress, let him but apply to Fuzz and he will obtain relief and assistance—if it be possible for man to obtain it—and it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that Nicholas Fuzz has collected more money in this way than any other man in Gotham. I have often sat in silent admiration, listening to him, when pleading the cause of some poor soul or other in distress. No sooner does he rise than the hubbub of a whole room ceases, as if by magic. He will then address them individually and collectively—he will take a synopsis of the case, and ply them with analogies and corollaries, and amalgamate them all together, to the utter astonishment of many who may be seen with their mouths wide open, listening to such words as they never heard before in the whole course of their

existence ; and I have often wondered how or where he obtained such a number of hard words, though I have been told that he attends a certain society of book-worms, who dedicate two hours every Sunday morning for the purpose of grubbing up all the obsolete terms, apophthegms, syllogisms, and far-fetched words in the English tongue ; yet I am inclined to believe this a fudge.

But would you see *Nicholas Fuzz* in all his glory, it is when presiding at a Harmonic or Free and Easy—here he is truly great : the power and compass of his voice is such as rarely fails to astonish and delight all that hear him. The last twenty years *Nicholas Fuzz* had no rival in vocal abilities : so great was his fame in this line, that I have been informed it has actually reached the shores of America—his health being frequently proposed and drunk by the good people of *New York*, at their harmonic festivals—and I very believe, were *Free and Easys* suspended by *habeas-corpus*, the end of *Nicholas Fuzz* would most assuredly be near at hand. Here in his glory, year after year, at the head or tail of a Free and Easy, sits *Nicholas Fuzz* every live-long night in the week but one, and that one he dedicates to Odd Fellowship. Lastly, *Nicholas Fuzz* is, without exception, one of the greatest little public men in the whole town of Gotham.

Brighton, 1837.

VESTA.

PARTY SPIRIT.

“**BEHOLD** how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

THAT “union is strength,” is an universally acknowledged axiom ; yet strange to say—evident as is the necessity of union, and self-evident as is the above proposition—the conduct of some of the brethren would seem to shew, that they do not see the necessity of the one, nor feel the truth and force of the other.

If union is strength, the stability and permanency of every community, whether small or great, must necessarily depend on close union. It must be, therefore, of paramount importance, that in all our Lodges, there should be unity of purpose—unity of interests—and a most cordial co-operation in everything relating to the good and welfare of them, if they are to go on in any way like comfort and prosperity. I feel the delightful assurance that such *is* the real state of many, very many of our Lodges, presenting the pleasing spectacle so well described in the words of the poet—

“How blest the sight, the joy how sweet,
When brothers join’d with brothers meet
In bands of mutual love.”

And surely none other than a demon could look upon such scenes with indifference, and have no desire to participate in such happiness, where

“—Kind desires to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.”

This is as it should be ; but it is not universally so among us. That there is *not* harmony and co-operation in *all* our Lodges, the closing of some, and the languid state of others, too plainly shew. To what is this attributable ? I think that it is owing in a great measure, if not altogether, to the blighting and union-destroying influences of party spirit ; though I doubt not that some of our Lodges may have been closed from other causes, but that Lodges have been broken up by the cause here assigned, are facts which have come under my own cognizance.

It is to be exceedingly regretted, that anything like a factious and disorderly spirit, should be found invading the almost sacred retirement of the Lodge, where nothing but harmony and unanimity ought to prevail. Sometimes a little misunderstanding, or difference of opinion, which ought to be met with calm and temperate discussion, will call up in the breasts of those who have little command of temper, (perhaps ren-

thatched building of a single story, and has a sign affixed, bearing this inscription, "Burns' Cottage—Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof on the *twenty-ninth** of January, 1759." Two small rooms occupy the whole of the floor of the house, in one of which is a recess where stood the bed in which the poet was born." His father was a small farmer, and is represented as a man of sound understanding and of the strictest integrity. When about fourteen our bard was sent to the parish school, where he went through the usual routine of instruction, and also obtained some knowledge of the French and Latin languages: he was chiefly noticed for an intense desire for reading, and an extremely retentive memory.

According to Burns' own account he was about sixteen years of age when he first "committed the sin of rhyme," and that little busy-body—love, appears to have been his first inspirer. The youthful bard was at that period a constant attendant on the duties of the farm, and was smitten by the charms of a virgin work-mate; as it is, or was then, the custom in that part to set a man and woman as partners in the harvest field; he thus describes her, many years after, in a letter to Dr. Moore,—“My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom,—she was a *bonny, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below!” He continues in the same letter, “a collection of songs was my vade mecum, I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true tender or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice, much of my critic craft, such as it is.”

Burns continued with his father, working on the farm, till he was near twenty-three, when he entered into a partnership in a flax dressing concern at Irvine; he was probably tempted to this step from a desire to establish himself in some business of his own, and he did not think it probable he could raise sufficient capital to take a farm; his hopes, however, were soon blighted, for he had not been engaged in this business more than six months, when the shop was burnt, all the stock consumed, and he was left nearly penniless. His father also about this time experienced great misfortunes; his affairs were reduced almost to ruin, and he was, says his son, “just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which stepped in and carried him away to where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.”

Meanwhile our poet had, in conjunction with his brother, taken a farm, to the management of which they applied themselves with great assiduity; but what with the natural sterility of the soil, and the misfortune of a very bad harvest, they were compelled to leave it; and the bard seems for some time to have been uncertain what way to direct his steps. His embarrassment was considerably increased by a connexion he had formed with a young woman, named Jean Armour, which was continued in secret for a length of time, until the consequences of their indiscretion became too visible to be longer concealed; Burns offered every reparation in his power, and it is said that they were privately married; her father, however, was so strongly opposed to the match, that the connexion was discontinued, and she remained at her father's house till, after several years, they were regularly married. The old man was averse to his daughter's marriage both on account of the poverty of her suitor, and also from the levity of his conduct; indeed by Burns' own acknowledgment, he was far more impelled by passion, than guided by prudence; “my heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare of this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, sometimes mortified with repulse.” He was so much vexed with this occurrence, that he resolved to go to Jamaica, but previous to finally determining this step, he was induced to publish a volume of his “rhymes,” which were now much talked of in the neighbourhood. An edition of 600 copies was accordingly printed at Kilmarnock, of which number about 350 were previously subscribed for; the rapidity with which this impression was disposed off, made him eager to publish a second edition, but he found so many obstacles in the way, that he was on the point of relinquishing the design,

* There is some uncertainty as to which of the above dates are correct,—the 25th is generally supposed to be.

and of going abroad, when he received a letter from Dr. Blacklock, who had seen a copy of his poems, promising him assistance in publishing a second edition on a larger scale, and strongly urging him to come over to Edinburgh for that purpose. To Edinburgh he accordingly went in 1786, and in a few months a second edition was published; he was patronized by all the literati of Edinburgh, and introduced into the first circles of rank and fashion, and wherever he went he was the object of interest and admiration. Having cleared near £500. by this edition, he returned home, and took a tour through a great part of the highlands; he visited the tombs of Allan Ramsey, and of Ferguson, and was the guest of great numbers of the gentry and nobility, whose seats were in his route,—among others, he was entertained by the Duke of Athol, at his princely mansion at Blain, and by the Duke of Gordon, at Fochabers. Fortune seemed now to smile on him. While the guest of one of these noblemen, he discovered that many books in the library were eaten through by worms, while from the appearance of the gilding on the leaves, it was evident they had never been read; he wrote the following impromptu on the blank leaf of a Shakspeare, which was discovered soon after his visit:—

“Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings;
But oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.”

But this was not long to last; the nobility, when the first impulse of curiosity had ceased, wearied of the poetic ploughman, and found that his genius and skill were not sufficient apologies for his plebeian blood. The quick eye of Burns was not tardy in detecting this change, and ere long he was again in his native place. With the money he had cleared by his second edition, he took a farm at Ellisland, near Dumfries; the situation was delightful, but unfortunately, no beauty of landscape can make amends for sterility of soil, a fact our bard soon discovered to his cost; he also built a house on the farm, and shortly after was married to “his lovely Jean:” this event took place in 1788, and it is now the gloomy part of our history commences. The farm, as stated before, was of unkindly soil, and required much expence and tillage; in addition to which, the weather of the first harvest was extremely unfavourable, and what was worst of all, the little he had seen of high life, had given him a distaste for the close attention and labour now absolutely necessary, which was increased by the avidity with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his society, and the equal avidity with which he mixed in their company. It was soon evident that the farm could not support his family, so that he began to consider of some means of increasing his income, and shortly obtained a subordinate situation in the excise, at a very trifling salary; he thus speaks of this change in a letter to Dr. Blacklock:—

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
Parnassian queens,* I fear, I fear,
Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, aing and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is,
'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart quite proud is,
I need nae vaunt;
But I'll aned besoms—thraw suagh woodies,
Before they want.

* The Muses.

After this appointment, Burns seems to have quite abandoned the farm, and after an ineffectual attempt by his wife to manage it, they left it and retired to Dumfries in 1791. About this time, Earl Glencairn died; he was the only one of Burns' *patrician friends*, who ever rendered him any assistance when his necessities most required it; that he was not unmindful of these favours, or ungrateful for them afterwards, the following lines, written as a tribute to his memory, will show,—

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sac sweetly on her knee,—
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me.

Burns now entered much into political society, and the liberality of his opinions, and the ardour of his mind, led him to express sentiments, anything but congenial to the commissioners of excise; he was narrowly watched, and at length threatened with dismissal. He was however, suffered to remain, *after a severe reprimand*, a circumstance which galled and irritated his sensitive spirit, more than all his previous misfortunes, and was undoubtedly the means of urging him to greater lengths in the career of dissipation, which ended in an untimely grave. His health began to decline, and the pressure of poverty was felt heavier than before; he had hitherto refused all pecuniary assistance, though frequently offered by his friends, but he was now obliged to become a suppliant. The spirit in which this was done, shows that it required no small bending of his independent spirit; writing to a friend (Mr. Thomson) he says,—“after all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds, &c.”

From October, 1795, to the following January, he was confined to the house; a few days after he had sufficiently recovered to go out, he caught a severe cold, by being imprudently out late at night, which brought on an attack of rheumatism. In June he went to Brow, in Annandale, to try sea-bathing, but his strength gradually declined; and at the same time his complaint was aggravated by the desolate condition of his family, and the reflection that it was, in a great measure, the consequences of his own imprudence. On the 18th of July, he returned to Dumfries, but the shadow of his former self; on the second and third day after his arrival, his strength rapidly diminished, and on the fourth, the bard of Scotland was no more.

His death was no sooner announced than a general gloom seemed to pervade Dumfries; and numbers who had beheld his poverty with apathy and indifference, now rose up to do him honor,—such a strange being is man. He was interred in the church yard of that town, and was followed to the grave by thousands of spectators, as well as by the corps of Dumfries volunteers, of which he was a member. During his last illness, he had particularly requested that he might not be buried with military honors, but on the conclusion of the ceremony, the corps fired the usual volleys over the grave; in addition to the volunteers, a regiment of infantry, and another of cavalry, stationed at Dumfries, attended the funeral.

Thus died Robert Burns, in the prime of life and zenith of his talents, the victim of poverty, intemperance, and a wounded spirit. His remains had not been long in the tomb, when his countrymen began to consider the extent of their loss, and a splendid monument was erected over his grave; many years after, the subject was again brought into notice, and another monument was founded near his birth place, on the 25th of January, 1820, which was afterwards finished in a style of the greatest magnificence, at an expence of several thousand pounds. Had but one half the money expended on these trophies been raised during his life, he might have been removed from the galling drudgery of a *guager*, and have been placed in that station of society, for which his talents and genius fitted him, and continued for another score years to have delighted his country with the productions of his pen; as it was, how truly has it been said, he

“————— Ask'd for better bread,
And has gotten a marble tomb instead.”

The works of Burns are now so well known that it is needless to go into detail respecting them ; they are rich in humour and tenderness, and in some instances are not deficient in sublimity ; his sensibility was his chief characteristic, and if some poets excel him in grace and harmony, he is inferior to none in ease and freedom of expression. His works bear the marks of ardour and genius, rather than of study, owing, no doubt, to his great sensibility, and the ready, off-hand manner of his composition ; he seldom sat down to write a poem, but his mind was at work at all hours and in all situations. He is said to have composed the ballad "The Diel's awa' wi' the Exciseman," while watching in the night on the beach for the arrival of an expected smuggler ; and on another occasion, being outdone in a contest of skill in reaping, (on his proficiency in which he much prided himself) his competitor said,—"I'm nae sae far behind ye this time, I'm thinking," he good-humouredly replied—"You're behind me in something yet, I made a sang while I was stooking." In short, in the words of his commentator,* "While we run over the melancholy story of his life, it is impossible not to heave a sigh at the asperity of his fortune ; and as we survey the records of his mind, it is easy to see, that out of such materials have been reared the fairest and most honourable monument of genius."

His widow survived him near forty years, the greatest, if not the whole of which time, she lived in the same house which he occupied during the latter period of his life.

Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING been but newly initiated into the Order, I may, perhaps, be deemed somewhat presumptuous in addressing myself to your respected Board so early, when more experienced individuals than myself have probably been deterred from so doing by mere diffidence ; however, emboldened by the indulgence you hold out to every person connected with the Order for communications, whether of great or limited talent, I abandon all wavering, with the consciousness that, if my intrusion be not productive of good, the intent is free from harm. With this feeling, I at once throw myself before you for the perusal, and if thought of sufficient merit for the insertion, of the following brief paper in your well-conducted Magazine, which has been conned by me, since my embarkation on the wide sea of Odd Fellowship, with a befitting ardour.

The observations which I purpose to lay before you are, I confess, of little utility to the elder portion of the Order, as I do not wish to incur the pain of being thought arrogant, by addressing my superiors in a tone of dictation ;—my present intentions, then, lie with those brethren who, like myself, are but new to the cause. Labouring under these impressions, and without further preamble, I stand the hazard of your decision respecting my

OBSERVATIONS ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

More particularly addressed to New Members.

Were I to enumerate all the trifling minutiae that pervaded my inner man, during a long intercourse with several members of the Order in this town, who are of no little repute in their respective Lodges, I should trouble you with more detail than would be necessary to my purpose, and, consequently, tedious to those who may condescend to peruse my lucubrations. Confining myself, then, to a boundary, I shall merely state, that the individuals alluded to over-ruled whatever objections I raised respecting the Order, and I ultimately consented to become an Odd Fellow. No incident has since given cause for regret ; *au contraire*, each week affords some new proof of its advan-

*Dr. Currie, of Liverpool.

tages, which we all must, sooner or later, participate in. I shall, in the first place, direct the attention of the minor branches of the Fraternity to what I conceive to be the PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Secondly—ITS MAINTENANCE OF DISCIPLINE.

Thirdly—THE DUTY OF ONE MEMBER TOWARDS ANOTHER.

First—*The Principles of Odd Fellowship.* One of the fundamental rules of life laid down by our GREAT MASTER is, "to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." An injunction emanating from so divine a source, cannot fail to inspire every rational being with that sense of social fellowship, which is due from one created individual to another; and must, therefore, elevate his mind to a perfection of purity, far above the common feelings of life. This, I apprehend, was the chiefest intention of our ancestors, in guiding them to the attainment and general spread of Odd Fellowship throughout the universe. The ordinary obligations of Odd Fellowship are attached to the members of Lodges in their collective character, but there are some positive and some negative duties arising therefrom, which specially belong to such members; every brother is required to have faith, and all the virtues therein composed, are to be evinced by them. Before entering on this topic, it may be useful to notice, generally, the purposes of Odd Fellowship, because those who are anyways ignorant of such purposes, their real virtue must to them be involved in clouded doubt and mystic oblivion; this, I conceive, repels many from pursuing it with the required avidity, and naturally tends to confuse and perplex them. Odd Fellowship is the exercise of the social principle in matters of common life—the junction of men who agree in views, and tastes, and purposes for their joint assistance, and united endeavours for providing relief in the hour of need. It is not confined to one particular occasion, or limited to one transaction; it extends its advantages to all who recognize each other as members, who rank under one common head—every expression of fraternal regard, every participation in the enjoyments of friendship—every act of sympathy and benevolence, as truly belong to the principles of Odd Fellowship, as the celebration of a natal day. Such ought to be the predominant feature displayed in the conduct of all who enter a Lodge-room; "In truth, (says the late Rev. R. Hall) if we are strangers to communion with our fellow-Christians on other occasions, it is impossible for us to enjoy it there, for the mind is not a piece of mechanism which can be set a going at pleasure, whose movements are obedient to the call of time and place. Nothing short of habitual sympathy, springing from the cultivation of benevolent feeling, and the interchange of kind offices, will secure that reciprocal delight, that social pleasure, which is the soul of Christian communion." By this you will perceive, that our frequent flow of benevolence, should not be limited to those who belong to the Order alone, but to all our fellow-creatures, when time and circumstance give occasion, in order that we may more cheerfully perform kind intentions to those who have a more immediate claim upon our liberality in the Order; as, if such sentiments do not sway our bosoms upon ordinary occasions, how can we voluntarily, and without a struggle, perform an act of good-will to our individual Lodge-members? And when a moiety is contributed with a turbulent spirit, the recipient had much rather remain in his penurious state, than seek relief from such a donor. Thus Odd Fellowship requires its votaries to manifest a feeling of benevolence in public as well as private; the one will naturally lead us to perform good deeds towards the other; therefore, if we fail on the one hand, a total neglect and indifference will arise on the other. To advance the principles of Odd Fellowship it is necessary to cultivate and entertain its foremost purpose,—the benign spirit of philanthropy, as regards the welfare of others. Can we, without compensation, exercise benevolence to our individual relatives, if we exhibit a dereliction of that principle for a stranger? Can we imitate the timely compassion of a Samaritan, if we foster the detestable feelings of vicious pride and contempt of a Levite? "When," asks Cowper,

"When was public virtue found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slight the charities, for whose dear sake,
That country, if at all, must be beloved?"

Thus, then, we may conclude, that the principles of Odd Fellowship as much depend upon our general conduct out of the Order, as our character in common life depends upon our energetic fulfilment of discipleship in the Order.

A constant provision (which is the great object of Odd Fellowship) against the needs of brethren, is an operation and display of principle, far more exalted in the eyes of all good men, than the incidental manifestation of charity, under the impulse of a momentary sympathy. To lay by a store of bounty for suffering and needy brethren, is to treasure up love and happiness in the heart—is a work of principle far surpassing the acts of a temporary compassion; it is the foundation stone on which the sublime structure of Odd Fellowship was raised, and finally became the formidable edifice we now behold. Nor could a more suitable plan be brought into operation, for expressing our filial attachment to that portion of mankind, whose reciprocity of feelings demand our aid. Whatever plan might be adopted, we arrive but to one conclusion; we are bound, not only by the law of nature, but the law of Christ, "not to see any christian brother have need, and shut up our bowels of compassion from him." Odd Fellowship is constructed upon as divine principles, as those which sway other institutions. Every votary at its shrine, is expected to love and exalt its precepts—to love them for the sake of their christianity—to love them for the sake of those benefits which we all in common enjoy—to love them in this life, for the sake of that heavenly communion in which we hope to dwell hereafter. Odd Fellowship is loud in prohibiting all jealousies—all rejoicings in the evils of another—all encouragement to vice, irregularities, and vicious propensities; it encourageth all good deeds, and condemns all frail habits—it advanceth man in the social scale of life, and retards, by avoidance, him whose absolute viciousness requireth admonition—it requires us to cherish love towards all mankind, though not immediately connected with them, not that it requires us to neglect the officers and brothers of a Lodge, with whom we are directly allied—no, this would be to destroy our membership in a particular coterie, and lose our social privileges, and the peculiar advantages therewith attended, in a vague generality of communion. The very fact of our entering one particular Lodge, intimates our preference for that Lodge in distinction from the rest, and requires our participation and exertions in its services; still, while such does not merge our membership in a vagrant indifference to its privileges, we are not to lose our feeling of catholicity in the restrictiveness of a general communion. Here Odd Fellows maintain a *visible* bond of union in the world. An individual unites himself to a Lodge—that Lodge is united to other similar bodies, and thus has arisen universal association, whose praiseworthy efforts to do good is augmented by each individual putting "his shoulder to the wheel." It must be remembered, that an union with one particular society, does not dissociate us from the general body; we are members of a *community* though immediately connected with a *particular family*; we belong to a kingdom, as well as a city within it—and are not allowed to lose neither our patriotism in our citizenship, nor our citizenship in our patriotism. All Lodges are to be regarded with the same benevolent feelings which characterise its uniformity, notwithstanding our intimate connexion with one of them in particular. In an army are many companies, yet one great fraternity; "distinct as the billows, yet one as the ocean." So with Odd Fellowship, we belong to a Lodge, yet are accountable to the Order for our actions; and it appears but reasonable that one Lodge should recognize as a sister, a Lodge similarly consisting of individuals acting under the same authority, and seeking to promote the same cause. In this spirit Lodges are allowed to visit each other as brethren, and even receive each other's members as brethren—they *co-operate* for the good of the Order, and thus recognize each other—they reciprocally seek and render advice—they contribute to each other's necessities, and in various ways is esteem and confidence exhibited and expressed. The principles of Odd Fellowship emphatically hold forth, that however useful, and delightful, and legitimate it may be to hold communion with other Lodges, *regular* attention to our own is obligatory, is indispensable.

In a word, "universal love to all mankind," and a mutual sympathy with the wants of our fraternal brethren, are the two great pillars that support the laudable capital of Odd Fellowship. Long may they stand—long may they remain an impenetrable barrier to rebut the attacks of the prejudiced and unprincipled—long may they flourish in the refined sculpture that now decks them—long may they serve as a beacon-light to guide the hesitating and the waverer unto where true felicity may be experien-

ced—and long may they prove a source of relief to the afflicted, the needy, the oppressed.

Secondly—*Its maintenance of discipline.* Human nature is formed of a material so frail in texture, that unless bound by an adamant chain of resolution—however plausible may be its tenor for a time—temptation soon makes an inroad upon its territories, and wantonly destroys all its barriers—all its good intentions. It cannot, therefore, be surprising that in a fraternity of 80,000 or so, let their designs be ever so pure, that some means must be taken to exercise a spirit of consistency among them, having for its object the perpetuity of the cause, and the benefit of each individual.—Every human institution provides against departures from the purpose and spirit of its establishment. We see the Society of Friends—a fraternity whose apathy to form is proverbial, where it can in the slightest case be dispensed with—even they have rules framed so as to protect its principles against the possibility of perversion. Every bill for the enclosure of a waste, or the construction of a railway, is marked by the suspicious prudence of mankind in dealing with their brethren. Now in scarce any other case is there so great danger of innovation as in the case of Odd Fellowship—a tender plant in an ungenial soil. Hence our General Laws—hence our Bye-laws—how they operate the increasing prosperity of the Order tells aloud. To prevent a general decay we must put forcible restrictions upon a defaulter. We must have control somewhere. It is nothing but reasonable, therefore, that a government be formed, at some particular spot, for the guidance of the whole, and the preserving a general and perpetual spirit of uniformity. If we are to remain a company of unflinching advocates in the cause of Philanthropy, we must exact an unrelaxing discipline from all. The object to be kept in view is the purity of the Order, and the good of all who oppose its interests by a base perversion of its principles. Still we are to avoid all rashness—all hasty conclusions. Reproof should be administered where a disposition is shown to infringe upon a law, and that in a serious manner—"with great meekness and pity"—and with *perfect impartiality*. Admonition will often bring an erring brother to contrition. St. Paul treats admirably on this point, when writing to the church at Thessalonica—"Note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed. Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother." In every case of infraction the object should be to "*restore*" an offender rather than to punish or expel him. We see, then, the necessity of not entirely abandoning those who err—they should be warned, and, if possible, convinced of their departure from rule, that they may be "restored in the spirit of meekness." I consider persons are placed in a very delicate situation who incur the censure of a Lodge, and ought to feel and know the dishonor and danger that not only falls upon themselves, but upon the Order in particular; for the prejudice of the world is strong, and many, who "lie in wait for our halting," would rejoice at the prospect of our downfall.

You will immediately perceive how requisite an earnest adherence to rule is necessary to Odd Fellowship. Hence the importance of never allowing discipline for a time to be relaxed, as the number of cases which must by such means require it becomes increased, and the Order must contain many who are indisposed to employ the goodly resoluteness. Hence, too, none, but such as entertain a strict desire for the prosperity of the Order, can be expected to maintain a real discipline. Many "roots of bitterness" will spring up in Lodges, and we cannot expect to arrive at so desired a state of perfectness, but some will be "found wanting;" for "whereunto is the palace that foul things sometimes intrude not?"

However orderly and well-conducted the Order may appear to be, fidelity obliges me to say, that improvement is needed at the present time. Shyness, and jealousy, and even rivalry, are too often displayed between neighbouring Lodges—as witness the discontent so recently evinced at Manchester. Surely if men entertain a *bona fide* feeling for the interest of the Order, such eruptions would not take place. I may, perhaps, be digressing here to notice such an event; but I cannot see the free and noble nature of Odd Fellowship—to which cause I have become an humble supporter—violated in the rude and open manner as to call forth the honest indignation of every person attached to it, without feeling some slight puncture of resentment, more especially as the delinquents have, from time to time, pursued a path, their deviation from which has shown, that however plausible their conduct may have been, their *recent actions* have denounced them for a pandering, self-interested, and hypocritical

clique, whose baseness has met with the well-merited odium of the Order at large—more conspicuously due to them for their cringing solicitude again to join us. This very fact at once exposes their presumption. If the Order is based upon the dangerous foundation they have so industriously circulated, what object can they forward to support and justify their wishes again to join its ranks? The inference must be palpable to every one. The love of *power* has taken so firm a hold within them, that, rather than lose the probable opportunity of again exerting it, they would have recourse to anything but manliness. Out upon such meanness! But the Order is not laid upon the sandy security they represent it;—a rock, infallible in strength, supports it, and their fallacious attacks upon it have rebounded against themselves, and their unworthy machinations have been scattered “like straws before a sudden opened gate.” Reinstall them! What, is the Order to be tampered with thus publicly, and as publicly acknowledge and receive back the defamers of its character—the authors of statements, the absurdity of which have been so skilfully handled and held up to the scorn of every well-meaning individual? Must we “take deep traitors for our dearest friends,” and again risk their justness for our welfare? No, no; however merciful may be its tenets, Odd Fellowship was never meant to foster a subtle snake in its bosom, which, when basking in the sunny influence of its protector’s kindness, would suddenly breathe forth a venomous gale of calumny, to grasp at power. We must, imperatively must, throw off such childish play, and quit ourselves as men.

Brethren, I do not hesitate to assert, and that deliberately, my decided opinion, that *on we who are young depend the future prospects and welfare of the Order*: the time must eventually arrive when our elder brethren will be “gathered to their fathers,” and the guidance of the Order devolve on us. If, then, we indulge in such odious petty differences now, we must bid farewell to the tranquillity, content, and peace exhibited and enjoyed to-day, and dread the anarchy, confusion, and turbulence that will assuredly prevail to-morrow. “Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer’s cloud, without our special wonder?” To obviate so dire an aspect in the perspective, so bitterly repugnant to the feelings of every true Odd Fellow, so utterly at variance with the purposes for which our praiseworthy Institution was founded, let us by our uniform adherence to its principles—by our united attachment to those who form our directing council—by our firm decision in supporting such council in all their endeavours to promote our mutual happiness—and by a *rigorous exertion of discipline*—let us, I say, by such resolves evince our determination to secure unviolated, unswayed, without stain, and without alloy, the purity of Odd Fellowship in our own day, thereby showing our successors the vital necessity of preserving its principles in the beauty and effulgence it was conducted while under the control of a Manchester Board of Directors.

I cannot conclude this digression without wishing, from my heart’s inner recesses, a speedy and continued enlightenment to the Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, who, like the doughty knight, of Shrewsbury notoriety, has made such desperate thrusts at his adversary’s back, then most sapiently hides his “diminished head” behind his shield, and falls among the listless and inanimate for security. Truly that must be a happy class over whom he exercises the paternal offices of solicitude, with so just, impartial, and bounteous indulgence. Heaven shield those who are disinclined to follow his peremptory guidance. A disgrace to the nineteenth century! His own peculiar wisdom, justice and impartiality are a disgrace to the times, as more discerning men than himself have proved by their love of fair-play—their devotedness to the public benefit, in his own particular locality. Of a verity the cause has reason to rejoice that he has made this conspicuous display of wisdom so *recherche*, or the charitable and beneficial effects of Odd Fellowship would never have been so publicly expressed and identified. Apologizing for so lengthened a digression, I resume my task.

Another circumstance I would point out, wherein a decided enforcement of discipline is necessary, is the promotion of unity among us, without which, we may, as the numerous sands on a sea beach—lie in accidental proximity—in a seeming connectedness with each other; but upon a more superficial observance, our manifold and important parts are woefully disjointed. We must exhibit a solidity of purpose and principle entirely connected. We must, like a mass of gold, uniformly allow all our parts and particles to adhere and combine; and so evince an ardent desire of resolution to fulfil the important duties we are called upon to perform, in a manner that will

reflect credit to the Order, and convey satisfaction to ourselves. We must, by unity, not only constitute a great number, but a great *one*. We must be united both in common interests and reciprocal esteem. Such an union, however, is, alas! to many unknown, by some misunderstood, and by most, utterly and injuriously disregarded. How is it then, to be made perceptible to all, but by a discipline, which will not only render us assiduity in framing a combination, but by furthering its perpetuity when framed? I do not here stay to expatiate on the false and profligate notions which are entertained in connection with unity, but simply to recall them to your attention, in order to show how needful for the accomplishment of a real union, is an unrelaxing system of discipline. In the absence of this unity we have attained but a very meagre participation in Odd Fellowship, and are wasting our energies in reciprocal resistance and embittering contests; how much more, too, might be done with regard to the extension of our common cause, were a spirit of true and hearty confidence and esteem to be diffused; for who does not in his daily intercourse find the evils of divisions, and the necessity of unanimity? All of which are only attributable to the slow and wavering exercise of discipline. A steady and constant maintenance of discipline, then, is not only necessary but beneficial.

In the third place I purposed to express my ideas of *the duty of one member towards another*. It will occur to you, that every one should feel and display a deep interest in the prosperity of the Society in which he has a part. Its interests are his interests—he, too, is a professed supporter of its objects—he is, as far as his abilities go, responsible for its proceedings; he will naturally feel delight when its actions prove the means of adding disciples—he will actively concern himself for the faithful preservation of its tenets—he will rejoice in its peaceful state of activity. This only is to be accomplished by a continued affability and familiarity of manner towards those among whom he associates; austerity, pride and pedantry, are the three greatest enemies to such a consummation; do not, therefore, by exercising an undue degree of the baneful tendency of self-opinion, destroy that fellow feeling, so requisite among all who enter a Lodge-room. Let no degree of slight, originate between us, because the individual who sits next you has, by his ordinary avocation, a more grimy dye upon his features, or the shallowness of his purse causes his coat to be made of a coarser material than your own; his interests in the Lodge are conjointly formed with yours, consequently, so long as the principles of the Order are held in deference and esteem by him, he deserves the same mark of respect from you, which, perchance, is due from you to others of a higher *caste*. Again, let not the latter party imagine a slight where none is meant. His fellow member's carriage and deportment in common life may seem to rank high to pedantry, or his style of language and general comportment seem like affectation; still, however dissonant it may be to your own feelings, he may hold good the principles of Odd Fellowship, and condemnation of his demeanour is not justifiable without sufficient proof to his prejudice. On either hand we must withhold judgment until experience has bade "look for Othello's visage in his mind." Particularities should have very little to do with the Order, which is noble and plastic, is meant for the world, and is adapted for man in all his diversified circumstances; equality and brotherhood should be our greatest aim. In all our dealings, all our discusssional points, let us not assume a loftier degree of superiority, than the most well-founded pretensions can warrant; neither let us lack spirit enough to think ourselves inferior to those, who by dint of pleasing though powerful language may carry an argument, when the smallest iota of sound reason may tell us we excel them. To dwell on our own distinctive points, or those of other parties, has an alienating and divisive tendency. The very nature of things tell us that arrogant pretensions enkindle resistance,—that ascendancy generates discontent,—that insolence awakens scorn. Again, fear produces contempt—truculence strengthens authority—adulation confines pride. To enjoy more fully the desirable connection which our frequent intercourse affords, we should ever grace our conduct to each other with mildness, and generosity, and frankness, and confidence; always open to advice when needful, whether it emanates from those whom we may consider a grade below us, or from those in a station superior to our own, and ever ready to perform the same office to others, as far as in us lies, without pride and arrogance, always remembering, that cordial affability generally begets esteem. Under any other system social kindness dies away, and jealousy, resentment, and envy usurp its place. But what need be said more than this—"we are members

one of another," and we should ever nourish a feeling of brotherly love to all who join us. The "law of love" is the rule of christian intercourse—let not a perversion of its principles be shewn amongst Odd Fellows. To every one we should stand ready to exercise kindness, gentleness, forbearance, fidelity. To any that are erring from the strict path of rectitude, we should be assiduous in imparting warning, reproof, and instruction; thereby cementing more firmly the bonds which endear us. To the afflicted we should administer, as far as ability will admit, to their comfort; at the same time manifest our sympathy. By thus bringing together our good intentions, and combining their influences, every individual will partake of the general energy. Our scattered light will thus be concentrated into one orb, shedding a lustrous halo on all around.

Towards those who are elected our officers, let us exercise a beeseeming degree of respect and deference, that they may find we do not set an idle value upon the offices they fill. By our own voice they preside over us, and, consequently, we virtually engage to accept their instruction in all that pertaineth to the good of the Order.—Hence members of the Order are expected to welcome official admonition, reproof, and advice. I mean no slavish, mental, or bodily fear or adulation—no sacrifice of conscience or judgment; but I mean a readiness to hear the inculcation of the different principles of the Order; I mean an uniform obedience to its laws, however apparently disagreeable. This is a duty we solemnly promise when we enter a Lodge, and to swerve from such duty is a gross violation of honour as a man, and throws contempt upon the Order as an Odd Fellow.

I cannot resign my purpose without observing that Odd Fellowship is, in my sincere opinion, founded on the strictest principles of piety; and we must perceive, in its social regulations, that the happiness of an individual member must rise or fall in proportion to the interest he feels in the welfare of his fellow-members, and for the preservation of the Order in common. Like the heavenly bodies which are preserved in their relative position to each other by their common attraction to the sun, Odd Fellows are kept in unison with each other by their attachment to principles which directly govern them. Those who cannot heartily perform the social duties of Odd Fellowship, want an essential mark of fellow-feeling to mankind in general. What other proof need be afforded of the efficacy and moral tendency of the Order, than the increasing, and rapid, and astonishing progress it has made throughout the universe within the last ten years? As the light of intellect improves, Odd Fellowship will acquire adherents and keep pace with it. Already, with a gigantic stride, has it crossed the Atlantic; and among the shrewd and perceptible inhabitants of the New World it has met with a hearty and enthusiastic welcome. Wherever it once becomes known, its benign influences are embraced, and no excitement is needed to blazon forth its precepts to accumulate disciples. Opposition has been made to it, is likely to be made, by the base, the self-sufficient, and the unworthy; but its purity has ever stood the fiery ordeal, and come forth in more vivid colours—its pristine brightness untarnished, unsullied. Let us, then, persist in the glorious work we have commenced with vigour and unflinching stability; let our bark, while sailing on the extensive ocean of fellowship, be guided by the compass of justice; and, if I may continue the metaphor, let us perseveringly pursue the tract its needle indicates; that, when arrived at our destined haven, we may, with a pure consciousness of having supported to the utmost our purpose of benevolence and charity, securely recline our heads on the satisfactory pillow of contentment, and indulge in the aspiring hope, that when summoned from this sublunary sphere, we may meet with an eternal welcome in that "angel land" where "sorrow intrudes not"—where "the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling."

With a sincere and undisguised attachment to the Order, and my every wish for its lengthened continuance and increasing prosperity, in a peaceful state of activity—also that promptness, zeal, and alacrity, in the exercise of its various arrangements, may be prominently displayed in the actions of all who rank under its inestimable peace-making and sacred banners,

I am, GENTLEMEN,
Feeling most truly the solemnity of the often abused phrase,
Your's, in Friendship,

J. CLARKE.

Chillington Lodge, Wolverhampton, May 1, 1837.
Vol. 4—No. 7—2 Y.

THE SPRING.

THE winter has passed over our heads. The blasts of the wind, and the keen frosts of the evening, have again subsided. The boughs that have so long been naked, and the hedges that have appeared so forlorn, are bursting forth into beauty. The lovely warblers in the vale and on the hill, are as so many harbingers, singing sweetly around and loudly exclaiming,—“The winter is past.” The bud swelleth on the bough. The little flowers peep above the surface, as if to beautify the carpet of Nature for man, the lord of Nature, to walk or recline upon. The black clouds, and the thick atmosphere, disappear quickly before the rising sun. The young lambs innocently skip over the plains, bidding those who behold them to rejoice. The seed which the husbandman scattered in the earth, and which has been laid through the season, begins to spring forth; his hopes to brighten, and his fears to die.

We begin to throw our robes aside with which we have been blest, and are anxiously expecting, and fervently hoping for, a pleasant and prosperous summer. Let us remember that though then there is no frost to nip the bud, or the blossom, or the leaves of our trees—that though all may be in beauty and splendour, and we in strength—yet, yet! there is a winter, the harbingers of which are in our bodies; there is a density and thickness which will shortly overshadow us, that no sun, but that which illuminateth every sun, can dispense; there is a gloom and a dark valley through which all must pass: where serpents hiss—where caverns yawn—where demons yell; and all those cry to man, against the time he shall pass through it, “Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live.” Summer doth not always continue. Winter doth not abide ever. Life is a summer, and may be made to produce much fruit, which will obtain a great reward; but if—if not improved, remember that after life is death; after death natural, either death eternal, or life eternal, must be our portion. “Think on your ways, oh! ye children of men, and be wise.”

BETA.

THE WIND.

THE velocity of the wind varies from nothing up to 100 miles in an hour; but the maximum is variously stated by different authors. According to Smeaton, a gentle breeze moves between four and five miles per hour, and has a force of about two ounces on a foot; a brisk pleasant gale moves from ten to fifteen miles, with a force of twelve ounces; a high wind, thirty to thirty-five miles, with a force of five or six pounds; a hurricane bearing along trees, houses, &c. has a velocity of 100 miles, and a force of forty-nine pounds on the square foot.—*Murray's Encyclopædia of Geography.*

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

RUMINATING a short time ago on the state of the General Fund of the Order, it occurred to me that a very large portion of the members must be unacquainted with its exact position; and being convinced that much good would accrue from an improvement in that Fund, which might be easily effected, were the minds of our brethren set right upon the subject. I am induced to request the favour of a space in your next number, for the insertion of a few statements and observations thereon, which, unless precluded by more valuable matter, will, I doubt not, prove interesting to some of your numerous readers; and if they effect no good, may lead to some, by arresting the attention of some more qualified financier in Odd Fellowship. I shall commence by giving a sort of analysis of the Fund, for the last five years, that being the extent of my acquaintance with this department, having never paid any attention to it previous.

On the 2nd of May, 1831, the worth of the Fund in cash, stock, and debts, was £1402. 12s. 7½d.; and the following table will shew the increase, and from what source, each year following, to April, 1836.

Year	Paid in salaries, rent, &c. other incidental ex- pences.	Paid in Gifts.	INCREASE IN FUND.	Amount of profit on Goods.	Amount paid for Goods for sale.	Amount of profit per cent.
		From	Total.			
1831-2	£. s. d. 135 10 7½	£. s. d. 0 0 0	£. s. d. 135 10 7½	£. s. d. 408 13 9½	£. s. d. 1059 15 7	£. s. d. 45 5 7
		Initiations. 223 10 0				
		Interest. 19 13 10				
		Sale of Goods 245 18 13	505 1 11½			
1832-3	£. s. d. 187 19 4½	£. s. d. 0 0 0	£. s. d. 187 19 4½	£. s. d. 378 7 5½	£. s. d. 1432 12 11	£. s. d. 36 8 2½
		Initiations. 388 0 4				
		Interest. 13 16 5				
		Sale of Goods 121 12 0½	523 8 9½			
From May 1 1833, to 1st May 1834.	£. s. d. 216 13 8	£. s. d. 73 13 6	£. s. d. 289 16 4	£. s. d. 508 5 1	£. s. d. 1814 1 0	£. s. d. 27 18 8
		Fines. 282 19 0				
		Initiations. 8 4 3				
		Interest. 17 11 11	310 9 2			
		Sale of Goods 217 17 11				
1834-5	£. s. d. 198 6 7	£. s. d. 38 16 0	£. s. d. 236 22 7	£. s. d. 239 19 1	£. s. d. 1838 15 7	£. s. d. 13 1 1½
		Fines. 9 0 0				
		Interest. 23 11 11				
		Sale of Goods 0 0 0	14 8 5			

OBSERVATIONS.

To this time much larger profits were charged on all kinds of goods, than are now allowed by our laws.

By the 36th resolution of the A. M. C. held at Monmouth, 1833, the profits (a few articles excepted) were limited to, from 7½ to 15 per cent, at which they still remain.

The gifts, incidental expenses, &c. in this year, not increasing in the same ratio as the business of the Order, left a larger profit per cent upon the whole outlay, than was realized the previous year, although the accounts were made up a month earlier, thus allowing only eleven months to the Order.

This account, though rather different to the summary in the Unity Lists of Lodges, will be found on a minute examination of the Balance Sheets, to be correct; as will also the one following. The total profit on the sale of goods in this year, fell short of the amount of gifts and expenditure, according to this table; but on referring to the Auditors' Report of the previous year, it will be seen that goods to the amount of upwards of £700. were recommended to be destroyed, and this recommendation was adopted by the A. M. C. of 1834: this sum ought, consequently, to be added to the sum cleared in trade, which would make a total of £296. 3s. 4d. An inspection of the 118th resolution of the same Committee will also shew, that the trade in several profitable articles was entirely discontinued; the 58th do. caused an expenditure of about 300. on which no profit was allowed; all this considered with the fact, that several Districts were at that time in the habit of manufacturing, or otherwise providing different articles for themselves, will account for the apparently great falling off of the profits on the year's trade.

OBSERVATION.

Years.	Paid in salary, rent, taxes, and other incidental ex- pences.		Paid in Gifts.		From		Total.		Amount of profits on Goods.		Amount paid for Goods for sale.		Amount per cent of profits		
	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	Interest.	Goods sold	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	L. s. d.	
1833-6	265	5	1	71	4	0	10	2	8	521	9	113	2338	19	43
Total of 5 years	1003	15	4	342	14	6	1748	11	113	2116	15	43	8984	4	53
							Worth of Fund, May, 1831.	1402	12	74					
							Do. do. April, 1835.	2151	4	63					

In consequence of the practice of manufacturing their own goods carried on in some Districts, to an extent, which, had it become general, must shortly have been attended with ruinous consequences to the Fund of the Order. It was found necessary to prohibit by law, the use of several articles obtained, other than through the medium of the Board; this, together with the greatly increased circulation of the Magazine, (which might be attributed to various causes, and which yielded a profit of 60 per cent) had the effect of extending the trade so much, that 1000l. more was expended in goods, than in the previous year, and the profits on the year's sales were raised something more than 6 per cent.

By this account it appears that since May, 1831, the increase in the worth of the General Fund is £1748. 11s. 11½d., and of this £770. 5s. 6½d. is from the profits of goods sold; after deducting rent, salary, gifts, and all incidental expences, being a average of £154. 1s. 1½d. per year. This, if it were probable that it would be maintained, would, no doubt, be sufficient to meet any contingencies which might be supposed would arise. But examine the last two years on the table, and you will find the increase in the Fund, from the sale of goods, is only £157. 14s. 4½d.; of this £102. 2s. 4½d. is expended in fixtures. And let any person examine the foot note o

the Dr. side of the Stock Account of 1836, and then ask himself if the remaining £55. 12s. 0½d. can be considered as a *bond fide* increase in the Fund. I say that the available Fund, on the first of April, 1836, was not equal to that of April first, 1834. The rapid increase in the number of Lodges and members will, beyond doubt, lead to an increase in the number of applications for relief from the General Fund; and besides this, more capital is required for carrying on the increasing business of the Order; both of which circumstances naturally suggest to us the propriety of providing ourselves with proportionate means to meet them. It may be advanced, that a Fund of £3000. is ample sufficiency for anything which we shall have to meet; perhaps it may, though I do not think it so; at any rate, few who have any knowledge of the affairs of the Order, will say that it is more than sufficient. And let it be remembered, that the Derby A. M. C. gave away the profits of the Magazine, without retaining even so much as to pay the incidental expences of the sale of that article, and those profits did not amount during the last two years, to less than £300; and although all may not immediately avail themselves of this opportunity of alleviating distress, the presumption that they will ultimately do so, is very strong. I wish to be understood that I consider the resolution of the Derby A. M. C. which gave to the widow and orphan the profits of the Magazine, as the brightest ornament that ever adorned the annals of Odd Fellowship; it had my hearty concurrence, and such funds shall ever have my warmest support: my present object is to shew the necessity of filling up this chasm in our resources for general acts of charity. There was paid, during the last year, upwards of £900. for regalia of various kinds, (independent of medals,) and on which there was a profit of from 10 to 20 per cent; and I feel persuaded that the growing intelligence of the Order will, sooner or later, entirely dispense with a great portion of this useless expenditure. Again, the increase of business—though without a corresponding increase of profits—necessarily entails upon us additional incidental expences, salaries, &c.*

Looking, therefore, at the past and present aspects of affairs, I am of opinion that some new channel should be opened, whence we might reasonably calculate upon support to enable us to dispense our charities in a manner proportioned to our magnitude as a Society. I trust the day will never arrive when we shall be unable, through the narrowness of our policy, to raise the drooping heart of a deserving applicant to our bounty, or to encourage the exertions of a needy Lodge by a gift or loan from the common stock. The Order is in a prosperous condition, and while it is so is the time to prepare for a reverse. I am not anticipating anything of the kind; but I should wish us to be ready for a turn in the tide of our affairs.

There can but be one opinion as to the propriety of maintaining a Fund for general purposes; and as the term implies, so it is available to *all* who really need and properly apply. I submit, therefore, that it is but just that *all* should bear their proportionate share of the burthen of its support. Such is not now, however, the case, as may be seen by referring to the Unity Lists; many Districts paying a much larger proportion to the Fund than others, and, doubtless, many members in these Districts also paying much more than others.† I suggest that the most equitable method of upholding the Fund would be by a yearly levy of so much per member on the whole body, laid by the Delegates at each A. M. C., and calculated to meet the estimated expences of the year, always leaving a sufficient surplus for any exigencies which might arise. We might then reduce very materially the profits on almost all the articles furnished by the Board; and by this, those who encourage our trade would not be quite so heavily taxed for the support of a Fund, intended as much for the benefit of those who buy little or nothing, as those who buy most. I shall conclude by expressing my conviction that something must shortly be done to keep us in possession of the means of defraying our inevitably increasing expenditure, and of answering, in a manner becom-

* Respecting salaries, I would here call the attention of your readers to the following *facts*. In 1834, it was distinctly shewn to the A. M. C. that 100l. per annum was no more than sufficient remuneration for the C. S. of the Order; the sum paid for goods in the previous year was 1814l. 1s. 0d.—the number of Lodges, 828. During the quarter ending December, 1836, the sum paid for goods, was 1049l. 16s. 2d., or 4199l. 4s. 8d. per year, (more than double) with an increase of 357 Lodges. Is "the labourer worthy of his hire?"

† I have made a calculation of the sums paid per member, during the last year, to the General Fund, in 12 Districts, extending in three different directions more than 50 miles from Manchester, and I find that they vary from 13d. to 1s. 9½d.

ing our professions, the calls of our needy brethren upon our benevolence; and I hope that some more talented advocate of the cause of general charities will apply himself to the task of showing to the Order the necessity of augmenting our powers to do increasing good.

Let me, however, before I close, record my high sense of the obligation which I, in common with all the Fraternity, lay under, to those individuals who have for years devoted their talents and their time to the direction of our affairs—to whose assiduity and attention to the duties of their offices, we are indebted for our present wealth; for the uniformity and regularity which prevail in our Districts and Lodges; and for the Unity wherein lays our strength—their weekly labours are too little known to be duly appreciated, even by those whose happiness they are striving to promote; but “*virtus is its own reward.*”

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Yours, fraternally;

JOHN HARRISON, P. PROV. G. M.

William the Fourth Lodge, Lancaster.

THE EFFECTS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

[THE following letter was written by the widow of a brother of the Order, recently deceased, and speaks volumes in favour of the principles upon which the Institution is founded.]

Bath, January 10th, 1837.

SIR,

My husband informed me that he became a brother of your highly respected Order, in the year 1829, and the Society had his best esteem and regard. For the comfort and benefit he derived from it, I beg leave to offer my most grateful acknowledgments for the humane and seasonable relief he experienced during his illness; and lastly, for that most valuable provision which screens the hapless widow from such a load of distressing anxiety. I feel the highest respect for Mr. Uphill, whose kind attention was unremitting, and I much regret my inability to make him any better return; Mr. Duck was a very constant visitor, and many others had the kindness to call on him, which was always cheering and consoling to one so long confined. May my best thanks be accepted by each of them, with every good wish for the welfare and prosperity of the Institution, and with the most profound respect and gratitude, I subscribe myself,

Your most obedient,

ANNA LOUISA LOCK.

TO MR. TROTT.

TO THE READERS OF THE MAGAZINE, AND THE ORDER IN GENERAL.

WE, the Committee of Management for the Magazine, cannot close our labours without congratulating the members of the Order on the proud position of Odd Fellowship. During the past year it has increased in numbers, respectability, and intelligence. The prosperity of the Order is evident from a glance at the Balance Sheet, which shews the profits of the Directors, during the last year,—after paying all expenses, for salaries, rent, taxes, printing, stationery, &c.,—to be £1015. 4s. 6½d. Its increasing intelligence is shown, not only by the greater quantity of original literary productions, but by the fact of circulating at present 12,000 copies of the Magazine, when three years since the numbers did not exceed as many hundreds.

Those of our Correspondents, whose communications have not been inserted, should not, on that account, lay dormant. Like good Generals, they should benefit by a repulse: the past should be a lesson for the future. They must be aware that the welfare of the Order demands that nothing should appear in the pages of the Magazine, unless it is beneficial to the Institution, by having a tendency to moralize and instruct our members. We give full credit for good intention, and, in return, claim the privilege of exercising our own opinions.

We are proud of the opportunity you have given us to employ our humble abilities in the cause of benevolence. We are grateful for the kind support of our Correspondents. We are conscious of their forbearance, and feel thankful that it was our destiny to live at so important a period, and have the support of such benevolent dispositions; and, while we venture to say that your confidence has not been misplaced, we hope your expectations have not been disappointed. We crave similar encouragement for our successors, and we hope that the future development of our Institution will be as pleasing as the past. Oh! what felicity, what contentment, what happiness arise from the proper exercise of the principles of Odd Fellowship—principles which are calculated to shed exhilarating glow over the darkest and most gloomy scenes of human existence.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 22, 1836, the wife of P. S. John Brock, of the Village Pride Lodge, Dewsbury District, Cleckheaton, of a daughter.—Aug. 26, the wife of Secretary Heaton Clegg, of the above Lodge, of a daughter.—Nov. 28, the wife of brother James Hirst, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—Dec. 16, the wife of brother Spencer Jackson, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem, of a son.—Jan. 3, 1837, the wife of brother S. Meir, jun. of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—Jan. 28, the wife of P. Prov. G. M. Stanway, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley, of a son.—Jan. 10, the wife of Richard Brooke, of the Village Pride Lodge, Dewsbury District, of a daughter.—Feb. 18, the wife of brother John Collier, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—Mar. 8, the wife of P. G. Broodley, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—Mar. 10, the wife of Secretary Yates, of the same Lodge, of a son.—Mar. 10, the wife of P. G. Mitchell, of the Yorkshire Cathedral Lodge, Dewsbury District, of a daughter.—April 14, the wife of George Bailey, C. S. of the Dewsbury District, of a daughter.—Feb. 21, the wife of Prov. C. S. John Fort, of the Garstang District, of a daughter.—March 25, the wife of Prov. G. M. Robert Winder, of the Garstang District, of a daughter.—Mar. 4, the wife of P. V. William Ashton, of the Favourable Design Lodge, Middleton and Heywood District, of a son.—Jan. 24, the wife of brother Samuel Smeathurst, of the same Lodge, of two sons.—Feb. 12, Ann, the wife of P. S. E. Ainly, of the Honesty Lodge, Ripponden, of a son.—Mar. 30, the wife of N. G. Solomon Spurr, of the Good Intent Lodge, Newton, of a daughter.—April 14, the wife of brother Gorse, of the Good Intent Lodge, Newton, of a daughter.—April 23, the wife of brother James Kenworthy, of the Hill of Glory Lodge, Shelley, of a son and heir.—Mar. 12, the wife of brother Thomas Evans, of a son and heir; and April 6, the wife of brother Jeremiah Greenhouse, of a son; both of the Chillington Lodge, Wolverhampton.—The wife of P. W. Edward Walton, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, of a son and heir.—April 14, Hannah, the wife of brother George Lambert, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich, of a son and heir.—May 13, the wife of Secretary Thomas Mays, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Sep. 24, 1836, brother James Hirst, son of P. G. Hirst, of the Village Pride Lodge, Dewsbury District, to Miss Mary Jubb, of Dewsbury.—Dec. 26, P. V. Riley, of the Yorkshire Cathedral Lodge, Dewsbury, to Miss Jane Milner, of Gawthorp.—Dec. 15, At Stoke-upon Trent, P. W. Wm. Vodrey, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem,

to Miss Agnes Mc Donald, of Sandyford.—Feb. 5, 1837, P. G. David Andrew, Blackley, of the Favourable Design Lodge, Middleton and Heywood District, to Miss Alice Consterdine, of the same place.—April 18, Secretary Thomas Wilkinson, of the Mother to the Distressed Lodge, Garstang, to Miss Grace Yates, of Dolphinholme.—May 20, at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, V. G. Joseph Horsfield, of the Offspring of the Refuge Lodge, Hollingworth, Mottram District, to Miss Ann Boyer, of the same place.—Mar. 27, brother William Robinson, of the Duke of Rutland Lodge, Ilkiston, to Miss Jane Pourdrou.—Mar. 28, 1837, brother Zachariah Tatham, of the same Lodge, to Sarah, widow of P. G. Joseph Smith, of the same Lodge.—Dec. 22, 1836, R. S. Glover, N. G. of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, to Ann, the fifth daughter of Mr. James Land, rope manufacturer, Austrop Lane, near Wakefield.—April 8, 1837, John Heys, N. G. of the Faith Lodge, Haslingden, to Miss Ann Whittaker.—Nov. 15, 1836, P. G. Harper, of the Loyal Good Intent Lodge, Newton, to Miss Elizabeth Slater, of the same place.—Jan. 3, 1837, brother Robert Bell, of the Good Intent Lodge, Newton, to Miss Martha Berry, of the same place.—February 23, N. G. Thomas Hadfield, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, to Mrs. Sarah Garlick.—At the parish church, Halifax, Warden E. Hellewell, of the Mount Zion Lodge, Halifax District, to Miss Elizabeth Varley, same place.—November 21, at the parish church, Halifax, brother Daniel Dixon, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, to Eliza, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Prott, of Brighouse.

DEATHS.

April 15, 1836, Joseph, son of P. G. Debnam, of the Queen Elizabeth Lodge, Stockport, aged eight years and four months.—Dec. 18, brother George Lock, of the Bath City Lodge.—Jan. 2, 1837, Thomas, son of P. S. Turpin, of the same Lodge, aged three years and ten weeks.—Feb. 6, the wife of brother William Fort, of the Adelaide Lodge, Garstang.—Jan. 19, P. G. Sampson Tomlinson, of the Good Samaritan Lodge, Pottery and Newcastle District, in the 45th year of his age.—Feb. 19, the wife of P. P. G. M. Stanway, of the St. Peter's Victory Lodge, Hanley.—April 30, James, son of brother James Harrison, of the St. John Lodge, Burslem, aged fourteen months.—April 21, P. G. John Johnson, of the Cumberland Lodge, Manchester.—April 28, P. G. John Simister, of the same Lodge, aged 42; for many years Permanent Secretary, in which situation he gave general satisfaction.—Feb. 5, Richard, son of P. G. William Holt, of the Clitheroe District, aged seven months.—May 15, the wife of Secretary Charles Clayton, of the Earl Grey Lodge, St. Helen's District, aged 22 years.—May 3, Mary Hirst, youngest daughter of William Peyton, C. S. of the Manchester District, aged 13 months.—Mar. 22, brother Thomas Armitage, of the Honesty Lodge, Ripponden, after a sickness of eleven weeks and three days, leaving a wife and four small children to deplore his loss.—May 3, Sarah, the daughter of N. G. William Witeley, of the same Lodge, aged one year and three days.—Sep. 2, 1836, of the scarlet fever, Richard, only son of P. G. Richard Wilkinson, of the Duke of Devonshire Lodge, Craco, aged six years; deeply lamented by his parents.—April 26, 1837, brother David Bostock, of the Earl Grey Lodge, Ilkiston, aged 32 years. His death was occasioned by an explosion of wildfire when employed in the bowels of the earth as a coal-miner, leaving a widow and four small children to bewail his untimely end. The brethren of the Lodge paid their last tribute of respect to him, by following him (in procession) to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," and which was conducted throughout with that decorum and solemnity which reflected great credit on the District. The minister, who performed the funeral service, waited to hear and see the funeral obsequies gone through, and upon which he was pleased to pass the highest encomiums.—Feb. 9, 1837, the wife of Nathan Sutcliffe, of the Haslingden District.—July 9th, 1836, Mary Ann, the beloved daughter of Sidney Mills, C. S. of the Huddersfield District, aged 1 year and 3 weeks.

(Births, &c. omitted in this Number, will be inserted in the next.)



Gas. Goulton G. M.

THE
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE,
NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER.

[PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.]

1837.

BIOGRAPHY.

G. M. GORBUTT.

Our present G. M. was born at Salford, in the County of Lancaster, on the 9th of November, 1797; and was initiated a member of the Abercrombie (then GRAND) Lodge, of the same place, on the 14th of March, 1820;—he was appointed to an inferior office on the first Lodge-night after his admission, and subsequently to the offices of V. G. and N. G., which offices he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to his fellow-members. Our G. M. was one who strove zealously to preserve the privileges of the Abercrombie (or Grand) Lodge; but when it became evident that the advocacy of such privileges would cause disseverment between the Lodge and the Order, he evinced his attachment to the Institution by sacrificing his own private opinion, in order thereby to restore peace and unanimity amongst his brethren. In the year 1826 he was appointed D. G. M. of the Manchester District; and in 1827, D. G. M. of the Order—but private affairs precluded the possibility of his being put in nomination for the situation of G. M. at that time. In the year 1831, he left the Abercrombie, and joined the Cumberland, of which Lodge he is now a subscribing member. He has attended the A. M. Cs. of Nottingham, Monmouth, Kendal, Derby, and London; at the two last named places he was appointed successively to the situations of D. G. M. and G. M. of the Order, to the latter without any opposition.

In the private circle of his friends and acquaintance, G. M. Gorbutt is universally respected for his unaffected piety, honesty, and integrity. In the Order, his mild and unassuming deportment, his suavity, affability, and condescension to all, will, no doubt, secure to him the respect, confidence, and esteem of his brethren. Others may have had more frequent opportunities of rendering service to the Order, but when called into action, no one has evinced a more sincere and ardent desire to promote and continue the growth of Odd Fellowship, than the subject of the present brief memoir. The clouds which have so recently darkened the horizon of Odd Fellowship are now cleared away; we have benefited by the storm—the Order was never so firmly established as at present. May it be the study, therefore, of each and every member of our Institution, to endeavour to maintain the present state of prosperity, and exert himself to preserve peace and unanimity amongst us.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN ON HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,

We, the Grand Master and Board of Directors, acting in the name, and on the behalf of one thousand two hundred and thirteen Lodges, composing the Manchester Unity of the Loyal Independent Order of Odd Fellows, consisting of upwards

of eighty thousand members, beg leave to approach your Majesty, with feelings of grief and sympathy, on the occasion of the demise of our late Most Gracious Sovereign, whose protection of our rights and privileges, calls forth our warm and sincere gratitude.

While we deem it a privilege to congratulate your Majesty on your Majesty's Accession to the British Crown, we most humbly assure your Majesty of our devoted loyalty, and our unbounded attachment to your Crown, and the illustrious house of which your Majesty is now the head.

We assure your Majesty, that the Society we represent is of a philanthropic and charitable description, formed for the relief of its members in sickness and distress, and decent interment on death; that the sole qualification for admission is the possession of a good moral character, no reference whatever being had to the religious or political feelings of the person, so that he be well attached to the Government under which we live.

That your Majesty may long be permitted by the Almighty to fill the Throne of your ancestors, and always be looked up to by your subjects with feelings of loyalty and affection, blessed with a life of happiness and honour, are the sincere supplications of the Loyal Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, whose devoted loyalty is equal to any other of your Majesty's subjects.

Given under our Seal at Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, this first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and signed on behalf of the Independent Order,

JAMES GORBUTT, G. M.

JOHN PEISER, D. G. M.

THOMAS ARMITT, C. S.

JOHN S. MYERS, Assistant C. S.
And Book-keeper to the Order.

*No. 5, Town Hall Buildings, Cross-street,
King-street, Manchester, Aug. 2, 1837.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE the honor of transmitting the dutiful Address of the Manchester Unity of the Loyal Independent Order of Odd Fellows, to Her Most Gracious Majesty, on her Majesty's Accession to the Throne, in hopes that your Lordship will take an early opportunity of presenting it to her Majesty.

I have the honor to be,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS ARMITT, C. S.

To the Right Honourable
Lord John Russell,
Secretary of State for the
Home Department, &c.
London.

Whitehall, August 14th, 1837.

SIR,

I HAVE had the honour to lay before the Queen, the loyal and dutiful Address, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Accession to the Throne, from the Loyal

Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the Manchester Unity, and I have to inform you that the same was very graciously received by Her Majesty.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. RUSSELL.

The Grand Master.

To the care of

Mr. T. Armitt,

5, Town Hall Buildings,
Manchester.

GENERAL PROCESSION OF THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

PRESUMING the readers of the Magazine would not consider either that their time in reading had been unnecessarily occupied, or that the pages of the Magazine, appropriated to the following report, might have been filled by more interesting matter, we have taken the liberty of laying before them a detailed statement of the proceedings of the General Procession of the Manchester District of the M. U. of the I. O. of O. F., on behalf of the Funds of the Deaf and Dumb School, which took place on Wednesday, the 21st of June last; and, in so doing, allow us to observe, it is not for the sake of boasting of the charitable acts of our District, but we feel convinced that what has been done will be hailed with pride and pleasure by our brethren throughout the Unity, as it will have a tendency to convince the world at large, that Odd Fellows have both a heart to feel, and a sincere wish to relieve, their distressed fellow-creatures, but more especially those who, we may say, in a great measure, are nearly placed out of the pale of society—we mean the Deaf and Dumb.

Though a part of this report has already appeared in the Manchester newspapers, yet, considering our numerous body, and so widely spread as it is, we feel confident that there are many hundreds, yes, perhaps some thousands, who have not seen any account of it; therefore, for the reasons stated above, we feel wishful to lay it before them.

The idea of a procession first originated with the members of the St. Andrew Lodge in this town, who made application to the Quarterly Committee for its sanction, when it was unanimously resolved to carry the same into effect, and, accordingly, a Committee of Management was appointed for that purpose, who, in the first instance, opened a communication with the Committee for the management of the affairs of the Deaf and Dumb School. The Committee were highly pleased and gratified with the charitable intentions manifested by the members of the Manchester District towards the noble and excellent Institution at present under their care, and though not intending of themselves to have a procession on the opening of the School, they instantly resolved that one should take place, and that it should be accompanied by our procession.

It might, perhaps, be as well here to state, that the new School at present occupied by the children is situated at Old Trafford, about two miles out of town, on the Chester Road: there is also a spacious chapel adjoining; and, on the other side of the latter, is an edifice for a Blind Asylum, not quite finished: the whole is in the style of the English academic architecture, and forms a building at once noble in appearance and highly creditable to the public spirit and charitable feelings of the inhabitants of Manchester.

According to the decision of the Quarterly Committee no regalia was to be used, but that members joining in the procession should be merely distinguished by wearing white gloves, and the Committee of Management to wear, in addition, white rosettes. The procession having been formed opposite the Town Hall, Salford, in the following order, viz :—

Band.

**Officers of the Order.
Manchester District Officers.
Salford District Officers.**

**The last Prov. G. M. supported by the Officers of the Funeral Fund.
Past Grand Masters.**

**Officers, Past Officers, and Brothers, three a-breast.
Two other Bands interspersed down the Procession.**

It then joined the Procession of the Deaf and Dumb at the old school room, in Stanley-street, opposite the New Bailey, which had been formed in the following order, viz :—

Two of the Fire Police, each bearing a British ensign.

Two Firemen ; one bearing the royal standard, and the other a flag with the arms of Manchester.

Two Firemen carrying union jacks.

The remainder of the Police Firemen flanked the Procession at intervals.

Mr. Rose, Superintendent of the Fire Police.

A Military Band.

The Clerk of the Works.

Mr. Richard Lane and Mr. David Bellhouse, the architect and builder.

Mr. Bingham, Master of the School ;

preceding the Scholars, boys and girls, about fifty in number.

Three Police Firemen.

John Hyde, Esq., Boroughreeve of Manchester ; and J. G. Frost, Esq., Boroughreeve of Salford.

Messrs. Geo. Hall and J. M. Lees, Constables of Manchester ; and Messrs. Harvey and Carlton, Constables of Salford.

The Clergy ; amongst whom we noticed the Rev. Richard Parkinson, A. M. Fellow of the Collegiate Church ; the Rev. Thomas Blackburne, Rector of Prestwich ;

the Rev. William Huntington, of St. John's ; the Rev. Joshua

Lingard, A.M. of St. George's, Hulme (Honorary Secretary

to the Institution) ; and other clergymen.

The Churchwardens and Sidesmen of Manchester and Salford.

The Committee of the Deaf and Dumb School, wearing white rosettes.

The Friends and Subscribers of the Institution.

Band of Music.

The Special Constables of Manchester, in divisions from No. 1 to No. 23, each division distinguished by its silk banner.

and from thence proceeded, through vast crowds of people, to the New School.

On arriving at Old Trafford, the scene was very striking. A great number of gaily-dressed ladies were stationed upon the steps, in the hall, and at the windows of the school ; hundreds of persons of a lower rank were in the grounds adjacent and on the road ; while a marquee erected within the court-yard of the school, and divers stalls for refreshments outside, added to the effect of the scene. When the procession had reached the main entrance to the school, a halt was made, and the head of our procession having advanced to the front, they were addressed to the following effect by the Rev. R. Parkinson, one of the Fellows of the Collegiate church :—

“Gentlemen, I have been requested by the Committee of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, to return you, on their behalf, and also on behalf of the deaf and dumb children belonging to the Institution, their cordial thanks for your munificent donation to the funds of the Institution. It is an act which does you infinite credit, especially as you are the first Society to have performed an act of that nature. I trust that your generous example will be extensively followed, as I am convinced that Societies like

your own, whose object is to administer mutual aid in time of need, will not the less have fulfilled that object because, as in the present instance, they may administer aid where there is little prospect of its being reciprocated—to those who are among the most destitute children of humanity. Again, gentlemen, I beg to thank you for your kind donation, and to say that the Committee and Children are exceedingly obliged to you."

In addition to this very pleasing and highly gratifying acknowledgment of our kind feeling for the future welfare and prosperity of the Institution, the Chairman (the above named Rev. Gentleman) in his address to the highly respectable audience (who were assembled to hear the examination of the children) after acknowledging various contributions to the funds of the charity, spoke in the following terms of ours:—"Lastly, I would allude to another munificent contribution, of which mention has just been made out of doors, and which came from a body who, I hardly know why, choose to designate themselves "Odd Fellows."—(Laughter.) A deputation from them recently waited on the Committee, and expressed a wish to be allowed to join the intended procession. Some inquiry was, of course, made into their constitution and their object; the deputation replied that they were a philanthropic body, and that their object was to contribute to the funds of the charity. Of course, the Committee felt no difficulty in acceding to their request; and if contributing to the charity the handsome sum of near five hundred pounds, is a symptom of Odd Fellowship, I can only say, they hope there are some more Odd Fellows to be found in the world."—(Cheers and laughter.)

The Procession then retired to the Dog and Partridge Bowling Green, on the Stretford road, where a collection amounting to £26. 3s. 9½d. was made, in aid of the subscription, which amounted in the whole (and for particulars see below) to £406. 18s. 1½d. The bands took the centre of the green, and after an appropriate air had been played the members separated and partook of refreshment.

After the procession had again been formed, it proceeded, accompanied by the firemen and special constables, to St. Ann's Square, where, after the bands had played a national air, it broke up.

Upon the whole this procession has had a most favourable effect in Manchester, considering the unpleasantness that has for some time been existing; but we are most happy to say, now entirely done away with; and we feel convinced that it will have a tendency to make our Institution more generally known, and, of course, more duly appreciated.

It appears the Committee for the Deaf and Dumb School felt deeply obliged for our endeavours to aid the charity, as, on the very day it took place, they held an Extraordinary Committee Meeting, at which the following Resolution was unanimously agreed to, which, together with the name and amount contributed by each individual Lodge, was published in the newspapers, and they likewise sent a copy of the Resolution to each Lodge:—

At an extraordinary Meeting of the Committee of the Deaf and Dumb, held in the New School, at Old Trafford, this 21st day of June, 1837,

The Rev. R. PARKINSON, M. A., in the Chair;

Contributions from the various Lodges of the Manchester District of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, amounting in the whole to £406. 18s. 1½d. having been announced,

It was moved by JAMES COLLIER HARTER, Esq., seconded by JOHN POOLEY, Esq., and unanimously resolved:—

"That the sincere and grateful thanks of this Committee be presented to the Manchester District of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, for their munificent contribution to the funds of the Deaf and Dumb School; and that the Secretary be requested to convey the expression of the same to the several Lodges."

(Signed)

R. PARKINSON, Chairman.

Contributions from the following Lodges of the Manchester Unity of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

<i>Name of Lodge. Where held. £. s. d.</i>	<i>Name of Lodge. Where held. £. s. d.</i>
Wellington.... Manchester. .. 10 10 0	Franklin Manchester. 5 0 0
Cumberland..... Do 10 10 0	Lily of the Valley .Do 4 4 0
Queen Caroline .. Do 10 10 0	Lord Byron..... Do 2 5 6
Apollo Do 10 10 0	Welcome Home .. Do 3 5 7
Saint Peter Do 10 10 0	Duke of Manchester. Do ... 1 5 0
Rose of Sharon .. Do 10 10 0	Humphrey Cheetham Do. 4 5 6
British Fleet Do 10 10 0	Caledonian Do 4 5 6
Saint David..... Do 10 10 0	Earl Fitzwilliam.. Do 2 2 0
Saint Andrew Do 10 10 0	Trafalgar..... Do 0 10 0
Farmer's Glory .. Openshaw.. 10 10 0	Sir John Moore.. Do 4 6 6
Clarence Salford 10 10 0	Sir Oswald Mosley Do 6 11 6
Hill's Glory..... Manchester.. 10 10 0	Duke of Sussex .. Do 5 5 0
Temple Do 10 10 0	Earl of Sefton... Do 5 5 0
Queen Adelaide .. Do 10 10 0	Sir Walter Scott.. Do 0 12 6
Saint George Do 10 10 0	Evening Star Do 4 17 0
Philanthropic Do 10 10 0	Star of Hope Do 1 10 0
Providence Do 10 10 0	Countess of Sefton Do 1 0 0
Regulator Stretford .. 10 10 0	Nelson's Pride... Do 1 8 0
Veteran Salford 10 10 0	Temple's Pride .. Do 0 15 6
Earl of Wilton Manchester .. 10 10 0	Trafford Peel Green 3 0 0
Rose of Cumberland Do..... 10 10 0	Good Intent Pendlebury 1 0 0
Duchess of Devonshire Salford 10 10 0	Miners..... Do 1 5 3
Rainbow..... Blackley... 0 2 6	Lord John Russell, Prestwich.. 2 10 6
Lord Grey..... Carrington.. 1 10 0	Waterloo Salford... 5 15 6
Rose of Cheetham Cheetham } 2 0 0	Duke of Devonshire Do. 6 11 0
Hill }	Abercrombie Do 5 5 0
Princess Victoria.. Clayton .. 1 0 0	Saint John Do 2 7 6
Farmers Croft's Bank 2 1 0	Friendship Do 3 0 0
Humanity Eccles 3 0 0	Good Samaritan .. Do 1 17 0
Gortonian Gorton 0 10 0	Samaritan's Pride Do. 4 12 6
Duke of Bridgewater, Irlams } 2 0 0	Bud of Clarence .. Do 3 15 0
-o-th'-Height }	Albion Do 1 14 0
Amicable Hooley Hill 0 10 0	Duke of Richmond Do. 1 7 0
Philanthropic Liverpool.. 2 2 0	Admiral Do 1 0 0
Victory..... Manchester 5 5 0	Cavendish Do 1 0 0
Rock of Horeb .. Do 5 5 0	Spring of Providence Do. 1 12 6
Mechanic..... Do 1 17 6	Lord Francis Egerton, Swinton 0 10 0
Shakspeare Do 2 10 6	Poor Man's Protection, Worsley 1 3 0
Social Design Do 2 5 6	Nelson Manchester 4 5 0
Mount Gilead Do 2 0 0	Middleton & Heywood District 1 0 0
Prince Llewellyn.. Do 2 2 0	Worsley District..... 0 15 0
True Benevolent.. Do 3 4 6	Collection on the ground after } 17 12 9½
Lord Brougham .. Do 5 0 0	the procession

JOSHUA LINGARD, M. A., Honorary Secretary.

The 22 Lodges first on the list are entitled to 22 votes, and the money contributed in addition will give 14 votes more to the Manchester and Salford District Officers, for the time being, so long as the charity or the Institution is in being. Thus an opportunity is afforded of their assisting any of their brethren who may be so unfortunately situated as to have any of their children claimants for the benefits of the charity, which is not confined alone to this county, but extends to all the neighbouring ones.*

We remain, Gentlemen, yours, fraternally,

EDWARD K. DAVIS, Prov. G. M.

GEORGE RICHMOND, Prov. D. G. M.

WILLIAM PEYTON, Prov. C. S.

* We have also the gratification of stating, that at the election which took place on that occasion of the additional number of children, the five candidates of the six that were supported by the 22 Lodges, and the Manchester and Salford District Officers, were elected. This, of course, could not have been done by our individual votes, but Mr. Bateman said the Committee would have great pleasure, at any time, in using every endeavour, on their parts, to procure the election of any candidates recommended by our Society.

CAUTION AGAINST BURNING EFFIGIES.

[As a convincing proof that our Institution is held in some degree of estimation by Government, and that as long as we act upon our present philanthropic principles, we may not only be able to meet peaceably in our Lodges, and free from any unwarranted interruption, but that we may, at all times, safely calculate upon being protected by the laws of our country, we insert a placard, given under the authority of the Magistrates of Huddersfield. The deputies present at the last A. M. C. will, no doubt, remember that several dissatisfied persons in the Huddersfield District, carried their opposition to the District Officers so far, as to do all in their power to intimidate them,—nay, even formed processions to carry their effigies to be burnt at a funeral pile; this caution was issued by the Magistrates to prevent a recurrence of such disgraceful practices in future.—N. B. On Tuesday, July 4th, one person was fined £5. 10s. for the non-observance of such caution. We are happy to say, since which time, the disturbance has ceased to exist.]

WHEREAS, crowds of people have assembled opposite the houses of several individuals in the Neighbourhood of HUDDERSFIELD, and have put such individuals in great bodily fear, by carrying in Procession EFFIGIES of their persons, and afterwards Burning them in the street, We, (the Magistrates acting in this Division) *do hereby Give Notice*, that all persons doing any such acts, or taking part therein, are Rioters and Disturbers of the Public Peace, and liable to be proceeded against as such: *And we further Give Notice*, that in case any person or persons shall hereafter be found joining in such *Unlawful Processions*, or *making or burning any such Effigies*, we shall immediately cause such person or persons to be taken into custody, and dealt with according to Law, as Rioters and Disturbers of the Public Peace. Given under our Hands at Huddersfield, this twenty-seventh day of June, 1837.

JOSEPH WALKER.
JOSEPH ARMITAGE.
B. N. R. BATTY.
W. W. BATTYE.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

ALLOW me, through the medium of your very excellent, interesting, and instructive periodical, to make a few remarks, or rather a short

ESSAY ON THE WORD LOVE.

There is hardly a word in our English vocabulary, that possesses such a happy combination of meaning and effect, as is associated and attendant on the word *Love*. I know of none that is so well adapted, and so admirably calculated to work upon the mind, and to touch the heart, with such power, effect, and forcibility, as when we come to speak on something connected with *love*, whatever be its nature, whether relating to the gentle sex, country, friends, or whatever object we love sincerely, affectionately, ardently, and intensely.

I shall, in a very brief and cursory manner, look at the most formidable suggestions that may naturally occur to every rational and philosophical mind, in contemplating the different bearings of this word. The first sense in which we may look at this word, and which so many think it is directly and almost exclusively to refer to, is that of love, affection, esteem, respect, admiration, and intimacy that may exist between two of the opposite sexes in their friendship and attachment to each other; by their friendly and social converse; or in their sequestered and retired walk over the verdant mead, or by the rippling rill; in the shady grove, or by the side of some pleasant and translucent water. Who, that has arrived at manhood, cannot call to mind occurrences similar to these, when he has been smitten by Cupid's dart, and when the sweet pleasures of love have throbbled in his heart, when he was wont to admire some fair, cheerful and blooming maiden, and who possessed such fascinating charms, and almost persuaded himself that without her company he would never be able to make himself happy and comfortable,—and when an intimacy has been gained, I say what words

would be adequate to describe the feelings, emotions, and proud exultations of his heart—what has given him more joy and pleasure, than being in the company of his beloved friend? Can he forget the kind and reciprocal intercourse they used to enjoy, when in some lovely lawn, where grew the hawthorn, the modest woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, and the more odoriferous scent of the rose, which exhaled so rich and fragrant a perfume,—and where were seen the towering elm, the stately oak, and the bending willow,—where he used to tell his plaintive tale, his flattering prospects, his daring adventures, and the sincerity of his motives,—but what told so plainly, sincerely, and forcibly to the heart, than the gentle pressure of the hand, accompanied with the simple but affective and successful words,—“I love.” Here is eloquence more persuasive and touching to the heart, than all that talent, erudition, and learning could achieve, or even the rhetorical powers of a Cicero, Demosthenes, or a Brougham, could accomplish by their great powers. Henry Kirke White has beautifully expressed himself on this subject, in one of his miscellaneous poems, the first stanza beginning with—

“Why should I blush to own I love?
’Tis that which rules the realms above;
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall!”

But the delicacy of the subject forbids me to say more, I will hasten to other views of the subject. Love of country! How is it that we feel such respect and preferred veneration for the place of our nativity, and the land of our birth? When called upon to leave it, how acute and sensitive the pain,—how powerful and paralyzing the smoke,—how poignant the distress, when about to leave the scenes of fond remembrance, where the sports of childhood, the frolics of youth, and the more daring and impendant adventures of manhood; it has been truly said,—

“There is a land, of ev’ry land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o’er all the world beside.”

What is the feelings of our mind when called upon to leave relations, companions, and friends—those with whom we used to be on such social terms—those to whom we were so closely allied—those whom we have passed so many pleasant, cheerful, and happy hours together, enjoying their sweet converse and instructions,—what makes it so sorrowful in parting with them, but the *love* we have unto them?

“Oh! cutting, trying stroke indeed,
When we are called to part.”

What is that emulates the literary character, and impels him forward in his laborious study—in his intricate questions—his daily meditations—and nightly lucubrations—in his study of the classic lore—and the diving and researching into the musty archives of antiquity? What is that causes him to sacrifice pleasure and gaiety, for such intense labour, but the *love* of fame? What is it that binds, unites, and cements together societies such as we form a part, but the pure, disinterested benevolence, charity, and *love* we have for our fellow-men, in supporting and aiding them in sickness and distress? Noble Institution! May thou long continue to shed thy radiant goodness and bounty around,—may thou long be permitted to carry forth those philanthropic principles, which thou art so much characterized for, and which is worthy of the imitation of the philosopher, the patriot, and the christian. Hence, what was it that caused God to interpose and devise a plan for the redemption of mankind, when our first parent Adam, fell, but *love*, such as a God can only show. What but *love* could have constrained Christ to carry this noble plan into execution,—to associate with man,—God’s eternal and only begotten Son? Nay, more, to sacrifice his life, not for his friends only, but his direst foes,—to die and bleed, and to suffer such an accursed and ignominious death, on the heights of Calvary, and for the love of lost and fallen man. Oh! how great should be the gratitude, praise, homage, and adoration, for such boundless love as this; ever study and try to act on its principles with God and man, and thou shalt have peace. But my paper reminds me that this must be the height of the climax, not that more could not have been said, not that all the arguments are exhausted, for there is ample profusion, copious plenitude, exuberant fulness, and redundant supply of them; but space and time will not allow me to recapitulate them, but for the present let this suffice.

I remain, yours, respectfully,

Faith Lodge, Bradford, Aug. 8, 1837.

JOHN CLARK, Junr.

SKETCHES OF POETRY AND POETS,

BY GEO. P. JENNINGS.

No. V.—ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in Lombard-street, London, on the 21st of May, 1688. His father was a linen draper, and had acquired considerable affluence by trade; both father and mother were papists. Pope was from his birth of a remarkably delicate and tender constitution, and the extreme difficulty found in rearing him must account for the small pains taken in early years to provide for his education; and the first rudiments of learning seem to have been bestowed upon him by the kindness of an aunt. About the age of eight, he was placed under the tuition of a Romish Priest, who instructed him in the elements of Latin and Greek: from thence he was removed to another school at Twyford, near Winchester, (also kept by a catholic,) and here the first signs of a poetical disposition showed themselves. He was much struck by reading Ogilby's Homer, and formed a kind of play from some portions of it, intermixed with several verses of his own, which was performed by the boys of the school, the gardener belonging to the establishment taking the part of Ajax. When he was about twelve years of age he quitted school, and went home to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, whither his father had retired from business, with a large fortune; for which, it is said, he found no better means of investment than locking it up in a chest, and taking, from time to time, what he required for various expences, so that it is no wonder that his property was considerably diminished (indeed it was almost consumed) before it came into the possession of his son. Here our poet continued to study Latin and Greek, though his studies were conducted in so desultory a manner, that he never was, properly speaking, a good classical scholar. A great portion of his time was spent in reading English literature, and about this time, when scarcely twelve years old, he wrote his first poetical composition,—

AN ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few patrimonial acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flock supply him with attire;
Whose trees, in summer, yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

In the few following years after this he scribbled in all styles, and upon almost all subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an Epic poem, and scraps, *ad infinitum*; and, as he afterwards said, he "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was."—But at the age of seventeen his career, as a poet, may be said to have commenced in good earnest; and in 1709, he published his "Pastorals," and began to frequent Will's

coffee-house, in Covent Garden, where all the wits and literati of the day used to assemble. He soon after became acquainted with Sir Wm. Trumball, who introduced him to Wycherley, who had been in his youth one of the leaders of fashion and wit, but he was now old, and did not survive the introduction many years. Pope was also introduced to Mr. Walsh, who was, fortunately for him, both a scholar and a man of fortune. He took a warm interest in the success of the young poet. He invited him to his house, and gave him the greatest encouragement to proceed in his poetical career. Unfortunately this intercourse was destined to be short; for Mr. Walsh died in 1708, and his memory was honoured by Pope in some admirable lines in his *Essay on Criticism*, published about three years after. This work is justly esteemed a master-piece of the kind, and displays such strength of comprehension, and so extensive a knowledge of ancient and modern literature, as would have been of the greatest credit to the most mature age and the longest experience. In 1712 his poetical talents were called into action by a singular occurrence in high life: Lord Petre having, in a frolic of gallantry, cut off a lock of hair from Mrs. Arabella Fermor, this liberty was so much resented, that the two families (before very friendly) became highly incensed against each other. Our author was desired by a mutual friend to write a ludicrous poem about it, with the view of making both parties laugh themselves into good temper again; and he accordingly produced the "Rape of the Lock," which was well received, and had the effect intended, as it was the means of bringing about a reconciliation between the aggrieved parties. With respect to the merits of this poem,—consisting of five cantos, of about 150 lines each,—Dr. Johnson has pronounced it as "the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions." Although the poem must be read throughout to be in any degree appreciated, the following extract, describing the act of spoliation, may give some idea of the teneur of it:—

Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant streams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair;
A thousand wings by turns flow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
The peer now spreads the glittering forx wide
To inclose the lock—nor joins it to divide;
The meeting-points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever:
Then flash'd the living lightening from her eyes,
And screams of terror rend the affrighted skies;
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lap-dogs breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.

About this time he was introduced to the great Addison, with whom he was, for a length of time, on terms of the closest friendship; and as his poems had hitherto gained him little, save praise, and being in great pecuniary difficulties, he began to think if they could not be turned to any account which would yield something rather more tangible. Accordingly, in 1713, he issued proposals for publishing a poetical translation of Homer's *Iliad*: as the work was of so great extent, he did not venture to rely on the precarious demand of public sale, so he determined to take the more secure mode of publishing by subscription. He had no sooner issued his proposals, and thus bound himself to his subscribers, than he began to tremble at the magnitude of the task: he found that his sweet, soft metres were unsuited to the bold, living images of Homer's imagination. This embarrassment was greatly increased by the feebleness of his health: he used to be haunted in his sleep by dreams of banishment and other dread subjects, and was frequently reduced to such a nervous state as, in his own words, 'he often wished that somebody would hang him.' But this state of anxiety diminished as he advanced in his task; and long before he had completed it, the work was perfectly easy to him; and in about five years from its commencement the translation was completed, and is, without doubt, the noblest version of poetry which

the world has ever produced. When the first volume was in the printer's hands, the principal booksellers rivalled each other in their proposals for the copyright, which was eventually consigned to Bernard Linlot, on condition of paying 200 guineas per volume and supplying all the subscribers with copies of the work. The subscribers' copies were in quarto, but about 250 copies were published in royal folio at two guineas per volume, and about 1000 in a smaller folio: the first volume was published in June 1715, and the whole was completed in six volumes,—the author clearing by the publication about £5300. Shortly after the publication of the *Iliad*, a mutual jealousy arose between the author and Addison, which soon put an end to the closeness of their acquaintance.

Pope having now gained a handsome independency, purchased a villa at Twickenham, and removed thither with his father and mother, the former of whom died in 1717, in the 75th year of his age. Soon after the publication of the *Iliad* was completed, our author, acting on the prudent maxim of striking while the iron is hot, issued proposals for a similar translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, which he finished in five volumes, in 1725. This speculation, though it did not prove such a source of profit as the *Iliad*, gained him a considerable sum; but about the same time he was a serious loser by the bursting of the South Sea bubble, in which it appears he had been induced to speculate rather deeply. His next literary work was a revised edition of Shakspeare, in six volumes, for which he received £217. 12s. 0d.; but the work was the least successful of any of his attempts. In 1728 he took signal revenge on the host of critics, who had from time to time been incessantly attacking him, by the publication of the "*Dunciad*," one of his most elaborate and satirical performances; by which he endeavoured to bring into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and also those who had been most unmerciful in their attacks on others, some of whom were not so well able to defend themselves. The effect of this work was to bring upon him the tenfold fury of the whole host of critics, who vented their spleen against him in every way which malignity could devise, and some even went so far as to caricature him on account of his natural infirmities. He most severely felt this continued assault; notwithstanding which he published another satire, in 1731, called "*A Poem on Taste*," wherein he casts peculiar ridicule on the Duke of Chandos, whom he severely criticised under the name of Timon; but he afterwards had much cause to repent of his keenness, for the latter publication caused many of his friends to relinquish his acquaintance.

In 1732 he lost his mother, in her 94th year; and within a few months of that event many of his most intimate friends—among whom was Gay, the poet—also died. In the following year the first part of the *Essay on Man* made its appearance, which was finished in 1734; and in 1737 he published three volumes of *Correspondence*, which owes its existence to the fact, that a bookseller had commenced publishing some of his letters without his consent or knowledge, and Pope immediately saw the necessity of taking the work into his own hands: this, with the exception of some minor pieces, was his last publication; for finding his health gradually declining, he determined not to strain his faculties with any more compositions, but applied himself to revising and correcting his former works. He was labouring under an asthma, and shewed signs of other disorders being upon him—he was conscious that his end was approaching. About a month before he died he remarked, "one of the things I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity; if I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind a whole day." He grew gradually weaker, and was fully aware of the near approach of his end. One day when a friend called to see him, just after his physician had left him, and had given him strong hopes that his complaint had taken a favourable turn, he said, "here am I, dying of a hundred good symptoms." His mind was much weakened before his death: he said, "the thing that I suffer most from is, that I cannot think;" and he several times asserted, that he saw objects which must have been caused by supernatural agency. A day or two before his death, he rose at four o'clock, and was found busily employed writing an *Essay on the Immortality of the Soul*, according to a system of his own, in which he spoke of material things which he supposed to strengthen the immortality, and others which tended to destroy it; thus giving another example of how often the lamp of genius gives a bright glimmer before it finally expires. Shortly before he died he said, "there is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship is only a part of virtue." And as he was yielding to the last exhaustion,—

"I am so certain of the soul's being immortal that I seem to feel it within me, as it were by intuition." His death at last took place, so gently that his attendants were unable to perceive the exact time of dissolution: it took place on the 30th of May, 1744, when he was 56 years of age. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, and a monument was afterwards erected to his memory by the Bishop of Gloucester. He left the care of all his papers and manuscripts to Lord Bolinbroke and the Earl of Marchmont; and a complete set of his works was published in 1751, in nine volumes.

In person Pope was low of stature, not being much above four feet in height, but his countenance was striking and intelligent, and his eye remarkably fine. His constitution was so weak and delicate that he was unable to dress or undress without assistance, and he was obliged constantly to wear a fur doublet under his shirt. The indulgence which his infirmities demanded had given him the usual unsocial and selfish qualities of a valetudinarian. Of his intellectual character, Dr. Johnson has given the following testimony:—"His constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, and a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what rejected; and in the works of others which was to be shunned, and which to be copied." His memory was strong and distinct; he was temperate in mind and body; he exhibited great ability, and possessed eminent fame, with as little vanity as can perhaps be found in any of the human race; his chief desire being to be accounted a man of virtue. His moral character was unexceptionable; his chief foible was the too free indulgence of his satirical powers; but this was excited, not by desire of personal revenge, so much as by his indignation against what he considered a notorious crime; wherefore we find that the lash of his pen fell with as much severity on those critics who had abused others, as on those who had been more violent against himself. During his last painful illness he exhibited a great degree of calmness and fortitude; and, according to the testimony of one of his most intimate friends, "he behaved with a composure and serenity which attend a pure conscience and an elevated mind. He not only beheld his approaching end with magnanimity, but he spoke of it with cheerfulness; and a portion of his thoughts were given to adoring the goodness of the Deity, even in the flattering hopes in which he has permitted nature to indulge men, amid the desperateness of their condition."

Such was Alexander Pope, who deservedly ranks among the first and best of British poets.

REVENGE.

THE night was dark and tempestuous, heavy gusts of wind shook the abbey walls, while the moon, occasionally breaking through the thick clouds, cast an uncertain and awful light over the surrounding scenery. The monk, Pierre, had lain down to rest, but sleep had fled from his eyes. The groans of the distressed seemed to mingle with the sighing of the blast; and he frequently started from his couch, under the impression that he heard the well-known signal of his trusty dog, Fidele. In this manner he spent the hours, till the heavy bell of St. Gothard, announced that midnight had passed. The storm was, in some degree, abated, and the beams of the moon were less interrupted; Pierre, however, no longer endeavoured to sleep, he fixed his eyes upon the bright luminary, which now shone full through the casement of his little apartment, and a train of thought, involuntarily, stole over his mind. "Behold," said he, mentally, "a picture of myself! Delivered up to the dominion of my own wayward desires, every image was distorted in my imaginations; and the common evils of life became burthens too great for endurance. The small still voice of reason was unheard of in the whirlwind of passion; and, like the leaf severed from its parent stem, and hurried down the torrent, I was alone on the sea of life, the sport of every breeze, and at the direction of every current. Oh! Father of Mercies," he cried, "I thank Thee for the correction thou hast given me; a wanderer no more,—I pursue my path with joy, because it leads to thee,—and I strive to imitate thee, by bringing my fellow-wanderers

to a place of earthly rest, and preparing them for a heavenly one." A gentle calm diffused itself over his mind, and sleep began to steal over his eyelids, when suddenly, he was roused by the reiterated barking of Fidele. He instantly obeyed the summons, and hurried into the air. Fidele fawned upon him with delight, then sprang forward; again barked loudly, and with redoubled speed pursued his own way through the windings of the mountain. At length he stopped; exerting all his strength, Pierre pressed forward, and beheld the apparently lifeless remains of a man, stretched upon the snow. He knelt down, and perceived by the rays of his torch, aided by the beams of the moon, that the ground was covered with blood; he laid his hand upon the breast of the stranger, and, to his joy, some slight pulsation evinced that life was not quite departed. He now dispatched Fidele for further assistance, and in a short time the wounded man was conveyed to the abbey.

Pierre laid him upon his own bed, and anxious to ascertain the extent of the injury he had received, he proceeded to examine the head, from whence the blood still flowed copiously. With this view he removed his cap, and parted the thick curls that covered his forehead; the light now shone full on his livid countenance. Pierre started back—his eyes remained fixed upon the stranger—his whole frame shook with violent and increasing emotion, and the placid expression of his countenance was entirely lost; recovering himself, he hid his face with his hands, and after an apparent struggle with his feelings, he knelt down, and in a short, but earnest prayer, deplored his present weakness, and supplicated the Divine assistance for the future. He then rose; the smile of benevolence again illumined his pale, but venerable face, and approaching the sufferer, he applied every remedy in his power, and watched with trembling anxiety, the result of his cares: with feelings of pure delight, he observed, at length, the heaving of his breast, and heard a deep sigh issue from his lips. In a short time the stranger opened his eyes, and fixed them upon his benefactor, but seemed to have no recollection of the past, or apprehensions for the present; Pierre took his station by his bedside, and assiduously attended him for many days.

At the end of a week, Abdallah, as he called himself, was able to converse; and Pierre now asked the particulars of his disaster, and the meaning of the incoherent expressions of wrath, which had frequently escaped from his lips during his late delirium. "You behold," said Abdallah, "a man who has seen the reverses of fortune in their greatest extent. I have basked in the smiles of monarchs—I have held the highest posts of office—and wealth unbounded has swelled my coffers. My rank, however, was unable to shield me from malevolence; and the envy of one who had long hated me, wrought my ruin. I was disgraced to make room for my rival, and I became an outcast from that country, which had owed its prosperity to my cares, and a vagabond in lands that had lately trembled at the sound of my name." Overpowered with the acuteness of his feelings, he paused; nor was Pierre less affected. He wrapt his face in his garments, and groaned aloud. "You feel for me," said Abdallah, "but what are your sensations, compared with mine? Listen, however, good Pierre, and rejoice with me, my injuries have not slept in the dust! No, no!" added he, his countenance assuming an expression which made his auditor shudder, as he regarded him,—"*I swore to be revenged, and I have performed my oath! Night and day has the desire of vengeance pursued me. It has been my food—my occupation—the height of all my wishes, and the very end of an existence, of which I had long ago rid myself, but for the hope of living to witness the destruction of my enemy.*"

"But surely," interrupted Pierre, "you destroyed by this means, your own happiness; for, doubtless, sources of happiness were still open to you, without injuring his." Scornfully replied Abdallah, "I desired no happiness, but to be revenged; though, perhaps, I could not have wished my rival to endure a more bitter punishment, than the state into which he has reduced me."

Here he paused. After a short time he resumed, "The hope of vengeance haunted me everywhere. I had sufficient wealth—but I despised it; I had a wife and children—but their caresses were poisoned by the image of my foe;—I forgot to take my food, and even sleep brought no repose. Frequently in my slumbers, I thought I felt him in my grasp, and raised my arm to stab him to the heart; when awakened by the action, I found that he had yet escaped, and I wept for disappointment. My wife and children were all swept off by a fever," added he in a low voice, "my wealth was dissipated—

I renounced every connexion, and hired myself with braves. At length I heard that my rival had received a commission, which would compel him to cross these mountains; I instantly bent my course hither, and having encountered his train, I managed to separate him from the attendants: and now, hear me, old man! hear the completion of my long-protracted hopes. I met him in the pass—I struck him to the earth; and while he lay bleeding on the ground, I proclaimed myself my avenger, and upbraided him with his perfidy. I witnessed the convulsions of his frame—I heard his dying groans—they were music to my ears, and in a delirium of joy, I still hung over him, when a blow from an unknown hand, precipitated me down the precipice. Tell me, am I not to be envied? Can happiness now be greater than mine, or revenge more complete?"

He seized the arm of Pierre as he spoke: the countenance of the latter was pale as marble, and it was some moments before he could make any reply.—“Abdallah,” at length he cried, “I also was once rich, powerful, and renowned, and I also had an enemy; he was once my friend—my brother—the beloved of my heart; I raised him to power, and gratified all his desires—but he betrayed my love—he brought disgrace and ruin on my name, and drove me an exile from my country and mankind. Like you, I carried revenge into my retreat—like you, I suffered it to prey upon my heart; I planned various schemes of vengeance—but none answered the extent of my wishes. At length I fortunately became acquainted with one who was well skilled to assist my research, and guide me in the right way to obtain satisfaction for my past wrongs. It was long, however, before I could obey his suggestions, or listen to his entreaties; but at length, he prevailed, and opportunity alone was wanting to complete my projected plan.”

“And has that opportunity been granted?” eagerly inquired Abdallah.

“I thank heaven,” replied Pierre fervently, “it has! Years had passed away, when in an unlooked-for hour, my treacherous friend was thrown into my power; his life was in my hands—no one was near to witness the deed—he was alone, undefended. And——,”

“And,” cried Abdallah, in a voice which shook with emotion, “you slew him.”

“My revenge,” returned Pierre, “was not to be so gratified.” He raised his eyes to heaven, and then extending his arms towards Abdallah, he exclaimed,—“I forgave him! Look at me, Abdallah! poor and mean as I am, do you not recognise under these weeds, your once-loved—once-honoured Hamet? Nay, hide not your face, but repose again on the bosom of friendship; I have learned a better lesson than to take vengeance. I have exchanged the slavery of passion, for the freedom of the christian; and entreat you to partake of that peace, which has long filled my bosom, and which now fills it with joy unutterable! Your enemy still lives, and is sheltered with yourself within these walls.”

Abdallah paused for a few minutes, and his varying countenance showed the perturbation of his mind, then throwing his arms around the neck of Pierre, he sobbed,—“Hamet, teach me this lesson, and bring me to your God, and let the restoration of your friendship, be the promise of his pardon and acceptance.”

QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY L. E. L. (MISS E. LONDON.)

FAREWELL unto thy childhood, and for ever;
Youth's careless hours dwell not round a throne;
The hallowed purpose, and the high endeavour,
The onward-looking thought must be thine own.

From glowing Ind to Huron's water spreading,
Extends the empire that our sword hath won;
There have our sails been peace and knowledge shedding,
Upon thy sceptre never sets the sun.

A nobler triumph still awaits thy winning,
 "The mind's ethereal war" is in its birth;
 The Cross of Christ is on its way, beginning
 Its glorious triumph o'er the darkened earth.

God's blessing be upon thee, Royal Maiden!
 And be thy throne heaven's altar here below;
 With sweet thanksgivings, and with honours laden,
 Of moral victories o'er want and woe.

Glorious and happy be thy coming hours,
 Young Daughter of old England's royal line!
 As in an angel's pathway spring up flowers,
 So may a nation's blessing spring in thine.

CORNELIUS O'FLANAGAN AND THE MALTA ANCHOVIES.

(From the "Clubs of London.")

A few years ago, an Irish officer, who belonged to a regiment in garrison at Malta, returned to this country on leave of absence; and, according to custom, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military. "But," said he, "as for the *anchovies*,—there's nothing to be seen like them in the known world!"

"Why, that is a bold assertion," said a gentleman present—"I think England can boast of that article in as great perfection as any country, if not greater."

"My dear sir," replied the Irishman, "you'll pardon me saying that your opinion is founded on sheer ignorance of the fact: excuse my plain speaking: but you'd soon be of my way of thinking, if you saw the fruit growing so beautiful and large, as I have seen it many's the day."

"Well done Pat!" exclaimed his opponent; "the fruit *growing so beautiful and large*!—on a tree, I suppose? Come you won't beat that, however."

"Do you doubt the word of a gentleman, sur?" returned the officer.

"I doubt the fact, sir," answered the gentleman.

"Then, by the powers! you only display your own want of understanding by so doing: and I take it very uncivil of you; for I've seen the anchovies grow upon the trees with my own eyes many's the time, and beautiful's the grove of them that the Governor has in his garden; besides, the walls of the fortress are completely covered with them."

"Upon my soul," returned his opponent, laughing heartily, "you out-Mandeville even Sir John himself, and he was no flincher. He it was, I believe, who asserted that *oysters* grew upon trees on the Malabar coast; but you give us *anchovies*, ready pickled I suppose, from the same source."

"Then, sur," returned the Irishman, "am I to understand that you doubt my word?"

"You may understand what you please; but, though the licence of travellers is generally allowed to be pretty extensive, you must not suppose that either I, or any other gentleman in this company, are to be crammed with an absurdity so palpable as that of anchovies growing upon trees!"

"As much as to say, sur, in plain terms, that I have told a lie!—say the word, sur, and I am satisfied. I'm not quarrelsome, sur; but, by my sowl! only say that, and you had better been born without a shoe to your foot, or a shirt to your back!"

"Neither you, sir," returned the gentleman, "nor any other man, shall compel me to say, that I believe that which is by nature impossible."

"Then, sur," I'll beg lave to address a few words to this honourable company; after which, if you do not retract your word, and own your conviction that what I have said is true, I shall insist on your meeting me in another place, more convenient, may be, for settling disputes, than this room."

"Go on, Sir," said the gentlemen.

"In the first place then, gentlemen, upon my honour and conscience! as I have a soul to be saved, and to escape the pains of purgatory,—I swear by all the saints in the calendar, and the devil himself to boot, that I would scorn to tell a falsehood to man or mortal. These very eyes have, on ten thousand different occasions, seen the anchovies as plump as gooseberries, growing on, and plucked from, the trees, in his Majesty's island and fortress of Malta. In the second place,——"

"Impossible!" interrupted his opponents, "I tell you to your face, that you never saw any such thing."

"The lie direct," exclaimed the military hero, "by St. Patrick! it's more than a christian officer can bear. But I'll keep myself cool, for the honour of the corps; and I'd advise you, sur, if you can't be aisy, you'd better be as aisy as you can,—for if you spaik such another disrespectful and imperious word, I'll not call you out at all; but by the powers! I'll smite your eye out of your head, and plaster the walls with your blood! But, sur, I was going to observe in the second place, that it is a rule in the army, that no gentleman shall presume to doubt the word of another, unless he can positively prove that he is wrong, and that too, on the spot; therefore, sur, even suppose I had told you a lie, you have no right, by the laws of honour, to challenge me with it, because you niver were at Malta at all, and, of course, could not see the thing with your own eyes. But, sur, I have only to remark to ye, that you have not only insulted an officer and gentlemen, but an Irishman; therefore, I trust, that every one present, will admit that I have had sufficient *raison* for requiring satisfaction."

"Satisfaction! pooh, pooh! for what? For a mere difference of opinion?—Non-sense!" exclaimed several of the party.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," returned the officer, "no difference of opinion at all; he has given me the lie direct, and Cornilius O'Flanagan's own father's son wont take the lie from man or mortal; even, as I said before, if it was true. Do you know the way we begin to fight in Tipperary? I'll tell ye, if ye don't. Paddy chalks his hat, d'ye see, all round the rim of it; and down he throws it on the green turf,—'I should like any body to tell me now,' says he, 'that this is n't *silver lace*!' So then away they go to it with the shillilagh. You understand me, sur, that is our way; an Irishman's honour is dearer to him than his life,—and even when in the wrong, he'd sooner die, than have a lie thrown in his teeth. So now, gentlemen, I'll bid ye good night, and as for you, sur, there is my card, which I shall be happy to exchange for your's."

The Englishman, of course, gave his address, and the next day the parties met attended by their seconds. They fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump about a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said, "you have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain; I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"*Capers! Capers!*" exclaimed the Irishman. "Oh! the heavenly Father! what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!" and running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him:—"My dear fellow, if ye're kilt I ax yer pardon in this world and the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; it was *capers* that I saw growing on the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

The wounded man smiling at his ludicrous mistake and apology, said,—"*My dear fellow!* I wish you had thought of that a little sooner; I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between anchovies and capers as long as you live."

On reading the Tablet placed in Saint John's Church, in this Town, to the memory of

THE REV. JOHN CLOWES, M. A.,

LATE RECTOR OF THAT CHURCH.

[We must really apologize to our worthy Correspondent of the Duke of Sussex Lodge, for the erroneous manner in which these lines were inserted in the March Magazine; the error arose, not from any alteration by the Committee, the fault lay entirely with the printer, who states, that the copy having accidentally got defaced, after it was sent to him, so that the latter part of it was rendered illegible, and without consulting the Committee, the compositor inserted them in the form they were then printed. We therefore readily comply with the request of our correspondent, to insert the lines in this Number in their original form.]

WHOSE thou art, with rev'rence tread
The sacred mansions of the dead;
Not that the monumental bust,
Or sumptuous tomb, HERE guards the dust
Of rich or great; let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth.
This simple tablet speaks a name,
That shines with heavenly—holy fame.

Reader! if genius, taste refined,
A native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If language that ne'er gave offence,—
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claimed a part,—
Oh! to his memory shed a tear,
For, know, that CLOWES lies buried here.

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH, AT CHESTERFIELD.

[It is seldom that any occurrence takes place, of a nature to reflect honour on the national character of the country, but the principles of Odd Fellowship are conspicuously shown. Wherever charity requires the support of the public, Odd Fellows flock together to throw in their mite; whenever a movement takes place for the welfare of the community, Odd Fellows take a prominent part in it. It is a source of pleasure to contribute to the happiness of mankind, nor is it less gratifying to find that the public, who have been so much prejudiced, and in many instances, embittered against our Society, acknowledge their error, and endeavour to compensate for it, by rendering us a just meed of praise. The following article, abridged from the "*North Derbyshire Chronicle*," is a proof, among many others, of the truth of the foregoing remarks, and will be read with pleasure by those who wish well to our cause.]

ON Wednesday, May 17th, this interesting ceremony took place, and was regarded as a festival by all ranks of the inhabitants. The proceedings of the day commenced by a public breakfast, served up in excellent style, to which about 150 gentlemen sat down; among whom were his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who had come from London expressly for the occasion; and a great number of the clergy and magistrates of the neighbourhood. About one o'clock, the King William the Fourth, and Terra Firma Lodges, of Chesterfield,—the Benevolent Lodge, Brampton,—the Sir Henry Hunloke, Wingsworth,—and the Royal Scarsdale Lodge, Hasland,—belonging to the Manchester Unity, assembled in the New Square, where they were met by the Union Friendly Society, the children of the National and Sunday Schools, &c.; and shortly after, the procession proceeded to the ground, accompanied by bands of music, numerous flags and banners, flower girls, and an immense concourse of spectators. The above named Lodges had also the honour of bearing the silver trowel, for the laying of the stone; and also a glass jar, containing two Derbyshire newspapers of the preceding week, a printed form of the procession, and different coins of the present circulation, to be deposited beneath the stone.

On arriving at the ground, the flower girls strewed the area of the church with flowers, and the ceremony was commenced by singing the 100th Psalm, accompanied by the band. The Rev. A. Poole then presented the Duke of Devonshire with the silver trowel, after which, the usual ceremonies of laying the stone were gone through, the jar, &c. were deposited under it, and a brass plate was fixed on the stone, with the following inscription in Latin and English :—

"The first stone of this church, dedicated to the Holy Trintiy, and which the inhabitants of Chesterfield, aided by the contributions of many others, have caused to be erected by voluntary subscriptions, was happily laid by the Most Noble William Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Huntington, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Derby, &c. &c. &c., the 17th day of May, in the Year of our Lord, 1837, and in the seventh year of the reign of King William the Fourth.—Thomas Johnson, Architect."

At the conclusion of the ceremony, a hearty cheer burst from the assembled multitude, and after it had subsided, his Grace expressed the gratification he felt at observing so numerous an assemblage of all ranks and all classes, testifying the great interest they felt on the occasion. He then passed a high encomium on the Vicar of Chesterfield, stating that it was owing to his efforts that the present building had been commenced ; his liberality was a gratifying proof of his zeal in the cause of religion, and he sincerely hoped this object would tend to advance the moral and religious improvement of the town and neighbourhood. He highly appreciated the honour conferred on him, by his being selected to lay the foundation stone of this edifice, and fervently hoped for the prosperous completion of the design. His Grace was loudly cheered during his address.

A prayer was then offered by the venerable the Archdeacon of Derby, after which, the Vicar, the Rev. T. Hill, addressed the assemblage in a speech of great talent, but of which we are precluded by its length, from giving even a sketch. A hymn was then sung, written for the occasion, and after "three times three" cheers had been given, the procession returned from the ground. On reaching the Angel Inn, his Grace expressed himself highly pleased with the manner in which the ceremony had been conducted. The Rev. T. Hill also, on behalf of the Committee, expressed their obligation to E. T. Coke, Esq., of Brimsington Hall, for the admirable manner in which he had superintended the procession, and conducted the services of the day. Mr. Coke in returning thanks, said that he was quite unprepared for the compliment which had been bestowed upon him, and he trusted that his past services would be an evidence of his good intentions for the future. He also returned thanks to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and said that great praise was due to them for their good conduct during the whole of the proceedings, for had they been one of the oldest disciplined regiments in the army, better order and regularity could not have been preserved by them, than had been done on the present occasion.

Shortly afterwards, his Grace left Chesterfield, for the "Palace of the Peak," amid the cheers of the concourse of spectators, who appeared to view the events of the day as calculated to be of the greatest utility to the town and neighbourhood.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

To thee, all-glorious, everlasting power,
I consecrate this solemn midnight hour ;
Whilst darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,
And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie.
Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
Each thought with rising gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,—
Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart.

Should the scene change, and pain extort my sighs,
 Then see my fears, and listen to my cries ;
 Then let my soul by some blest foretaste know,
 Her sure deliv'rance from eternal woe :
 Arm'd with so bright a hope, no more I'll fear
 To see the dreadful hand of Death draw near ;
 But my faith strength'ning, as my life decays,
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in praise.

Oh ! may my pray'r before thy throne arise,
 An humble, but accepted sacrifice !
 By kindly sleep my weary eye-lids close,
 And cheer my body with a sweet repose ;
 Their downy wings, may guardian angels spread,
 And from all terrors screen my hapless head ;
 May of thy powerful light some gracious beams
 Shine on my soul, and influence my dreams !

Duke of Sussex Lodge, Manchester, Aug. 1, 1837.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON,

*Preached before the INDEPENDENT ORDER of ODD FELLOWS, at
 Northallerton, on Whit-Monday, May 23rd, 1836,*

BY THE REV. G. TOWNSEND, M. A.

Vicar of Northallerton, and Prebendary of Durham.*

IN looking over the Rules, &c. of your Society, I find you are associated for the purposes of promoting good-will and harmony among each other,—and that your motto is Friendship, Love, and Truth,—and in a particular page I read these words : “ Our principles and laws are based on the one grand summary of all rectitude, ‘ Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.’ ” Now these are the words which were spoken by our Lord in the sermon on the Mount, when he explained to the gathered people the spiritual nature of the Law of God ; and I could have, therefore, no hesitation (as I thought it would be both appropriate and useful) to adopt your own well-chosen summary of duty, as the foundation of my address to you—to appeal to you on your own principles, and to select for my subject the words you have yourselves chosen to direct and guide you. We will proceed, therefore, to consider this direction of Christ to his followers. It shall be my text on the present occasion. The words are found in the seventh chapter of St. Matthew's gospel in the twelfth verse,—“ Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them ; for this is the law, and the prophets.” Out of your own mouth do I judge you, whoever you are, and by whatever name,—whether common to all christians, or peculiar only to your own society,—who adopts these words as the principle of his conduct. The principle, indeed, which is embodied in these words ought to be the rule of conduct to us all ; and what I now say, therefore, may be applicable to every person. * * * * *

Let us, then, now consider the second part of our subject—the nature of that duty which Christ our Lord has taught and commanded us, in the words I have selected.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them—that is, whatever be the measure of mercy, or of justice, of kindness and benevolence, of forgiveness and forbearance, that we desire others to shew to us, that same measure of mercy and justice, of kindness and benevolence, of forgiveness and forbearance, we must shew to them. Whatever we seek *from* others, we must give *to* others. Now it may seem, at first sight, utterly needless to attempt to explain this rule of con-

* The Rev. Vicar's eldest son has joined the Order since the Anniversary.

duct any further. Its meaning evidently is, that we are to do nothing from that almost universal principle which prevails in the human heart,—the principle of selfishness.—We are to act from consideration, and love, and friendship. We are to make the very three words which you adopt in your rules—Friendship, Love, and Truth—the standards of our conduct towards our brethren. Such is the meaning of these words of our Lord. They are not, however, so generally understood as they ought to be. They are frequently used by many, without their taking into consideration that the rule in question can only be wisely and rightly obeyed, when the circumstances and distinctions, which prevail among us, are fully kept in view; and they are, therefore, so to be interpreted as to preserve to the utmost all those other laws, rules, and precepts which are necessary to uphold society. For instance, a parent is not called upon to obey his child, though a child is required to obey his parent. A servant is to render his duty to his master; the master is to treat his servant with kindness, but he is not to confound the conditions of the two. We must place ourselves in the situation of our neighbour, and then inquire what we should expect or wish from him, according to sound judgment and christian principle; and whatever our conscience tells us, in answer to that question, we should endeavour to do towards him. I make these remarks because I well know that this rule of our Lord has been sometimes much misrepresented, misunderstood, and perverted. Many servants have thought their masters did not act upon this rule, when their masters have required the performance of some laborious duty; and many masters have thought their servants deficient when they have not laboured beyond their contract, and beyond their strength; and care must be taken by all of us that we apply the rule to ourselves, to regulate our own conduct to others, and not be contented, as many are, with making it rule of the conduct of others to ourselves, and then judging of them by our own fancy; and by very often thinking that others do not do as they would be done by, when they are perhaps more just and right than we may be. Now, I am aware that these will appear to be very general remarks, and I will therefore illustrate my meaning by referring to your own rules, a copy of which I now hold in my hand. This will lead the further to that consideration of some of your rules, which may afford useful reflections on other subjects.

Your first rule, then, (and it is a wise and good one,) is, that this Fraternity “meet to assist every brother, who may apply through distress or otherwise; and if “he be well attached to the King and Government, he will be assisted.” Your fifth rule is, that “every brother must submit to your laws, or be expelled.” And your seventh, (with many others,) punishes swearing, fraud, or any bad conduct. These are the rules, then, which afford an illustration of the manner in which we should do to others, as they to us. You acknowledge that if any of your number behave ill, you must notice that bad conduct—you would not permit your general character for benevolence and kindness to prevent your expelling them from among you. You acknowledge, therefore, that if you are guilty of the same conduct you too could be justly expelled from the Society; and this strict adherence to justice does not interfere with the spirit of the law of mutual kindness. What, then, ought you, to learn from these rules? You should learn, not only that the most liberal and indulgent minds must make a difference between good and evil, but you should also to apply the same conclusions to the country in which you live, and to the God whom you worship. If you make laws, and compel the members of your Society to obey them, at the very moment when you cultivate the principles of general benevolence,—because without some laws you could not govern yourselves,—then learn, and teach others also, that the government of the country must enforce laws, that you are bound to obey those laws, and to study the public good and the public peace. Learn this also, from your own rules, that as you make a difference between the good and the bad, so also will our Father in heaven,—the merciful, the just, the kind, the loving Father of His creatures—make an eternal difference between the just and the unjust, the believer and the unbeliever; and your duty, therefore, is to walk before God in fear; and, while you thank Him for His mercy, to remember that His laws must be followed, and His will obeyed. Merciful as our Father in heaven is, He is not less just to all; and as there is no difference between the righteous and the unrighteous in this world, we conclude that in another world, that great difference shall be made between the righteous and the wicked, which shall prove the justice of God to be equal to His infinite mercy. May God prepare us all for the day of death, and the day of judgment.

Many others of your rules are good and wise, but it is not necessary to dwell upon them at present. They provide for your mutual good by commanding obedience to your officers. They refer, at great length, to your ceremonies in elections, to the brethren at a distance, to the travellers, the committees, and matters which are not of general interest to a mixed congregation. I shall, therefore, pass them, and notice that rule only which requires that when you attend the funerals of your brethren, no ornaments shall be seen, but all that relates to the distinctions that prevail among you shall be then concealed or forgotten. My Christian Brethren, let me entreat you to consider well the useful lesson which this rule ought to teach you.

Whatever be our distinctions, our places, and our names, which characterize us while we now live, or separate one man from another, the day is coming when all must cease, and when the only question shall be—Is my immortal soul prepared to meet its God? The kings of the earth must lay by their crowns and sceptres. The beggars of the common pathway must resign their tattered garments. The grave levels all. Let all lay to heart the impression of the moment, when they are reminded that death is common to them all; and let them remember that no question—no! none whatever—is of any real importance but this—Am I fit to die? Is my soul converted to God? Have I the living faith in Christ my Saviour that will bear me to the grave in peace, and give me confidence and rejoicing before my God? Happy is the man who can thus make the common rules of a Society like the present, a source of useful reflection and christian improvement.

I conclude by very briefly explaining to you the meaning of our Lord's assurance, that the duty of doing to others as we would they should do unto us, is the summary of the Law and the Prophets.

The expression the Law and the Prophets denotes the whole of the Old Testament; and as the Evangelists and Apostles are called Prophets, as well as the writers of the last books of the Old Testament, we may justly extend the meaning of our Saviour's words, and say, that all the Bible may be said to be summed up in these words. Now as the Bible refers to many other things, besides our duty towards our neighbour,—as it includes our duty to God also,—we must interpret the expression of Christ to denote, that whatever be the duties which are enforced in the Scriptures between man and man, they are summed up in this saying; and as those duties can only be rightly taught and enforced by being established upon right principles, and as those right principles are only found in the Scriptures, therefore this duty of doing to others as we would they should do unto us, includes the faith and the doctrines, which are the foundation of all Christian duty; and the general inference which I would draw from the words is this—That it is the bounden duty of every member of society to devote himself to the study of his Bible; to read the Law and the Prophets both of the Old and New Testament; and to see in what manner the foundation of duty, the doctrines of Christianity, our duty to God, and our duty to man, are all laid down in that sacred volume.—Give yourselves to the study of the Holy Scriptures. They will make you wise unto salvation. They will teach you all you ought to know, whether in life or in death, in your conduct to each other, and in the government of the heart within.

And here I might justly finish all I have to do, but I am sure you will permit me still to detain you, when I once more appeal to you by your own words, by the motto you have yourselves chosen, to perform the duty which I would now urge upon you of studying the Holy Scriptures. The three words of your motto are—*Friendship, Love, and Truth*. You apply the words to the purposes for which your Society was formed. You mean *Friendship* between brother and brother—*Love* from one brother to all the Society—and *Truth* the sincerity of heart and life, which is the foundation of esteem, and confidence, and attachment. You do rightly in so applying the words;—yet let me beg you, however, to do more than this,—to study the pages of the Holy Scripture, and there to read how *Friendship* may exist between God and the soul of man; how Christ is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Make God your friend by walking with him in humility, faith, and fear—make Christ your friend by believing in his dying mercy, and depending on his atonement for your salvation—make the Holy Spirit your friend by submitting to his power, by obeying his entreaties, by yielding to his sacred invitations and gentle influence.

Is *Love* the principle which is to bind you together as brethren? That, in the

Holy Bible, the Love which passeth knowledge,—the Love of Christ, the Love which gave this life's blood for man, that man might be saved by him. How mean, how paltry, are all other subjects, when compared with this study,—the study of the height and length, the depth and breadth, of that system of the Love of Christ, which began in eternity, and which ends only in eternity—the Love of the Saviour of the world, to a sinful and immortal soul.

Is *Truth*—the last word of your motto? My Christian Friends—study the Scriptures, they are the words of Truth, eternal Truth. Christ is the way to the Truth, and the life. Christ is the *way to heaven*, by his example—the *Truth of God*, by his teaching—the *Life of the Soul*, by sending down His Holy Spirit. My Brethren, my Christian Brethren! the words of your motto are *sacred words*—they are, when rightly considered, *holy words*—study them, then, in the way I have mentioned. Devote yourselves to the Holy Scriptures. Read there the *Friendship* of the Soul with God—the *Love of Christ*—the *Truth*, the *reality*, the *happiness*, the peace of religion. Give your hearts to these things, and then it will please God to comfort and to bless you. Whatsoever things are pure—whatsoever things are lovely—whatsoever things are of good report—whatsoever things are written in Scripture for our learning; if there be any virtue—if there be any praise—think of these things, and the God of Love and of Peace shall be with you.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND you the following narrative for insertion in the Magazine I know the whole to be strictly true, being at Jerusalem at the time of O'Neil's arrival there; the Missionary I also knew perfectly well, having resided at his house a fortnight. This narrative has lately been published, with several others, by the gentleman in whose service I was then, and still am in.

THE DEAD SEA.

IN the winter of 1834-35, a young traveller, whom we will call O'Neil,* made the tour of the Holy Land. Spirited and enterprising, he had left a fond and widowed mother in Ireland, intending only to make a short visit to Italy, where classical recollections, and a deep feeling for the beautiful in nature and in art, presented to his vigorous and buoyant mind, a scene of delight, which exceeded even the anticipation of his younger days. Though the most affectionate letters passed between him and his tender parent, full of solicitude on one side, and confident hope on the other, O'Neil could not prevail on himself, to promise a return to his native land, till he had travelled—

“ As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
And seen those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.†

Gratified as he had been in following Horace and Livy along the plains of Italy, still his heart told him how much deeper an interest awaited him in taking the sacred record of the Prophets and Evangelists, as his only guide-book over the hills of Judah. Absorbed in these hopes and expectations, O'Neil embarked at Naples, and passing hastily through Sicily, crossed from Syracuse to Malta; and, after touching at Rhodes and Cyprus, landed at Beirout, the principal port in Syria. Great as was the interest

* The names in this narrative are fictitious, but the facts are strictly true.

†Shakespeare's King Henry the Fourth.

he felt in the countries he had passed through, he allowed himself to pay but a slight attention to the noble remains of the renowned cities of Agrigentum and Syracuse; the splendid palaces and fortress of the knights of Malta; the mingled classic and chivalric antiquities of Rhodes; and the wild waste and desolated cities of Cyprus, that once fruitful kingdom, which had been so gallantly won, and so nobly given away by England's lion-hearted king. Yet O'Neil was not one of those who could pass with indifference through such scenes, or forget the exploits of the gallant, though rude chivalry which followed the pious Godfrey, and the later crusaders. Often did he repeat to himself the lines of the poet,—

"Bound for holy Palestine,
 "Nimble we brushed the level brine,
 "All in azure steel array'd.
 "O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
 "And made the dancing billows glow
 "High upon the trophied prow;
 "Many a warrior-minstrel strung
 "His sounding harp, and boldly sung."*

How great, then, was his delight, when on going upon deck one morning, just as the glorious sun leaped, as it were, from the horizon, (for so it appears to do in fine weather in the east), he found that horizon to be no other than the snow-capped chain of Lebanon. To the south, Carmel stretched far into the sea, sheltered by its bold promontory, the bay of Acre; nearer than this he could trace out the situation of Tyre, and clearly see the port of Sidon; and before night-fall, the favouring sea-breeze enabled our impatient traveller to enter the harbour of Bierout. The preparations for an extensive tour through Palestine and Syria now commenced, and when these were completed, by the aid of a faithful Maltese servant, O'Neil began the pilgrimage which he had long looked forward to with so much interest. The country was then as it is now, occupied by the troops of the Pasha of Egypt, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha; and, except in those parts frequented by the Bedouin Arabs, travellers are very rarely molested, so that there was no more of danger than gives a zest to that sort of wild life, where a light tent is the wanderer's home, a camel his carriage, and an Arab horse his almost only luxury.

The more O'Neil saw of the Holy Land, the more eager he became to extend his researches. Penetrating beyond Jordan, unto the mountains of Gilead, he surveyed the remote towns of Gadara and Gemala, and the beautiful province of Pentapolis.—Damascus and Balbec had afforded the greatest gratification to his curiosity; and the pure streams of Abana and Pharpar, as well as the lofty plains of Coelo Syria, and the cedars of Lebanon, had been visited before the summer heats commenced. It was at this season that the young traveller turned his steps toward Jerusalem, where he made a long and interesting sojourn, into the particulars of which we cannot enter, without breaking the thread of our little narrative. Here it was that he planned and arranged an exploit which no modern traveller had ever accomplished—namely, to descend the river Jordan, from the lake of Genesareth, and to circumnavigate the Dead Sea. Though the heats of July rendered the expedition extremely dangerous, O'Neil, with his usual ardour, resolved to carry into effect his long-cherished project, and for this purpose he procured a firman† from Ibrahim Pasha, and a small barque from the captain of a ship at Acre. His little vessel was transported between two camels over the plains of Zebulun, and across the river Kishon, unto the great plain of Esdraelon, and hence, skirting the base of Mount Tabor, and leaving Mount Hermon on the right, he entered Galilee without accident, and finally launched his boat upon the lake of Genesareth. Two miserable punts at Tiberias were the only vessels on a lake, which was once so celebrated for its shipping, and at a later period crowded with Jewish and Roman galleys; even one of these punts was useless; and the four thousand inhabitants of the modern town—some of whose ancestors perhaps had associated with those holy men who witnessed the miraculous draught of fishes—had no other means of procuring the fish they wanted than by angling from the shores. Great, therefore, was the astonishment they expressed at seeing a trim little vessel provided

* Warton's Ode.

† A passport, and also an order to afford particular facilities to travellers.

with sails and oars, and not less the curiosity with which they regarded the English Effendi, as he visited every object of interest within his reach,—Emmaus, Tophet, Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida, Magdal, and Dalmanutha.

Satisfied at length with his investigations, O'Neil, accompanied only by Paolo, his Maltese servant, commenced the perilous descent of the Jordan. The rapid streams—the widening course—the high banks—and occasional obstructions from trees and underwood, make the navigation of this river exceedingly dangerous; so rapid, indeed, is the current, that it is not unusual for some of the pilgrims, who accompany the great annual procession of the Greek Chevulz, for the purpose of bathing at the very spot (as they believe) where our Saviour was baptized, to be carried away by the stream and drowned. Amongst other striking features, our traveller did not fail to remark the double banks, so peculiar to this river; of these, what may be called the outer banks, are from eight to twenty feet high, and about half a mile distant from each other; whilst the inner ones, which confine the river when free from what are termed in Scripture, “the swellings of the Jordan,” are in some places not more than ten or twenty yards apart, and in the summer season, they rise several feet above the surface of the stream. The periodical floods which cause this striking difference in the state of the waters, are occasioned by the melting of the snows of Lebanon, and the sudden overflowing of the inner banks, which will satisfactorily account for that beautiful figure in the Prophet Jeremiah,—“He,” (the King of Babylon) “shall come up as a lion from the swellings of Jordan.”

After reaching the Lake Asphaltites, and leaving his boat safely anchored on its northern shore, O'Neil made his way to Reah, a distance of five or six miles.* He therefore resolved to apply to the Arab Aga, by the authority of his firmaun, for some provisions, and a supply of fresh water from the fountain of Jericho, which is still celebrated for the purity it acquired from the miraculous healing of its waters by the Prophet Elisha.† Two little rills from this fountain run through Reah, and fertilize a few acres, which are cultivated with barley, maize, and tobacco; on the south of the village, the deep rents in the alluvial soil, worn by the winter torrents, with some tangled thorn-bushes, give the place a wild and desolate appearance; and here grows the single palm tree, which remains the sole vestige of the groves of the “City of Palms.”‡ The town of Reah, (if such it may be called) is about three miles from the Mountains of Judah; it consists of Bedouin huts, which are made of mud, surrounded with impenetrable circles of dry thorns, by which the flocks and herds of the poor Arabs are secured at night. The number of these miserable habitations does not exceed thirty or forty, and in the midst of them is a square store tower, of two stories, in which the Aga, or Governor of the place, (himself an Arab) lived with his wives and horses, the former inhabiting the upper, and the latter the lower story of the building.

When O'Neil first saw the Aga, he was engaged in conversation with two or three swarthy Bedouins on horseback, who were armed only with the Arab lance, but he himself was better provided with a long gun, a pistol, and a sabre. His demeanour, though bold and free, was not uncivil, but a small present of powder, judiciously bestowed, had, probably, as much effect in procuring his good offices, as the firmaun itself. O'Neil was conducted to a lodging in one of the Arabs' huts, and lay down on his mat at one end of it, with his servant; while the swarthy owner, whose name was Ishmael, with his wife and children, occupied the other end, concealed (as is the Arab custom) by a cross curtain of goat's hair. Feverish, after the exertions of the day, which had been unusually hot, and highly excited by the success of his enterprise up to this point, he tried in vain to sleep amidst the constant barking of the dogs, which, from every enclosure, gave notice of the Jackall's prowling without the fold. At the earliest dawn the Arabs arose, that they might send forth their cattle to browse on the grass which grows only by the side of the streamlets that flow from the fountain of Elisha. It was then that Paolo explained to them the object of his master's travels; and, after some trouble in convincing them of the truth, translated to O'Neil the dire

*Reah is the modern Jericho, and is about a mile distant from the supposed site of the ancient town of that name.

† 2nd Kings, 2, 22.—“So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spake.”

‡ DEUT. 34, 3.

presages of Ishmael and his friends, when they heard of his intended voyage round the Dead Sea; such an attempt appeared to them much in the same light, that we should consider the exploring the crata of a volcano. "Nothing," said they, "can swim on the sea of Lot, and live; evil influences are there perpetually at work, and by the beard of our Father, you will never return." But as the poor Bedouins said little or nothing about the real difficulties and hardships of the case, they made no impression on their guests. The Aga sent an escort to attend them to the lake, and Ishmael carried the water vessels, and the small stock of provisions which Paolo had procured; the party arrived in safety at the place where O'Neil had left his boat, and the two adventurers immediately commenced their voyage, leaving their Bedouin friends on the shore, thunder-struck at their temerity.

The northern shore of the Dead Sea is exceedingly flat, especially at its eastern angle, where it receives the fresh waters of the Jordan; between the arid plain and the sea, lie some low sand hills, which the southern winds have, in the course of ages, blown up from the shore, on these the Arabs stationed themselves, in a picturesque group. Their ragged little horses, long lances, and wide bernooses,* standing out darkly against the morning light, just as the sun was rising over the hills of Gilead; their swarthy bearded faces, half shrouded by the yellow shawls, wound loosely round the head, and falling on the shoulders, added to the strange and wild effect, and Paolo, seriously affected by the novel situation he was in, and the evil omens of the morning, crossed himself, and repeated an Ave Maria.

In the mean while, O'Neil addressed himself to his task, and taking soundings every now and then, they rowed along the northern shore, till, at the north-western angle of the lake, O'Neil's attention was arrested by a little cove, formed by a peninsula, some hundred yards long, consisting entirely of stones, much beaten by the sea, but some of them bearing evident traces of having once been subject to the hammer. There was no trace of a rock on any part of the shore which he had seen, or could see from hence, nor yet in the alluvial soil of the plain over which he had passed; these stones, therefore, were evidently not native rocks; the lime-stone hills were still two miles distant—how then, could they have come there, unless by the art of man? And if so, this feeble trace of human labour was a proof that here once stood one of the "cities of the plain."† It is impossible a town could ever have been built in such a situation in latter times, for the land has always been accursed and desolate; even the wandering Arab could not exist upon it, subject as it is to violent storms in winter, and deadly heats in summer, and the sea affording no temptation to the fishermen.

From this point, O'Neil, favoured by a light northerly breeze, coasted the western shore, and after sailing about two miles, he had on his right, the huge grey craggs of Juda, riven and blasted along their whole extent, and varied only by gloomy ravines; down one of these, is the course of the Cedron, a torrent always dried up in summer, but during the occasional winter floods, rolling over the rocks, and dashing furiously into the lake. Above these inhospitable cliffs, which are but little removed from the shore, and appear to close in the sea on the coast, rise the scathed and gloomy ridges of Engeddi; and further south, the rounded summits of Carmel.‡ The melancholy sameness of this coast, is not relieved even by picturesque outline, and it were scarcely possible to imagine a shore more in unison with the terrific history of the plain of Gomorrha—the exile of Lot—the wanderings of David—or the solitudes of the Ascetic monks and hermits at the time of St. Jerome. Still persevering in his course, O'Neil continued his soundings, which gave frequent indications of stones and ruined buildings beneath the surface; and now and then he cast a glance at the more lofty and varied summits of Moab and Ammon, where occasional valleys, at a considerable elevation, seemed to afford the means of subsistence. The width of the lake at the southern extremity of which our voyagers arrived on the succeeding day, is in the most parts,

* A loose woollen cloak with armholes, the common dress of the Arabs, and woven by their women.

† Genesis 13, 12.

‡ This is the Mount Carmel where the sheep-shearing of Nabel was held,—1 Sam. 25, 2. The Mount Carmel of Elijah divides the plain of Zebulon from that of Sharon, and extends to the sea coast, mid-way between Zidon and Joppa,—1 Kings, 18 chap., 19, 42 vers.—2 Kings, 4 chap., 25 ver.—Jer. 46 chap. 18 ver.

fifteen miles, and the distance they had traversed from the promontory on the northern shore, was about thirty. They were exceedingly exhausted by the excessive heat, and Paolo, whose mind was not interested in his master's observations, began to flag. O'Neil, however, having found as he thought, the hollow in the desert, which has been imagined by some travellers to be the original course of the Jordan to the Red Sea, (through the Wade Mousa, or Valley of Moses) was determined to avail himself of the cool of the evening to explore it. After wandering long, he became completely exhausted, and, being unable to return in the dark, he threw himself down upon one of the dry bushes of the desert, and passed the night without even that warm covering for the head and limbs, which long experience has proved to be essential in these climates. In the morning he awoke with pains in his head, and stiffness in his limbs; returned with difficulty to his boat, and again embarked. Paolo, who had slept in the boat, covered with the sail, was overjoyed once more to see his master, for whose preservation he had offered many prayers to the Virgin; but he too had some symptoms of fever. The third day was as hot and oppressing as the preceding; no wind moved the leaden waters of this drowsy lake, and the very heavens themselves seemed enflamed. The two voyagers, nevertheless, rowed steadily on, but they found the density of the waters materially impede their course, and towards noon, having somewhat neared the eastern coast, they rested on their oars, and endeavoured to shelter themselves from the heat, by creeping beneath the sails. In this situation they eat a melancholy meal of rice and dates, and already perceived that they had made too free with their supply of water, only one small jar of which remained. Paolo, in the hope of refreshing himself, jumped into the lake, and the buoyancy of the water bore him up in such a manner, that when erect, his shoulders rose above the surface; interested by this curious circumstance, and feeling a temporary relief, he continued swimming for some time. At length he returned to the boat, and took up his oar, but not an hour had elapsed before the salt began to form in crystals all over his body, producing the most violent irritation; his neck and shoulders were blistered by the heat of the sun, and long before night, Paolo was in a high fever, and required constant watching to prevent his leaping overboard.

O'Neil, exhausted as he was, rowed feebly forwards, now soothed the invalid, and now insisting on his being quiet; at length he sunk into a deep sleep, and his master threw himself back, overcome by fatigue, and appalled by the difficulties of his situation. He too fell asleep, and after some hours was aroused, in a state of great alarm, by the rolling of the boat, but what was his horror, when he saw Paolo, in a fresh paroxysm of fever, pouring the last drop of water on his head—their small store of rice thrown into the lake—the spirit bottle empty, and the few remaining provisions soaked in the salt water which had collected from leakage in the bottom of the boat. In spite of the ague fit which he felt upon him—his teeth chattering—and his limbs shaking, O'Neil was forced to the utmost exertion to prevent poor Paolo from dashing his feet through the slight timbers of the boat. The sun rose again with the same fierce heat, and though not only a few miles from the eastern shore, it cost him the whole day before his feeble and often intermitted efforts enabled him to reach the land. In the evening, however, he attained his object, and overcome by fever and thirst, he carefully examined the cliffs and mountains with his telescope, in the hope of discovering some signs of water. The sun was just setting over the Mountain of the Temptation, when at last he caught a glimpse of some little green bushes in a dell, about a mile up the mountain's side. Paolo was now lying in a tranquil state, produced by exhaustion, totally unable to quit the vessel, and O'Neil, who could boast but little more strength, landed almost in despair, to discover if possible, that invaluable blessing, "water for the parched tongue;" he had now been without any food, except a few salt dates, and had drunk nothing for a whole day, under a temperature of nearly ninety degrees. Painful indeed, was the attempt to climb the rocks, and again and again did he sit down, almost in despair, thinking that he had missed the little green dell, which he had marked with his eye among the craggs; while resting with his head on a rock, he thought he caught, as it were, from the stone itself, the sound of dropping water. A short struggle brought the green shrubs in sight—then a few blades of tender grass—and at last the fountain itself—dropping from its little basin, worn in the limestone rock. Deep was O'Neil's gratitude to heaven, and ardent the prayer he offered for himself and his companion, of

whose death he feared he might have been the cause, and having quenched his thirst, and laved his brow, with the deep feeling of life suddenly restored, he once more breathed his prayer of thankfulness. Ah! how ungrateful is this western world, for the invaluable blessing of copious streams and inexhaustable wells; how difficult is it sufficiently to feel the force of those eastern expressions, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook, my soul *thirsteth* for thee, O God."* "They have forsaken the fountain of living waters."† Often had these and similar passages been read to him in childhood by his mother, and now he felt their force and spiritual application, and his mind, relieved from the immediate fear of death, reverted to his fond parent, and the scenes of his happy home. Invigorated by this refreshment, O'Neil slung the water jars over his shoulder, and began his descent, this he accomplished though it was now dark, without further injury than some severe bruises; he waded to the boat, and relieved the anxious, and now penitent, Paolo, who, when reason returned, accused himself of the mischief he had caused. For a whole day they had been now exposed to hunger, fever, and fatigue, and when the excitement of his exertions was passed, O'Neil sank down in the boat, and the task of urging it forward, fell to Paolo alone, who used every exertion, his enfeebled state admitted, but with very little effect during the whole of the next day. The heat and awful stillness so terrified the poor fellow at last, that he almost fancied, with the characteristic superstition of the Maltese, that the demons of the "bitter waters" were tugging at the keel of the boat, so slowly, with all his efforts, could he force her through the dense and deadly waters.

When the evening of the fifth day came, hope seemed almost extinct in their hearts, as the two sad pilgrims of the "sea of the plain," lay exhausted in their little vessel; the shore was indeed not far distant, but it afforded them no cheering prospect,—barren and gloomy hills rose one above another—no streams gushed from their sides—no cattle brouzed there—no Moabitish shepherds had their flocks on the "hill country," to which their ancestor, Lot, had escaped.‡ They were quite unequal to walk the twenty miles which they must have traversed, had they now landed, and nothing seemed left, but that dogged kind of patience which utter helplessness produces; poor Paolo had not energy left to repeat his Aves and Pater-nosters, and O'Neil had sunk again into the lethargy which succeeds violent fits of fever. In this dreadful state, as the first tints of grey light defined the distant hills of Gilead, Paolo felt a gentle breath of air on his cheek, as his face rested on the gunwall of the boat; he raised his head, and being certain of the breeze, roused his master with the joyful news of the wind from the southward, and after great exertions, shipped the boat masts, and set sail. The wind, though not strong enough to curl the heavy waters of the lake, forced the boat gently through it, so that, an hour after sun-set, they were close to the little peninsula of stones, which had so much interested O'Neil the first morning of their voyage, and which was in fact, the nearest point to Jericho. On the sand hills above this point, they providentially found Ishmael and his son, who, with the Arab feeling of kindness to one who had once tasted his bread and salt, had that morning ridden to the lake, though almost despairing of the safety of his guests. O'Neil was lifted out of the boat, and placed upon one horse, while Paolo, but little stronger, rode upon the other. The two Arabs led the horses, and after three hours painful march, during which O'Neil fainted several times, they arrived once more at Reah. The sufferers were again received in Ishmael's hut, where everything was done for them, that such miserable accommodation would allow; towards evening, O'Neil was able to write a few imperfect words on the leaf of his pocket book, and these the Aga sent to Jerusalem. The messenger was directed to the house of a christian Missionary, on Mount Zion, (whom we shall call by the name of Forbes) and happily he found it without difficulty. Mr. Forbes (from whom the particulars of this narrative were obtained) was somewhat alarmed at the loud knocking at his gate, about day-break, and on going to the entrance, was astonished at the unusual appearance of a wild Bedouin in Jerusalem; as he spoke Arabic perfectly, he was able to collect from the man, some of the sad particulars of the state of O'Neil and his servant, with whom he had been acquainted some months before, during their stay at Jerusalem.

* Psalm 42, 1.

† Jer. 2, 13.

‡ Moab is indeed, "destroyed," and the cities thereof are "desolate, without any to dwell therein." Jer. 28.

The kind Missionary, notwithstanding the great heat, immediately prepared for his journey, and having procured horses, and put up some medicines and provisions, hastened to Jericho, where he arrived at night, after a journey of about seven hours.

He found Paolo better, but O'Neil was only just able to recognize him; the spirited and joyous young man, brought up in ease and luxury, and in the pride of life and hope, was extended on a filthy mat in an Arab hut. The utmost exertion of his once vigorous intellect, scarcely enabled him to offer a prayer of thankfulness at the sight of Mr. Forbes, and to request that he would write to his widowed mother. "I shall die," said he, "but take me from this wretched place, and lay me on Mount Zion."

Mr. Forbes bled the sufferer, and gave medicine to him and Paolo, and the next morning they felt so much relieved, that in compliance with O'Neil's urgent request, Mr. Forbes endeavoured to prepare a litter for him; and dragging out from the roofs of the huts, a couple of poles of driftwood, (so destitute is this wretched place of the commonest necessities) he formed by means of cross pieces and shawls, a frame-work strong enough for his purpose. The Ava (now applied to on the strength of the firmament) attempted to collect eight men as bearers; but no sooner were three or four brought together, than they slipped away one by one, either disliking the fatigue, or afraid of trusting themselves in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian troops at Jerusalem. The whole day passed away in these vain attempts, and late in the evening, as a last recourse, O'Neil was placed across a horse, the kind Ishmael leading it; Mr. Forbes walking by his side, and two or three Arabs supporting his head and feet. Paolo was well enough to ride without much assistance. When they came, after an hour's march, to the base of the mountains, O'Neil caught sight, once more, of the green shrubs round the fountain of Elisha, "Oh, my dear country! let me look at my native land," said he, (for his mind was still unsettled, and he fancied that he saw in the brush-wood of Jericho, the woods of his native isle) "raise me into the saddle." The momentary excitement happily favoured him, and he was enabled to sit his horse up that rugged and steep pass, where the road from Jericho first enters the mountains of Judah.—The good Missionary was ever near him, and, at length, having gained the ruins vulgarly called, "the Inn of the good Samaritan," and passed the impending rocks where travellers are often beset by robbers; after many halts and severe labour, they arrived at the fountain near Bethany, as morning broke. "This is the road the Saviour travelled," said the Missionary, anxious to draw O'Neil's mind to spiritual things, "and there in *that* ruined village was one of the greatest of his miracles performed." As they rested at the well, O'Neil revived, and endeavoured to continue the conversation, as became a dying man, in faith and hope.

Their next resting place was by the Pool of Siloam, beneath the walls of Jerusalem, at the angle where the temple stood, facing Mount Olivet; and here O'Neil recurred to the miracles wrought at this spot. "Read me," said he, "those passages * which assure me of the wonders that shall be the fore-runners of spiritual blessings, never to be ended; when, from this spot, the pure waters shall flow, which shall heal the bitter waters of the sea of Siddim. "Then shall the bitterness of the soul be healed in all men, and the great Physician shall restore them to health." And in such conversation passed the close of this said journey; O'Neil had now only to ride up the hill of Zion, and enter the city by the gate of David. From that very gate he was three days afterwards borne a lifeless corpse, and laid on Mount Zion, in the burial ground of the Franks, near the mosque erected on the site of the sepulchre of David. During those three days, Mr. Forbes attended him with unceasing care, and to him he committed his last commands for his widowed parent; his mind also seemed often to recur to his discoveries of ruins beneath the waters. A French medical man who happened to be attached to the Egyptian army was called in, but though Paolo gradually recovered under his care, O'Neil never revived; he so lately, the young, the beautiful, the rich, the happy, was obliged to strangers even for a grave. He died in submission and resignation to the will of God, and in the confidence of faith. All his earthly thoughts—all the hopes of long years of happiness in his lovely home, and his native land, amidst the friends of his youth—all had faded like a dream; and his only wishes were to lie on Mount Zion, and that his beloved parent might have every detail of his

* Zech. 14. Joel, 3, 18. Ezekiel 47, 8.

last moments. The pilgrim of Jerusalem may now find on that part of Mount Zion without the walls, where christians are buried, a simple memorial of the unfortunate traveller, in a stone which bears his name and country, and the date, 1835.

How dost thou lie? In manhood's strength and bloom,
On Zion's wastes, where slaves and robbers rule.*
Say, shall thy mother from her window look,—
Nor from the lattice see thy chariot come?
Like Canaan's matron,—“Surely he hath sped,”†
She said; no hastening post confirmed the tale.
And while broad Shannon's streams she view'd afar,
Sweep the green woodlands of thy wide domain,—
Thou, for one dropping spring hadst given thine all,—
Sad mariner of Siddim's bitter lake.‡
Mocked by the waters of the unhallowed land,
Her cheek the gentle breeze of Erin fann'd;
While round thee, all was fiercely, deadly, still.
No sea bird wing'd his way o'er that salt sea,—
No “finny darter” glistened 'neath its wave:
Nought moved! save that the distant vulture swept
O'er scath'd Engeddi's mountain wilderness,
And Moab's Dibon,§ long fore-doom'd to drought.
And when, at last, the willing fount thou found'st,
Thy hope-lit eye at once was homeward turn'd,
And fancy heard a mother's tender voice.
So o'er life's bitter waves,—when struggling man
Powerless drifts onward to that bourne unknown,
Whence no returning traveller tells the tale—
If haply he shall find th' unfailing spring
Of “living waters” 'midst the dreary waste;
Faith strings his heart, and hope illumines his eye,—
The pilgrim's anxious toil he heeds no more,
He thinks but of his parents' || welcome home!

T. CRAMNER.

Philanthropic Nelson Lodge, Atherstone, May 6, 1837.

SPEECHIFYING.

(From the “Metropolitan Magazine.”)

WHAT a horrid thing it is to make speeches! What a vile custom is that of drinking healths! We have no objection to pledging the ladies, God bless 'em! during the ceremony of dinner—providing they are not present in an overwhelming majority: no, we can elongate our necks, and smile and bow as bewitchingly as the best of 'em; but, for that horrible fashion of toasting one another when the ladies are in the drawing-room, and making speeches on the strength of it, we have the most thorough abhorrence. In a general way, we are no fools—at least, in our own opinion: we have frequently pozed the parson on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, and dumb-

* It was prophesied that “the base” should govern Egypt, Ezekiel, 24 c., 14 v., which prophecy has been fulfilled, by the empire of the Mamelukes, who were slaves from Constantinople. Mehemet Ali destroyed them, having been himself a slave, and now but a Satrap. Palestine has lately been conquered by his army, and to complete the humiliation of Jerusalem, the tyrant first imprisoned a native robber chief in the tower of David, and has raised him under the name of Abou Gosh, to be governor of Jerusalem.

† Judges 2 c. 25.

‡ Genesis 14 c. 3.

§ A city of Moab,—see Jeremiah 48 c. 18, 21 vrs.

|| Romans 8c. 15v.—Galatians 4 c. 6.

founded the doctor in metaphysics : we have battled with the squire for an hour together about "the poor allotment system," and have talked down his lady herself on the importance of feminine patronage in advancing the prosperity of British manufacture. In addition to this, we are proud to write ourselves Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and a poetical correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine." Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, no sooner have we unseated ourselves to return thanks at a public dinner, for the honour conferred upon us by drinking our healths, and so forth, than every faculty appears to forsake us—decanters, glasses, candles, snuff-boxes, seem to swim before our eyes, and in a very short time, our own head appears to catch the infection, and to be swimming off amongst them. We can feel for a poor distressed bird who is charmed beneath the gaze of the basilisk ; but O ! what is that to the horrid fascination of a whole tableful of eyes, your own face burning the while to such a degree, that you feel you must be looking very, very red ? Such an ordeal is not to be borne ; at least, we cannot bear it : and rather than subject ourselves to such a disagreeable predicament, we have forsworn public dinners altogether.

The last time I attended a scene of this kind, was at the little town of B—, a parliamentary borough, which had lately achieved its independence, by sending up a member of its own, and suffering a neighbouring lord to send up another. My friend, the Honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun, was the independent champion and successful thirdsmen ; and, being at his house during the time of the election feast, I was urged to attend. In vain did I plead my hatred of public banqueting scenes ; in vain did I represent my total ignorance of the company who would be assembled, and the topics which were likely to be discussed : the independent champion would have no nay—go I must, and go I should ; and consequently, go I did.

"Well," thinks I, "it's nothing but a little, pottering, country town, after all, and perhaps they won't drink my health. If they do, I can easily prepare myself by writing out a neat little speech, and getting it by heart before I go." Accordingly, I feigned headache that very evening, and, retiring to my chamber, composed the following impromptu :—"Gentlemen—unaccustomed though I am to public speaking, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could consent to remain silent at the present moment—a moment, suffer me to add, that I deeply feel to be one of the proudest of my existence. But, gentlemen, after the eloquent speech we have just heard, it would be irrelevant in me to attempt a lengthened harangue on any subject—much less such an unworthy one as the humble individual before you. Gentlemen, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart, on the conquest you have this day met to celebrate ; and though I have not known you long, I hope the friendship thus auspiciously begun, will long continue to flourish. Gentlemen, I beg leave to return you my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in drinking my health, and, gentlemen, I beg leave to drink all *your* very good healths."

Before I got into bed that night, I could repeat the whole of this little address, with proper accent and action, having carefully practised the latter before a large swing dressing-glass. I had also arranged a little bit of by-play, to assist the declaration ; which was, at the cue, "humble individual before you," to take up my snuff-box,—at "met to celebrate," to take a pinch of the titillating mixture,—at "continue to flourish," to put the box down again,—and during the last sentence, to take up my wine-glass, and toss it off standing, by way of a grand finale. This, I thought, would have a fine effect upon the "worthy and independent," and I meant to show by it, that I was quite at my ease, and to persuade them, if possible, that nothing was more common than for me to be toasted, and to return thanks in a public assembly.—Delighted with my prowess, I went to bed : I tried my speech over again between the sheets—nay, I dilated upon it—I went into the slavery question, and took a slight glance at the corn laws ; lamented the ponderosity of the national debt, and concluded with a diatribe against Indian monopoly. In short, I felt as if the gift of oratory had miraculously fallen upon me : I had serious thoughts of speaking from the inn window, and perhaps of proposing myself as the antagonist of the nominee candidate, who still sat for the neighbouring peer. Slumber sealed my eyelids ; but I was still speechifying. I seemed to be in a large assembly, and I got up to return thanks. But as soon as I had commenced speaking, the company began to leave the room—they departed to a man—rows of empty chairs alone were left to confront me. A change came over the

spirit of my dream—the chair-backs were transformed into swing dressing-glasses, and in each of them I saw some horrible shadow, a caricature likeness of myself, mocking my motions. My horror was intense—I awoke—my whole frame was in a state of feverish excitement. But I recollected myself—composed my scattered thoughts, and reflected how very silly it was to think so much about a matter of such insignificance. I went to sleep again, and dreamt no more.

In the morning I woke with a slight headache—I sat up in bed—rubbed my eyes—looked at my watch—and gaped. “Gentlemen,” said I, “unaccustomed though I am, to public speaking, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could suffer myself to remain silent at the present moment—a moment, suffer me to add, that I deeply feel to be one of the proudest of my existence.” And I went through my speech without making a single blunder. But the dreamy determinations of the preceding evening had very much changed their aspect during the night, the inn window scene was relinquished at once, and I unhesitatingly withdrew my opposition to the nominee member. I arose and dressed, repeating my speech over and over again: in fact, the words had taken such hold of me, that I could not help myself. Like the burthen of an old song that gets into one’s head, and keeps possession of our tongue in spite of our teeth, the words of my address were constantly intruding themselves, and I often found myself in the middle of the speech, before I was at all aware of what I was about.

Unfortunately all my sentiments seemed determined to take one arrangement; and I hardly need say, that was the arrangement of my speech. Like those figures of paste-board which have but one head common to all, my ideas would admit of but one form of expression: and the worst of it was, that I remained unconscious of the circumstance, till it was too late to rectify it.

“Will you take an egg, Mr. W.?” kindly asked the Honourable Mrs. Adolphus Fitz Gun, at breakfast that morning.

“Madam,” I replied, “unaccustomed though I am to taking eggs at breakfast, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could consent to refuse your polite offer—may I trouble you for a spoon?”

A little while after, Miss Julia Fitz Gun, the Honourable Adolphus’ youngest sister, made her appearance, bearing in her hand a richly-bound album.

“O Julia, dear!” cried Mrs. Fitz Gun, “let me show Mr. W. those pretty lines of your cousin Emily’s: he is a judge in these matters, and I think will like them.”

“Madam,” said I, “may I request you to read them?” for I was busy with my egg.

Mrs. Fitz Gun read the verses—and very pretty they were—and suggested to Miss Julia that she should get Mr. W. to give her a contribution, as he was well known to write poetry for the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” and various other fashionable periodicals. Miss Julia, of course, jumped at the suggestion.

“Dear ladies,” I replied, “after the eloquent lines we have just heard, it would be irrelevant in me to attempt a lengthened composition on any subject, much less such an unworthy one as the humble individual before you.”

“O! choose what subject you like!” cried both ladies at once.

“Well, well,” I rejoined, “I beg leave to return you my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in asking me to write in your album, and some morning or other, I’ll try what I can do.”

“W.,” said Fitz Gun, pushing his coffee-cup aside—for he seldom begins to talk till he has finished feeding—“you have not changed your mind about the journey to B. to-day, I hope.”

“My dear sir,” I replied, “unaccustomed though I am to dining in public, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could consent to remain at home on the present occasion; and I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart on the conquest you are this day going to celebrate.”

“Thank you, thank you, dear old boy,” returned the honourable member, “at

two o'clock precisely we start. Till then you will please to excuse me, as I have got a thousand things to do in the interim."

The morning soon slipped away, and it was the hour to dress. I am not generally long over my toilet, but that morning I took more time than ordinary; for I had been giving the finishing touch to my speech.

"Hollo, W.!" cried the honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun, from the bottom of the stairs, "are you going to be all day? Bless my soul, there will be no ladies at table!"

"My dear fellow," I replied, buttoning up my waistcoat as fast as I could, and feeling if I had got my pocket handkerchief, "I'll be with you in one moment—a moment suffer me add, that I deeply feel to be one of the proudest of my existence." And I scampered down stairs, taking a jump over the last three, in order to exhibit my agility to the ladies, who, with the Honourable Adolphus, were waiting in the hall.

"W.," said the member, "Mrs. Fitz Gun and my sister have consented to accompany us as far as the hotel this morning; and as Julia cannot ride backwards conveniently, and it would be awkward, you know for me to stand up and bow to my worthy constituents retrogressively, as I may say —"

"My dear fellow," interrupted I, "say no more. Unaccustomed though I am to riding with my back to the horses, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could suffer any one, much less a lady, to be inconvenienced by such an unworthy subject as the humble individual before you. Get in, for goodness sake!"

I shall pass over our journey to the borough, our reception there, inn-window speeches, turtle soup, roasted pigs, haunches of venison, and plum puddings; and shall at once push forward to the "grace after meat." It may be as well, however, to remark that, as this period approached, all my former misgivings came upon me as strongly as ever. I tried over my speech every now and then, but even my perfection in that failed to dissipate my fears. The grace proceeded—"Non nobis Domini," squealed the contralto—"Non nobis Domino," bawled the tenor—"Non nobis Domino," bellowed the bass. Alas, the terrible moment was approaching! a few more glasses of wine, and I should have to stand up at full length before a company of two hundred and seventy worthy and independent electors, all staring at me with their goggle eyes, and listening with their five hundred and forty ears. I began to tremble already. "The King—with three times three!" The toast was drunk, the band struck up the national anthem, and the two hundred and seventy independent electors shouted huzza, and described nine circles in the air with their empty glasses. "The Duke of York and the Army!"—(such things were in those days)—hip, hip, hip, again, nine shouts and as many rolls of the drum. "The Duke of Clarence and the Navy!" Straightway four-and-twenty of the two hundred and seventy honest and unbought burgesses began to tell the old anecdote of the deaf gentleman who inquired, "Who is the Duke of Clarence's *nevey*?"—thrice three gallant cheers, as before—tune, "Rule Britannia!" The vice-president now rose, and begged leave to propose a toast—it was "The Honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun, the victorious champion of freedom and independence." This was followed by nine times nine cheers, which, in my then situation, I would willingly have prolonged to nine times ninety—tune, of course, "See the conq'ring hero!" Five gentlemen, strenuous supporters of the true blue cause, were then swallowed, and returned thanks for the honour done them, &c. &c. all declaring how unaccustomed they were to public speaking, and the last of the number, a little, fierce-looking man with sandy whiskers, fairly breaking down at the end of a double parenthesis. *I was the next.* "Mr. W., your health!" sounded in all directions: there I sat, "booming and booming," right and left, front and rear, till my head seemed to grow loose upon my shoulders. I had entertained some thoughts of omitting the first sentence of my thanksgiving; for I thought that, as five gentlemen had already made use of almost the same words, it might appear second-hand; but then, the "man and the Briton!" I considered that the finest passage in my composition, and could not prevail on myself to give it up. The toast had been honoured: the bottle stood with me: I filled my glass—nay, I made it run over—and I rose from my seat.

"Gentlemen," said I, "unaccustomed though I am to public speaking," (and here I felt so little awed by my situation, that I thought I might indulge in a bit of a

parenthesis,) "and, I cannot feel ashamed of acknowledging what the great Addison—the immortal secretary of state"—(here I began to get bewildered)—"the first scholar of his age, and author of the 'Spectator'—at least of the greater part of it—was before me. Unaccustomed I say, gentlemen, though I am to public speaking, I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could consent to remain silent at the present time—a time, suffer me to add, that I deeply feel to be one of the proudest of my existence. But, gentlemen, after the eloquent speech we have just heard," (here all eyes were fixed upon the little, fierce-looking man in the sandy whiskers, and the little gentleman himself looked more fierce, and his whiskers more sandy than ever,) "after the eloquent speech, I say," (I hardly knew *what* I said) "that we have just heard, it would be irrelevant in me to attempt a lengthened harangue on any subject—much less such an unworthy one as the individual before you." (Here, in accordance with my original plan, I went to take up my snuff-box; but unfortunately, some neighbouring gentlemen were stimulating their olfactories with its contents, and almost unconscious of what I did, I seized my wine-glass instead. My hand shook so terribly, however, that after spilling half the bumper, I was obliged to set it down again—and proceeded with my speech.) "Gentlemen, I congratulate you from the bottommost depths of my heart's core on the conquest you have this day met to celebrate; and though I have not known you long, gentlemen,—many of you not before this day—yet I say, gentlemen, I—I hope—when we meet again, I shall have known you longer. Gentlemen, I beg leave to return you my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in drinking my very good health; and, gentlemen—worthy and independent electors—I beg leave to drink *all your* very good healths."

Thank heaven, it's over! ejaculated I; as I flounced down on my chair again: thank the immortal gods, I shall now remain unmolested till the end of the day! I have not acted my part quite so well as I had expected, it is true; but, at all events, not worse than others who have preceded me. I have done at least as well as the little, fierce-looking gentleman in the sandy whiskers. A weight appeared to have been taken off my mind: my soul seemed to expand. I felt as happy as Adam in Eden—my nervousness quite forsook me, and I looked forward to a long evening of uninterrupted enjoyment. Alas! how frail are human hopes! how uncertain all sublunary anticipations! I had scarcely finished my speech, the knuckles of the two hundred and seventy independent burghesses had not ceased to make the glasses dance upon the table, when I observed the little, fierce-looking man with the sandy whiskers, get up from his seat, beckon to a friend, and leave the room. A waiter soon afterwards came in, and whispered to several of the company, who went out; and presently a second waiter came up to me, and informed me, in a low tone of voice, that a gentleman wished to speak to me in an adjoining apartment.

"With me!" I exclaimed, "there must be some mistake."

"No, sir; you are the gentleman, I'm certain."

Accordingly I got up from table.

"What's the matter, W?" cried the honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun.

"I really don't know," I replied, "but this person tells me I am wanted in another room."

"O, well! don't be long!" said the M. P., and away I went.

"This way, sir—this way!" bawled the waiter, ushering me down a long, narrow passage, on each side of which were doors with numbers on them, "this is the room, sir, No. 37, facing the street: if you should want anything, please touch the bell, sir. Coming!"

I entered the room; and there, surrounded by a group of his friends, stood the little, fierce-looking man with the sandy whiskers. "Sir," said he, addressing me with great impetuosity, "you have thought proper to expose me to the ridicule of a public table to-day, by some indecent remarks on a speech of mine; and I must beg your acceptance of that, (giving me a card) in order that I may have an opportunity of explaining to you any part of that speech which you may not thoroughly comprehend. You understand me, sir?"

"My dear Mr. Edward Huggins," said I, reading his name on the card, "I am astonished to perceive that you have so entirely misconstrued my meaning. I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if a could harbour a thought of unkindness towards any individual whom I have had the pleasure to meet this day—a day, suffer me to add, that I deeply feel to be one of the proudest of my existence."

While this was going forward in No. 37, facing the street, rumours of wars had got afloat in the dining room, and as soon as they reached the ear of the Honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun, he hastened down the long, dark passage, to my assistance; accompanied by several gentlemen, anxious to restore harmony—or, perhaps, desirous of witnessing the sport. They entered the room just as I had finished the sentence written above, and, inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, were made acquainted with the circumstances, of which the reader has already been informed.

"Mr. Huggins," exclaimed the Honourable Adolphus, "I consider the present affair as entirely my own; and though I am convinced that my friend, Mr. W., had no intention of giving offence in the remarks he made, yet I shall not hesitate to render you any satisfaction that you may think proper to require. It is not customary among gentlemen, however, to discuss these matters in a crowded room, (and he said this with peculiar emphasis) but to-morrow morning I shall be happy to see you at Fitz Gun Place, when we can make every arrangement."

Three or four gentlemen, of whom I was one, now interfered to propose a reconciliation; and Mr. Edward Huggins, whose tone had undergone a manifest change since the delivery of the honourable member's speech, declared that no one could be less anxious than he to interrupt the hilarity of the evening; but he felt it to be a duty he owed to himself, to notice the circumstance in the way he had done. However, as the gentleman (meaning myself) had declared he had no intention of giving him offence, he was bound to believe him, and should be satisfied with an apology.

"My dear Mr. Huggins," I exclaimed, "I apologize from the bottom of my heart—I should be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if I could refuse you such a moderate request: and now, gentlemen, that we are all good friends again, let us return to the dining room to enjoy the triumph which we have this day met to celebrate. Mr. Huggins," I continued, holding out my hand to him, "I have not known you long, but I hope the friendship thus auspiciously begun will long continue to flourish."

"Sir," said he, shaking hands with me about as cordially as one may suppose a pugilistic champion to shake hands with a competitor for "the belt," "I am much obliged to you for your offer, but before I can accept it, I must have a public acknowledgment of your sentiments: the offence was public, and so must be the apology."

A public apology! thought I—another speech!! Was ever mortal so miserably situated? Fitz Gun took advantage of my perplexity, and observed: "Mr W. has, in my mind, made sufficient apology. No gentleman, I think, could require more." Upon this, the little man in the red whiskers flew into a towering passion. It was as much as to say that he was no gentleman; and, let him tell Mr. Fitz Gun, he was as good a gentleman as he (Mr. Fitz Gun) was; and since he had thought proper to act as he had acted, he (Mr. Edward Huggins) would be damned if he ever gave him another vote as long as he lived. He would not forsake his colours, he said; he was born blue, and he would die blue; but, please God he was alive next election, and another candidate was to be found in all the three kingdoms, he would spend the last farthing he had in the world, but that candidate should sit in parliament for the independent borough of B. At this, we all began to talk at once, and I couldn't, if I would, inform the reader of all that was said. Let it suffice that, after much humming and hawing, and eating of words on all sides, peace was restored; Mr. Edward Huggins consented to forego the public apology, and we all marched in a body from No. 37, facing the street, into the public room. But a damp had been thrown over the pleasures of the evening that no wine could dissipate. Glees were sung, anecdotes were related, puns were let off, toasts were drunk, and thanks were returned; but the whole had that terrible heaviness which always accompanies fictitious merriment. At least, if this were not the general feeling, it was mine; and when a man's own mind is jaundiced, it makes all the world look yellow. There was one consolation for me,

'tis true; I had no more speeches to make. But what is one consolation to so many annoyances? In vain did I attempt to rivet my attention to that pleasing recollection; the terrible vision of No. 37 crowded upon me, and filled my imagination. Not a word was uttered, not a joke cracked, but I could trace in it some remote allusion to the adventures of that horrible chamber.

I have said that toasts continued to be drunk, and thanks returned. But I think I forgot to mention that, opposite to me at the dinner-table, sat the Reverend Mr. Tithepig, vicar of B., and chaplain to the Earl of C. This gentleman was a frequent visitor at Fitz Gun place, and had been my antagonist in several discussions on West India slavery, Romish idolatry, the theory of comets, &c., in all which, I am proud to say, the strongest arguments—for we were too well matched to come to any decision—were always on my side. Well, this gentleman had been toasted, of course, and had made a speech as long as a sermon; and he was now on his legs to return thanks for the honour conferred upon Mrs. and the Misses Tithepig, whose highest gratification, he said, it had ever been to witness the brave struggles of independence, and was now to hail the glorious triumph of freedom. (Hear, hear.) "Before I sit down," continued the reverend gentleman, "I must beg leave to propose a toast. I shall not enter into a lengthened panegyric on the merits of the lady to whom I allude; for, to those who know her, the name will be its own eulogy, (Julia Fitz Gun, thinks I, no doubt) and to those who do not, any commendation of mine would fall so far short of her deserts, that I shall not attempt it. Gentlemen, I beg leave to propose the health of Mrs. W."

Mrs. W. *my wife!* Good heavens, another speech! Pitt himself could not stand this. What should I do? Unaccustomed as I was to public speaking, how could I get up at a moment's notice, and make an off-hand speech about my unfortunate wife, and feminine affairs! But there was no help for it; the Rev. Tithepig was aware of that, and a grin of fiendish triumph sat upon his countenance. It had long been evident, not only to me, but to the Honourable Adolphus and Mrs. Fitz Gun, and Miss Julia, that the vicar owed me a grudge; and, as he could not vanquish me in the fair and open lists of argument, he took this plan of harassing me from his vantage ground of public declamation. What should I say? there was no time for consideration; and if there had been, I had no power to make use of it in the arrangement of my thoughts. The table was silent—I had already taken more time than is usually allowed on such occasions, and I rose without hope.

"Gentlemen," I began, "I rise in embarrassed circumstances—to return you my most cordial and heartfelt acknowledgments for the honour you have done me—that is, my wife—or rather, suffer me to say, both of us—in drinking her very good health. If she were here herself, gentlemen, she would thank you from the bottom of her heart; for, unaccustomed though she is to public speaking, she would be unworthy the name of a man and a Briton, if she could suffer herself to remain silent on the present occasion—which—which, gentlemen—worthy and independent electors—you have met this day to celebrate. It would be presumption in the humble individual before you—after the eloquent speeches we have this day heard—and which speeches, suffer me to add, replete as they are with elegance—and wit—and humour—talents, gentlemen, of very rare—very—that is, very rare to be met with—and wherever met with, gentlemen,—I repeat, wherever met with, it is always received with rapturous applause and great clapping of hands. It would be irrelevant in me, gentlemen, to add anything more on this subject, and therefore I beg to return you my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done my wife in drinking her health—and gentlemen, I beg leave, from the bottom of my heart, to drink *all your* very good healths."

I have no power to describe the state of horror in which I sat down after this vile medley, which was received by the company with an ironical rapping of knuckles, and with cries of "Bravo" by the vicar. I looked at Fitz Gun for consolation—or, at least, commiseration—but he was "too far gone" to enter into my feelings. Sympathy herself seemed to be half-seas over; and, indeed, that was my only consolation now, that the two hundred and seventy worthy and independent electors were too much under the influence of Bacchus to take any notice of what I did or said. Notwithstanding this, I was very, very miserable, and felt as if there was no state of being, real or fictitious, which I would not willingly exchange for my own. Ixion's

wheel seemed a wheel of fortune in comparison with the torture I endured. The incessant toil of the Danaian maids seemed lighter than mine, who had, as it were, to pour out interminable bucketsful of eloquence, with as little hope of ultimate success. No sooner had the maddened current of my blood began to subside a little towards its regular flow, and I flattered myself once more that my troubles were at an end, than the curate of B.,—doubtless at the instigation of his vicarial master,—rose to propose “The Learned Society of Antiquaries.” I was the only F.A.S. in the room, and though I would willingly have excused myself from the task, was forced to make an acknowledgment in the name of the sapient body. I shall not trouble my reader with what I said on this occasion, for, after the samples he has heard, I am sure he can have no desire for a further exhibition of my oratory. Suffice it to say, it was a worse failure than before, and myself more wretched. I had not even the excuse of intoxication for my imbecility: for, while every one around me seemed to feel more or less the exhilarating effects of the generous juice, the constant panic in which I had been since the commencement of the feast, kept me painfully sober.

Chemists tell us of an experiment, in which a cup already filled to the brim may be made to receive and contain an ounce of this, and half an ounce of that, and a quarter of an ounce of something else. This experiment I was doomed to see sadly realized in myself. My cup of misery I had thought to be full to overflowing, but it was yet susceptible of something more. The Honourable Adolphus Fitz Gun, being “*plenus Bacchi*,” clambered up the top of the table, and hiccuped out, “Gen’lemen, I beg leave—beg leave to propose a toast: it is, gen’lemen, the ver—very ven’rable ‘Gen’leman’s Magazine,’ of which my ex’lent — my super-ex’lent friend, Mr. W—, is a po—plo—proetrical correspondent—three times three!”

At this distance of time, I can look with calmness upon the incident here related, and make every allowance for the situation of my honourable friend. But at that moment, the effect upon my mind was paralyzing:—to see the only person from whom I expected sympathy, and *for* whom I had endured all the horrors of my situation, joined in the conspiracy against me, and countenance the joke by his own example, was too much for mortal man to bear. I rushed out of the room, snatched up the first—and worst hat that offered itself, and hurried away, on foot, to Fitz Gun Place, where I laid the whole case before my honoured hostess, and the charming Julia. Their extreme kindness I remember with gratitude to this day—indeed, nothing less than the “soothing syrup” of feminine eloquence could have restored my mind to its wonted serenity: but there is a picture of the dinner table at B., with kit-kat portraits of the vicar, the drunken chairman, and the little, fierce-looking man with the red whiskers, ever hanging in the exhibition-room of my memory, whose colours no time can fade. Next morning, of course, ample apologies were made by my honourable friend, and my hearty forgiveness was elicited.

I believe it is unnecessary for me to add, that the last public dinner I honoured with my presence was at the worthy and independent little borough of B.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN Judah’s land where once the Saviour trode,
Two friends, of lowly origin, abode;
So strong their love, their hearts so near allied,
That each for other’s safety would have died.
In course of time these friends were called to
part,
And oh! how painful was the parting smart;
Yet, even tend’rest feelings must obey,
Whenever just expedience calls away.
To distant climes in quest of riches bound,
Salvator sails, and quits his native ground;

But, ere he goes, consoles his weeping friend,
Whose heart with sorrow seem’d almost to
rend—

“Grieve not Amicus, listen to my word,
Some tokens of my love I’ll soon afford:
The object gain’d, which now I have in view,
Then, dear Amicus, I’ll remember you.”
Some time elaps’d (how long the time appear’d
Ere tidings of the traveller were heard;
Like Pharo’h’s butler, when restor’d to place
He seem’d forgetful of his friend’s disgrace.

At length the long-expected tokens come,
And dissipate the sad portending gloom :
Salvator lives ! is now the joyful sound—
Salvator lives ! the rocks and hills rebound.

" Whence are these gifts, by secret means
convey'd,

If not from *him*, on whom my soul was stay'd ?
None other *would* to *me* such favour show,
None other could such ample gifts bestow."

Such was the inference that Amicus drew,
And such, at last, he found no less than true.
After a time his faithful friend return'd,

And shar'd with him the riches he had earn'd.
This simple tale if view'd aright, may teach
Some truths important to be known by each ;
Truths for the humble and the meek—

Truths " unto which the angels love to seek." *b*

In God's full time, he sent his only Son, *c*

To do for man, what man could not have done ;
To satisfy the broken law of God, *d*

And thus avert his just avenging rod. *e*

For *us* the " Lord *f* of Glory," left his high
abode,

Where angels and archangels *g* wait his nod.

For *us* (what cause for gratitude and praise !)

" The mighty *h* God" became " a child of days." *h*

" The morning stars," *i* that sang aloud for
joy,

While Nature's work their wond'ring thoughts
employ ;

Still more amaz'd, stun'd their harps afresh ;

To see their Lord inwrap't in human flesh. *k*

He, before whom the mighty seraphs *l* bow,

Was poor, *m* despised, in the world below ;

And, stript *n* of honours which the great dis-
play,

The great Creator *o* in a manger lay.

For three and thirty years he dwelt with men,

His native glory veil'd from mortal ken ;

When young, he labour'd for his daily bread,

And often " had not where to lay his head,"

" A man of sorrows," and " of no repute,"

Expos'd to hunger, thirst, and pain acute.

His life a constant round of " doing good,"

Healing the sick, dispensing heav'nly food.

His friends and followers, indigent and few,

And even these forsook him and withdrew ;

Yet still he lov'd them with a tender care,

Which all their perfidy could not impair.

Before his death, when overcome with grief,

He sooth'd their minds with *promise* of relief ;

Exalted to the place he held before,

On them his spirit he engag'd to pour ;

When, shortly after, he, their glorious head,

Was rais'd again, in triumph from the dead.

He pledg'd anew his promise to fulfil,

And then ascended to his " holy hill." *p*

With longing eyes they view'd their rising
Lord,

And lost in wonder, silently ador'd ;

Till vision, weaken'd by increasing height,

A cloud receiv'd him from their aching sight.

And now, what acclamations from above,

Salute the " King *q* of Glory," and of love ;

Attendant angels which had grace'd his birth,

Now greet with joy, his glad return from
earth.

And, as they reach the heav'nly portals, say—

" Open ye gates—eternal doors, give way,—

This is the conqueror *r* of death and sin,

Lift up your heads, and he shall enter in."

To this demand inquiring voices sing,—

" Who is this great and glorious king ?"

Reply is made alike in tuneful song,—

" The mighty Lord, the Lord in battle strong,"

Again the vault of heav'n is made to ring,—

" Who is this great and glorious king ?"

Again responding angels shout and sing,—

" The Lord of Hosts, *s* *t* is the glorious king."

Leaving the heav'nly choir to chant their lays,

And hymn their Maker's everlasting praise,

Let us again a tender look bestow,

On the disciples who were left below.

Returning to the city, whence they came,

Their faith confirm'd, their hopes and joys the
same ;

They with the Saviour's last request comply,

And wait the promis'd blessing from on high.

At length, the day of Pentecost being come,

When met together in a spacious room,

A sound was heard, as of a mighty wind,

(An emblem of the pow'r on ev'ry mind)

And cloven tongues appear'd on each to rest,

The Holy Ghost now filling every breast.

a Psalm 25, 9 ; Is. 61, 1 ; Mat. 11, 25.—*b* 1 Peter 1, 12—*c* Gal. 4, 4, 5.—*d* Heb. 9, 14, 16 ; Heb. 10, 10, 14—*e* Rom. 5, 10 ; Eph. 2, 16 ; 2 Cor. 5, 18 ; Col. 1, 19, 23.—*f* 1 Cor. 2, 8 ; Jas. 2, 1.—*g* Ps. 103, 20, 21 ; 1 Pet. 3, 22.—*h* Is. 9, 6 ; 65, 20.—*i* Job 38, 4, 7.—*j* Luke 2, 13, 14.—*k* Tim. 3, 16.—*l* Is. 6, 1, 3 ; Rev. 5, 13, 14.—*m* 3 Cor. 8, 9 ; Is. 53, 3.—*n* Phil. 2, 5, 8.—*o* John 1, 3 ; Col. 1, 16 ; Prov. 8, 22, 31.—*p* Ps. 24, 3.—*q* 1 Tim. 1, 17 ; 6, 15 ; Rev. 17, 14 ; 19, 16.—*r* Ps. 68, 18 ; Col. 2, 15.—*s* Ps. 24, 7, 10.

Though each of learning had but little store,
 They speak in languages unknown before;
 And, thus endu'd with knowledge from above
 To ev'ry nation preach redeeming love.
 Such are the proofs that Christ is risen indeed,
 No other proof a candid mind can need.
 But Christians have an evidence *within*,
 Which nought can weaken, but the pow'r of sin.
 Have they been brought to see their lost estate,
 To mourn for sin, and sue at mercy's gate?
 Have they, with broken heart, besought the

Lord,

To heal their souls, *believing* in his word?
 Have they obtained pardon, grace, and peace,
 From sin's *control*, a free and sure release?
 Have they been led to "count as dung and
 loss,
 All things," compar'd with knowledge of the
 cross?

Are those, who once were subjects of their
 mirth,

November 20th, 1812.

Now deem'd by them the dearest friends on
 earth?

Are means of grace, which holy strength im-
 part,

Become the joy and solace of the heart?

"Are old things pass'd away, and all things
 new?"

Is Christ the "all in all" they have in view?

As Jesus only can these gifts bestow,

They cannot question—*whence* these blessings
 flow.

No doubt their mind a moment entertains,
 That Jesus Christ is God—that now he *reigns*.

Nay more, they feel assured, that when

He comes, according to his word, again,

Then he will grant them bliss without alloy,

Pleasures, a *pledge* of which they now enjoy.

Then they will "lift their heads" with joy
 and sing,—

"This is our God, our Saviour, and our
 King."

J. B.*

TO THE G. M., D. G. M., THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND THE ORDER IN GENERAL.

WE, the Officers and Brothers of the Platoff Lodge, Ashton District, return our sincere and hearty thanks for the charitable gifts bestowed on brother WILLIAM JONES, of our Lodge, at the last three Annual Meetings.—Our intention in this Address is, to shew to the world, and the Order in general, that we have more generosity than our calumniators would give us credit for, and we shall here quote one action out of the many, which our Order is daily performing.

The brother above mentioned has been afflicted for no less a space of time, than five years; during which period his disease has baffled the most skillful physicians in this part of the country, and those to whom he has applied, are at a loss to find out the nature of his complaint.

Our afflicted brother has had three helpless children during the whole of his illness, and had it not been for the assiduous attention of his wife, whose care has been unceasing, and who has justly gained the esteem of the virtuous and good, together with the handsome gifts he has received from the Independent Order, his family would have suffered the greatest privations, and would long since have been called "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns." We now proceed to state the various sums of money he has received:—

	£.	s.	d.
From his Lodge in sick pay	57	4	0
" " gifts.....	5	6	7½
" " District	13	4	0
From the General Fund of the Order	28	12	0
Total.....	£104	6	7½

^a Rom. 6, 6; 23.—^b Phil. 3, 8.—^c Ps. 16, 3.—^d 2 Cor. 5, 17.—^e Col. 3, 11.—^f Ps. 68, 18; Acts 5, 31.—^g Eph. 1, 13, 14.—^h Luke 21, 28.—ⁱ Is. 25, 9.

*It was found by a person amongst some rubbish in an old house, who gave it to me.—J. D. B.

After such charitable deeds as these, what warm Odd Fellow's heart will not inwardly bleed, to find some individuals who have the audacity to say, that our sole object is to assemble together to encourage that most pernicious of vices, *drunkenness*? Every Odd Fellow is satisfied that we are calumniated, and that on the contrary, our Order is founded on the strictest morality, justice, and equity. In proof of the philanthropic spirit existing in our Order, we relieve the distresses of all our brethren that stand in need of our support; we have established funds for relieving the widows and orphans of Odd Fellows. The Ashton-under-Lyne District are subscribers to the Manchester Infirmary, and to the Buxton Bath Charities; in short, the whole object of our meetings is harmony, and to endeavour to disseminate happiness to every member of our fraternity. Any Editor calling such acts as these "mummery," is underserving the name of a civilized being, and ought to meet with his just reward, (*i. e.*) the contempt of every good and useful member of society. We wish all the world to know that our laws are founded on justice, and administered impartially; merit is invariably appreciated amongst us. Our laws teach us to "pay due deference to superiors, and from inferiors to receive honour with reluctance, rather than extort it."

Some may think we are too profuse in our praises of the Independent Order, but we say not; well knowing, "that the world is our country, and to do good is our religion." We feel sorry that any unpleasantness should ever exist amongst us, but such is the case in all societies; disaffected members will creep in, and unless they can have the supreme controul,—however good may be the basis of the society, however mild may be its precepts, or charitable its actions,—such parties, to be revenged, will not scruple to destroy such society, root and branch. We conclude by hoping we have given a convincing proof that our sole object is to do good to the human race; long may our Order flourish, and carry into effect the noble and generous principles for which it was instituted.

By Order of the past and present Officers and Brothers of the Platoff Lodge,

WILLIAM AITKIN, N. G.

To the G. M., D. G. M., Board of Directors, and the Order in General.

I RETURN you my most sincere thanks, likewise those of my wife and family, for the kind, generous, noble, and sympathetic spirit, you have evinced towards me during my affliction. Had it not been for your liberal assistance, hard would have been the fate of myself, wife, and darling offspring; I hope no man may ever be afflicted as I have been, I assure you I have suffered severely in body and mind. It will never be in my power to repay you, but should I ever be restored to health and strength, nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote the interest and well-being of the Independent Order.

I remain, yours, in the bonds of F. L. & T.

WILLIAM JONES.

Platoff Lodge, Ashton-under-Lyne.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

OH! what a dreary waste would be
 This joyous world of ours,
 If happy hearts, the gay, the free,
 Had lost their witching powers;
 Or where's the charm, however bright,
 That could our souls beguile,
 With half so sweet, so soft a light,
 As that of Woman's smile!

Oh! Life would be one joyless dream
 Of hopelessness and woe,
 If 'twere not for the sunny beam
 Of beauteous eyes below;
 And all earth's flow'rs, so fair, so sweet,
 Would flourish but awhile,
 If in return they could not meet
 The light of Woman's smile!

Then if our hopes of bliss depend
 On such bright forms of love,
 Which softly with our spirits blend
 Dear thoughts of bliss above;
 Who on this earth could love to rest,
 (E'en in this flowery isle)
 If that existence be unblest,
 With aught of Woman's smile!

THOUGHTS ON FRIENDSHIP.

POOR is the friendless master of a world;
 A world in purchase for a friend is given.—YOUNG.

THERE is no luxury so great, nor any to which man in all situations have more equal claims, than that of friendship; but alas! how little do we reflect on the importance, or how poorly do we appreciate the advantages resulting from it. No person, at the time he professes friendship, but imagines he is possessed of all the requisites which constitute it; hence the frequent exclamations of ingratitude, treachery, and hypocrisy, which ever resound in our ears,—hence the person, “hackneyed in the ways of men,” looks on the world with a distempered, suspicious eye, thinks mankind only a compound of craft and dissimulation, and because of his experience, never tastes the assuasive cordial, with which heaven has blended the bitter draught of worldly enjoyment. How widely different would be our situation in this world, did we first study ourselves,—eradicate every unfavourable propensity from our hearts,—cultivate every disposition that would increase our own, and our neighbour's happiness—and be careful never to give the imperative influence, or title of a bosom friend, to one whose age, pursuits, situation, and qualifications are not exactly corresponding with our own—not to have many friends, and to be extremely cautious in our selection, that those may have our unbounded confidence, and justly merit our esteem. That when we have found this pearl of inestimable value, we should never give scope to our versatile inclinations, but love with unabated ardour to the end of our lives. But these, as Cowper says,—

“Are observations on the case,
 That savour much of common place,
 And all the world admits them.”

What a pity the minds of mankind were not also actuated by them; then meretricious attainments would be of little value, and mental qualifications only in estimation; men would meet men, without any of the cool reserve which is so observable, and be esteemed in proportion as he is virtuous.

P. G. R. T.

Friendship Lodge, Salford, Aug. 22nd, 1837.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN looking over some correspondence at the Board Room the other day, the following letters attracted my attention, (they have apparently been misplaced from the Magazine file); their insertion, though written some time back, will be read with avidity by all classes of your readers; and I am confident by none more readily than those to whom they are more particularly addressed,—the wives and daughters of Odd Fellows, especially as they are written by one of their sex. The cause which Mrs. BARREY so ably advocates has been the means of raising the circulation of the Magazine from 2,000 to 12,000, and if the work (the profits of which are devoted to so charitable a purpose) did only receive that *general support* which its utility deserves, it ought before the next A. M. C. to reach 20,000. If only an *individual* member in each Lodge was to exert himself in canvassing the members for their subscriptions, a rapid increase would take place; those taking upon themselves this task, will be amply repaid by the consciousness that they are assisting in a good and benevolent cause—the support of the widow and the fatherless. And as I am informed that the Number for December, 1837, will be the first of a new Volume, it is a desirable opportunity for members to commence taking the work. I know I do not make the appeal in vain; it is only to be asked for, and the required assistance will be given. As Odd Fellows,—

We know their claims,
And knowing, will support them.

I am, the Order's well-wisher,

JOHN S. MYERS.

19, Minshull-street, Manchester, Aug. 17, 1837.

Trowbridge, November 22nd, 1835.

MR. ARMITT,

SIR,

I TRUST you will pardon a stranger for taking the liberty of addressing you. On reading the Magazine for September last, I felt my mind much impressed with the propriety of doing a something for the Widow and Orphans' Fund. I longed for the wings of a dove to fly to the dear wives and sisters of our beloved brethren;—brothers, I call them in every sense of the word,—yet, are they not our fathers, our beloved husbands? Do they not plead the cause of poor, defenceless woman? Yes, and the mighty, the interesting cause of the widow and the fatherless! We women must esteem—must revere—the name of Odd Fellows! How happy should I feel, if it were possible that I could make every female mind enter into the dear, delightful, large, extensive, benevolent ideas, that now engage the whole of your attention; yes, if but one and all could see how thin the partition between this world and another—how short the transition from time to eternity—being nothing more than the breath in our nostrils, and even that may be gone in the twinkling of an eye. Then, Sir, how does it behave us to work while it is day. And shall we allow our dear husbands to do all the work, and do it alone? No, Sir! I say, perish the thought. Well, Sir, say what you will, I must lend a hand; and British females—wives and sisters—I feel persuaded, will come forward in so glorious a cause. What a noble field for employ! Much remains for them to do. Ah! these kind thoughts of yours, Sir, and your worthy brethren, must emanate from the Lord,—the great Giver of all good,—whose promise is faithfulness and truth; yes, He hath said, let the widows trust in me. I trust the glad tidings of your benevolence will revive the drooping spirits of many who may yet be widows, but not destitute. And why? O, tell it to the ends of the earth—let its remotest bounds shout it forth—and why? Her poor husband was an Odd Fellow. May children yet unborn, bless your exertions! I shall esteem it a favour if

you will allow me to send you ten shillings; also, myself and daughter to become monthly subscribers, uniting with my husband and son. Should my proposals meet your approbation, I should feel highly obliged with a line to say if you will receive aid from females. I hope that ere now, you may have received letters from many ladies, all wishing to do to the uttermost in so good a cause. I conclude, Sir, with my best wishes for all your prosperity,

And remain, yours, respectfully,

ANNA BARREY.

March 3rd, 1836.

SIR,

I AGAIN trespass on your patience to say that a kind friend, Mr. Stacey, of the Mount Ararat Lodge, after conversing together with us, seemed to think the better way would be for him to take it on himself, and go round to his brethrens' wives; and I know they feel disposed towards this work. There was not one, says Mr. Stacey, but contributed with feelings of strong pleasure, *and all* wishing to pay monthly the same as their husbands; therefore, to my ten shillings they have sent four pounds ten shillings, making in the whole five pounds, the which shall be remitted to you for the Widow and Orphan's Fund, *with the proviso*, you accept our proposals. An abler person will then address you, giving the name of each subscriber.

REVIEW.

Essay on Temperance and Intemperance, by William Jump, Prov. C. S., Uttoxeter, published by the G. M. and Board of Directors, by resolution of the London A. M. C.

ALTHOUGH the Magazine is not professed to notice the merits of the numerous publications which the press is daily issuing to the world, yet, this little work before us, on many accounts, demands a share of our attention; especially as it is the compilation of a member of the Order, and published under the immediate sanction of the Directors. Considering, as we do, that intemperance has long been the most baneful scourge of mankind, and one of the most formidable opponents to the prosperity of our Order, we cannot but hail with the greatest satisfaction, the appearance of this unpretending treatise; and seldom have we seen a publication more calculated to be of benefit and utility to society. The compiler of this Essay has no ordinary claims to our respect from his long and valuable services in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and he has in the present production, considerably increased them, by the skillful manner in which he has placed before his readers, a true picture of this "abomination of desolation," stripped of the fictitious garb of pleasure, in which the votaries of the "flowing bowl" have attempted to clothe it, and exposed to view in all its deformity. The treatise commences with a happy enumeration of the benefits of Temperance, and shows a cheerful picture of the happy man who obeys its dictates. The author then proceeds to analyze the causes of drunkenness, the different effects of various liquors, and the consequences of a continued course of intemperance; which are portrayed in a form no less true, than appalling, and exhibit a melancholy array of facts, awfully opposed to the sophistical enjoyment, which Bacchanalians boast as being the result of their orgies—

"If any pain or care remain,
Why drown it in the bowl."

Alas! with what tenfold horror will they stare their victim in the face, when his debauch is over!

It is needless to dwell at further length on the merits of this treatise; the object of the author is to increase the temperance, and by that means, the happiness of his

brethren ; and as such, we render him the just meed of praise for his efforts, and conclude this brief notice, by recommending the work to the notice and perusal of our readers : and heartily concurring with the wish "that the moral precepts it inculcates, and the appeals therein made, may be deeply rooted in the heart and mind of every member of our Institution."

The Essay is printed in a form and size to bind up with the volume of the Magazine, to which it will form a valuable addition ; and its extreme cheapness, places it within the reach of every one.

THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN.

TO THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT FOR THE MAGAZINE.

Who was "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre?"—who softens the spirit of the fiery savage, and pours oil and wine, and the balm of consolation, in the bosom of civilized man?—who, in the hour of sickness, smooths our pillow, and moistens our parched and fevered lips?—who lulls us to repose in our infancy, and teaches us to raise our hands and lip our first prayer to the Giver of all things?—who, when the storms of life assail us, steps in, and, by sharing, softens the blow?—who, when "dark despair" has half unhinged our mental faculties, and we are scarcely conscious of our "whereabouts," points out to us, with the voice and beaming eyes of an angel, another and a brighter day? To these queries, the answer of either sage or savage would be—WOMAN! Can we, then, be so selfish as not to reward them for so many blessings, and secure them and their innocent offspring from the pangs of poverty and want for ever? The husband or parent who neglects the glorious opportunity now offered to him through the medium of the Order, ceases to be a man, and becomes a monster!

This, I admit, is strong, but, I think, justifiable language. Let us see how the case really stands. A member of the Independent Order can, by almost *imperceptible* means, (shall I say a *pinch of snuff* per week?) secure for his widow and *helpless* orphans, at least, a comfortable maintenance. Would it not be *monstrous*, then, to neglect so to do? Is he a *man* who can coolly contemplate the approach of "age and want (oh, ill-matched pair!)" and not wish to rescue the aged (and *then widowed*) partner of all his joys, and all his sorrows, from their fell grasp? The question needs no answer.

Odd Fellows, rouse ye! Come forward, once more, and again astonish those who are unacquainted with your usefulness, and your *UNANIMITY*; and, by acts of benevolence, heap coals of fire upon the hardened heads and hearts of your vile detractors.

Manchester, September, 1837.

SPEECH OF PROV. C. S. THOMAS VAUGHAN.

ON Monday evening, August 28th, a splendid gold Medal was presented by the members of the Merthyr Tydvil District to Prov. C. S. VAUGHAN, as a token of their esteem for his great zeal and unwearied exertions in the cause of Odd Fellowship. After the Medal had been presented by Prov. D. G. M. RICHARD JONES, in an appropriate and elegant address, Mr. VAUGHAN rose and spoke as follows:—

"I have somewhere heard it expressed that there is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than the emotion of gratitude, and most sincerely should I, at this moment, coincide in the truth of the aphorism, were it not alloyed with a feeling of

regret at my inability to pronounce in the heart's genuine language those responsive echoes of the tongue which, on an occasion like this, should indeed assume an infinite degree of persuasiveness. Nor can it be wondered at, that a lack of expression will not permit me to measure out the depth of my gratitude; for, raised as I have been by you in perhaps an almost unparalleled degree of progression,—indulged, as I have frequently been, with the special marks of your favour,—rewarded too, this night, with so unequivocal and flattering a testimony of your continued confidence,—it were a work of supererogation to say that I cannot thank you in terms commensurate with the obligations I owe you.

Permit me, then,—at the shrine of Friendship, of Love, and of Truth,—to offer you the throbbings of a grateful heart, too big to give utterance to its emotions.

Excuse me, if, in allusion to the nature of the duties attendant upon the office I have the honour of holding amongst you, I make use of a political term in classing myself in the rank of a Financier, or rather, as a very humble imitator of one in that capacity, which will afford me a pretext for altering the precise nature for which this meeting has been convened, in order to make it, in some degree, useful as well as otherwise. And here I may be permitted to observe that, notwithstanding the interchange of sentiment or opinion on political subjects is strictly forbidden within the portals of Odd Fellows' Lodges, (though even the hemisphere were distracted in pursuing the study of its science), yet, in our relative positions as citizens of the world, or as members generally of society, are we bound to exercise those functions necessary for the preservation of our country's rights, by promoting its general welfare, evincing a loyal attachment to the forms of its government, and paying a cheerful and implicit obedience to the rules of its jurisprudence.

It is now some twenty years since Odd Fellowship, in its primitive state, spread its benign influence in this neighbourhood. Many of those by whom, in its infancy and future progress, it was nurtured and sustained, have ceased their labours, for *Death*, with his iron arm, hath been in the world, and despoiled them of their energies.—Others of them I recognize, with grateful pride, forming a feature in the present assemblage; and surely, while *gratitude* is my theme, it will not be deemed irrelevant if, for myself, and you, my superior officers and brothers, I tender them heartfelt congratulations on the success with which their efforts have been crowned; imploring their future aid in endeavouring to obtain for our deservedly esteemed Order a greater degree of excellence than it even now possesses; till, at last, it shall have become a beacon of light fit for the gaze and admiration of ages yet unborn,—redolent in splendour,—and typical of Heaven's best attributes. To those, my younger brothers in the scale of gradation—(if exhortation be necessary)—I would say, '*Go ye and do likewise*;' for if, as has been evinced in me, the mere performance of recognized duties,—the effects of which might have been much more efficiently displayed if placed in other hands,—can lay claim to your suffrages of approbation, then am I warranted in holding out to them the encouragement that *they too shall have their reward*.

With, comparatively speaking, a paucity of adherents, did the cause of Odd Fellowship toil its way in South Wales, until a certain date in the year, 1830, where, at that time, two Lodges only could be found who had enlisted themselves under the banners of the Manchester Unity. Subsequent to that period it has gradually lifted up its head in proud pre-eminence amongst us, for, according to the *Return List* for the year 1835, we could count 759 members in the Merthyr District alone; that of 1836 shewed its numerical strength to be 928, while the registered number of efficient members for the present year is 1388.

Thus are bound together a phalanx of individuals, forming but a small portion of the great aggregate, whose aim and purpose is the ameliorating and lessening the pains and sufferings of their fellow-creatures,—teaching them to forget their sorrows and their woes,—holding out a premium to deeds of charity, *regardless of sect or denomination*, possessing the means of casting from among them the abandoned and dissolute,—and whose tenets are calculated, in their very essence, to lead the mind to the observance of a line of conduct necessary for setting a value on practical virtue, and of making those coming within the pale of its influence, useful and happy in whatsoever class or sphere the chance of fortune or nature may have placed them in their relative intercourse with man through life.

By the perusal of an address delivered by P. G. M. White, inserted in the Magazine for March, 1835, you will find it stated that even then the Order was expending more than £50,000 annually, in charitable purposes. If, when the Unity consisted of 950 Lodges only, it yielded such a capital, how much greater must be its resources at this moment, when the actual number is 1213, and whose members, conjointly, amount to more than 80,000, each stimulated by increase of popularity, to perform those duties intuitively taught in our customs and observances.

If it were not an acknowledged truth that—

The man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still—

such premises as these might tend to cast a benignant smile on the face of the most sceptical of our disputants. But as it is not my design to attack any party for its opinions, or to offer a defence of that which is in itself already invulnerable, I would draw the mind to a sense of gratitude to *Him*, with whom all effects originate, for his goodness in making us the humble instruments whereby to manifest, in part, his liberality.

There is one branch of our revenue upon which the mind must rest with more than an ordinary degree of interest. I mean the Funeral Fund. It was in March, 1834, that this District made its first payment (from its united source) to meet those exigencies which, soon or late, we, our friends and our families, must necessarily be subject to, or become partakers of. Since which time up to the present date, we find that the sum of £373. 13s. has been dealt out in *our own immediate neighbourhood*, in assuaging the mourner's grief, and alleviating the pains and sufferings of the bereaved widow, and the distressed orphan. With what contemplative delight must the mind of the thinking man pause upon the reflection that, by setting apart from his earnings a mere pittance paid in easy instalments, he is securing for himself a competency to screen him from destitution when assailed by sickness or distress; and is it not comparative felicity when opposed to the feelings of those who are without similar aid, to consider that provision is made for interment after death by such an arrangement. Long may you live, my friends, in the full possession of every faculty to appreciate the worth of, and to render yourselves useful in the promotion of the objects of that Institution, which, for practical utility and moral excellence, stands perhaps, unrivalled: and whose benevolence must become more diffusive as you continue to increase in social compact and friendly association. Fraught with innumerable advantages though it be, I would not cause our Order to be charged with an assumption of exclusive excellence; for, that there are many admirable and well regulated societies extant, whose pursuits are those of beneficence, and whose resources are capable of meeting the ends for which they were originally designed, is a recognized truth. To them, or their supporters, we offer no rivalry, save an emulating desire for the power of labouring in the same vineyard, and of co-operating in the generous task of sowing the seeds of Christian charity, on the broad based principle of an universal philanthropy. In pursuance of these professions, it is necessary that a lively interest should be excited in the mind, and, as a coincident result, that the proof of sincerity be not left to oral or declamatory promise; but, in an exalted and well-regulated government of the passions, and a cultivation of the mental energies, to evince a spirit of nobleness of purpose beyond the reach of the vicious. Without these acquirements our feasts of charity cannot be spotless, nor the end of our attainments be properly achieved. It may not be idle here to blend a wish that the time may arrive when, in imitation of that ancient and respectable body, the Free Masons, our Order may boast of its seminaries for the education of the orphans of its more indigent members. Its munificence to the widow and helpless in the time of need is proverbial; to the sojourner and wanderer from the home of his fathers doth it also extend its benefactions,—who, by the occurrence of unforeseen and adventitious circumstances, over which he may have had no controul, becomes paralyzed and rejected, through fatigue or abstinence, seeks not an eleemosynary gift from the casual hand of charity, but, in the warm bosom of fraternal friendship shelters himself for protection, and, with benedictions to Him who tempers the storm to the shorn lamb, cheerfully wends forward his way, smiling at, yet scarcely remembering, his wonted griefs. And why should it not hereafter, further develope its magnificence by implanting in the minds of its scions, those elementary principles

necessary for the enjoyment of future intellectual blessings? That the accomplishment of such an object is unworthy future consideration will not, I presume, be maintained.

It has been not unfrequently urged against us by the bigotted, and, in some instances, by the well meaning, that our embracing in our arrangements a system of secresy, is reprehensible. The reasons for keeping our methods of recognition invisible, are so obvious, that the objection scarcely calls for a reply; however, I will occupy your attention for a short period by giving an elucidatory case. Many others of a similar nature might be adduced, but, for the present, let this suffice. A person, whom I feel a pleasure in classing among my list of friends, went, a few years ago, from this neighbourhood to America, and having remained there some time, returned. Upon my first interview with him afterwards, I made inquiries as to the progress Odd Fellowship had made in that part of the Continent where he had sojourned. His replies gave pleasurable affirmations to my anticipations; and I soon found that my old friend had brought with him fresh claims to my zeal for his interest on the score of fraternal obligation. Having given the necessary testimonials of his legitimacy, he was registered a subscribing member in the 'Liberty Lodge,' here, previous to which he told me that he had often regretted not yielding to my suggestions, before his embarkation; "for," said he, "if I had then been initiated, the very advantageous connection I formed among the brotherhood, would have been available to me on my immediate arrival in Philadelphia. They were amongst the best friends I ever met with." Here is a proof (under our immediate cognizance) shewing, that not only is the mighty Atlantic of space insufficient to limit the sphere of its influence, but also holding out a plea of justification to the Order, for adopting a system which will secure its members from the imposition of the crafty *at home and abroad*. But we can rejoice that we live in an era when the shafts of the malevolent or unthinking are foiled of their bane, by the genial breath of a discerning world, and that the gloom which prejudice was wont to cast upon the horizon of Odd Fellowship, is fast dispelled in a summer's cloud. Still we may mark (though not in a sensible degree) its murky influence hang aloof; be ours the duty to retard its accumulation by the application of mild but truth-convincing operatives, beseeching the means still to do good even in secresy;—so shall

Heav'n's handmaid, Charity, our work proclaim,
And meek-ey'd Pity blush to find it Fame.

Among the many beatific essentials of which the character of the genuine Odd Fellow should be compounded, are those of *Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Justice*. The exercise of the three latter virtues depends so much on the cultivation of the former one, that they cannot be truly exemplified in its absence. Of what vast import is it then to the state of man's well-being in this his probatory condition, and how compatible with the enjoyment of conscious rectitude, is the possession of this great and noble quality. Temperance has been defined a moderator of the appetite or passions, and in those positions I wish it to be understood; for, far be the wish from me to argue that nature has brought us into the world, to view with apathetic indifference, or to cast away with scorn, those means of indulgence which a bountiful and Omnipotent Being hath, in his wise ordinations, set before us for our gratification. No! For if the generous instinct planted in the breast of man can be invigorated by the spread of the festive board,—or his mind be expanded by the gay or social circle of the sparkling or friendly goblet, and the melody of sweet song inspire him to fresh deeds of valor or of virtue,—why e'en let the dull misanthropist feast unsparingly on splenetic casuistry; I envy him not his diet or his thinkings. But, the relish for all enjoyments is improved by the temperate indulgence of them;—for

He who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;

while satiety, disgust, torpidity, and disease, are ever the concomitants of reckless extravagance and dissipative revelry. I will not harrow up your imaginations by portraying the condition of that man, who, divested of the reasoning power given him by his Maker, sets himself below the level of the brute creation by habitual intemperance. Let the unseemly appearance of his habiliment and emaciated frame,—let the pallid cheek of the worse than widowed partner to whom he is betrothed,—let the lamentations and weeping of the neglected offspring of his alliance, echo it in your ears,—let —. But I will not assume the ungrateful task. Let us, then, endeavour to temper

our predilections, seeing that we enervate not ourselves by a succession of riotous and unmeaning debasements, nor forfeit the possession of our endowments, in the pursuit of irrational and unmeaning contrarieties. I may be told that arguments oft and ably advanced have been the precursors of my advocacy. True! But if it be also true, that "human nature is so corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently re-newed," my imperfect recital may, perhaps, be tolerated. The end of my ambition is attained, if conviction is felt in the hearts of those whom I have the honour of addressing, that my observations are rendered nugatory, and a call for their necessity obviated, by their being already forestalled, and their consequences illustrated.

Mingled with other distinctions, I have the honour to boast of having been (through your instrumentality) the first Deputy sent from the County of Glamorgan to an A. M. C., or, as it may not inaptly be termed, our legislative congress. A synopsis of the proceedings on that occasion, is at the command of each Lodge in the Unity; the want of ability on my part, and the sacrifice of time necessary for giving a more detailed account, will, I am sure, render it unnecessary that I should dwell on that topic longer than to express my thanks for the gratification I then experienced in meeting those, by whose talented exertions, the Order,—in all its chequered variety,—has been supported, even when the tongue of calumny was busy doing its work of malevolence, and while proscription was confidently anticipated by its now disappointed assailants. To the Officers of the Order and the Board of Directors, our praises are eminently due. Let us hope that their Auxiliaries will profit by their example.

I cannot help conceiving that the present opportunity may be taken advantage of, without violating any particular rule or precedent, to express unqualified approbation at the conduct of the members of the Order, on occasions when,—no matter from what causes,—collisions have taken place between great masses of the community and different legalized authorities. I would speak advisedly on this subject,—regretting the lamentable effects produced by those causes; and I allude to the subject merely for the purpose of giving utterance to a wish that if, by any chance, (which Heaven forefend) the occurrence of similar events may tend to disturb the tranquility of our neighbourhood, it may not be found necessary to bring into operation, any of our severely prohibitory enactments against the Brotherhood, on charges of outrage, or a violation of the rules of organized society; but rather, that the names of Odd Fellows shall be found conspicuously emblazoned on the list of the peace makers,—and ranking among those who breathe a spirit of virtuous emulation for their country's weal!

You have extended the debt of gratitude I owe you, by your patient and polite endurance of me this evening. Allow me, in conclusion, to offer myself a Candidate for your future smiles of approbation; while soliciting this, in candour I confess having no other credential to recommend me than a heart firmly devoted to the cause for which I am but an insufficient agent; yet, proud of the office I sustain, I feel fondly confident that the thrilling glance from the keen eye of reproach shall not, equitably, give you reason to repine, when retrospection shall bring to your remembrance the originally prescribed, and, to me, highly important and soul invigorating business of the present meeting.

(From *The Silurian*, September 2, 1837.)

TO THE READERS OF THE MAGAZINE.

RESPECTED BRETHREN,

WE, the Committee of Management for the ensuing year, cannot enter upon the duties to which we have been appointed without expressing our sense of the great importance of the Magazine to the Order in General. We are truly proud of the flourishing condition in which we find it; and beg to assure you of our firm intention to exert our humble abilities, to the utmost of our power, to render it more choice in its contents,—more extensive in its circulation,—and, consequently,

more valuable to the Order. It is our hope and wish that, while its cheapness renders it accessible to every one, it may possess sufficient merit to cause it to be read with avidity by men of intellectual capacity, and, at the same time, be comprehensive to the faculties of all.

If, for one moment, we consider the purpose to which the profits arising from the sale of the Magazine are appropriated, we must conclude that it is the duty of every true Odd Fellow to become a subscriber, and those who are possessed of the ability, to become contributors to its pages: with respect to the latter case, we regret having to complain of the great paucity of good *original prose* articles, and should be glad to hear from some of the old esteemed Correspondents of the Magazine, whose productions we have not had the pleasure of seeing for some time past. It is true that every one does not possess the pen of a ready writer, but out of the immense number of our members it is not too much to expect as much assistance as to render the Magazine—what it ought to be—*entirely original*.

We have been induced to change the time of publication, commencing with the next number, it being the first of a new volume. We have not taken this step without due deliberation, and are convinced that it was essential to be done for the following reason:—As the date at present stands, the Magazine is stated to be published in the months of March, June, September, and December; but owing to engraving the Portraits, and other arrangements of late years in the management of the affairs of the Order, the delivery could not commence until the beginning of the months following the date, with which the subscribers are dissatisfied, and attribute it to the neglect in sending it off, when, in fact, it cannot be published sooner. To remedy this inconvenience we have determined to publish the Magazine in future in the respective months of January, April, July, and October, which alteration will, we hope, meet the satisfaction of all parties.

In conclusion, we beg to express our firmest hope that the Order may continue to prosper—that the principles of Benevolence, Brotherly Love, and Charity, (upon which it is founded,) may be disseminated, not only among ourselves, but to mankind generally—that each and every member of our Institution may, by his uniform consistency of conduct, integrity, and uprightness of heart, spread a halo of brightness around the sphere of Odd Fellowship, that its light may be refulgent, and that mankind may be ready to acknowledge that our Institution ranks second to none in the extent of its charities, the moral precepts it inculcates, and the respectability and intelligence of its members.

We remain,

Yours, in the Bonds of F. L. & T.,

THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

TALENTS AND GENIUS.

HAZLITT sets the difference between men of talent and men of genius in a very clear and striking point of view. He says—

“Talent is the capacity of doing any thing that depends on application and industry, such as writing a criticism, making a speech, studying the law. Talent differs from genius, as voluntary differs from involuntary power. Ingenuity is genius in trifles, greatness is genius in undertakings of much pith and moment. A clever or ingenious man, is one who can do *any thing* well, whether it is worth doing or not; a great man is one who can do that which, when done, is of the highest importance.—Themistocles said, he could not play on the flute, but that he could make of a small city, a great one. Napoleon used to say, that his taste in military dress did not enable him to adjust the cut and the trimmings of a dragoon jacket, but he could manoeuvre two hundred thousand men at once in the field, better than any general of the age.”

BIRTHS.

March 28, the wife of Prov. G. M. Thomson, Stockport, of a son.—Nov. 1, 1836, the wife of P. G. James Damon, Stayley Bridge, of a son.—July 22, 1837, the wife of N. G. Yates, of Stayley Bridge, of a son.—Feb. 8, the wife of brother Daniel Dixon, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, of a son.—Feb. 14, the wife of P. G. John Milns, of the Cornwallis Lodge, Would Green, near Huddersfield, of a son and daughter, who are named Cupid and Venus; the latter only survived a short time. Feb. 19, the wife of P. G. Thomas Ellam, of the same Lodge, of a son.—Feb. 8, the wife of N. G. James Dobson, of Little Horton, of a daughter.—Feb. 20, the wife of P. G. Geo. Roberts, of Bradford, of a daughter.—April 16, the wife of P. S. Abraham Strickland, of Stanningley, of a son.—May 4, the wife of brother W. Woodward, of the Morning Star Lodge, Glossop, of a daughter.—March 31, the wife of P. G. Joseph Hague, of the Prince Regent Lodge, Glossop, of a daughter.—April 7, the wife of N. G. Bamford, of the Clio Lodge, Tintwistle, of a son.—Feb. 8, the wife of brother Jesse Aspinall, of the Key Lodge, Hadfield, of a son.—March 6, the wife of P. V. Wm. Aspden, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington, of two daughters. March 11, the wife of brother C. Nuttall, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.—March 30, the wife of P. P. G. M. John Brooks, of Tottington, of a son and daughter.—March 9, the wife of brother Garnall, of the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, of a daughter.—May 14, the wife of P. G. John Halker, of the Royal George Lodge, Kersley, of a son.—August 27, Margaret, the wife of Prov. G. M. and C. S. John Raven, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich, of a fine son.—October 1, the wife of D. G. M. Haigh, of the Yorkshireman Lodge, Holmfirth District, of a daughter.—August 24, the wife of N. G. John Barratt, of the Trafalgar Lodge, Halifax, of a daughter.—July 30, the wife of P. G. Andrew Baxendale, of the Pride of the Valley Lodge, Salterhebble, of a son.—July 31, the wife of N. G. John Haigh, of the same Lodge, of a son and heir.—Feb. 23, the wife of Prov. D. G. M. William Spruce, of the Peace Lodge, Halifax, of a daughter.—Sep. 3, the wife of P. G. John Fitzpatrick, of the Wellington Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter, being her 15th child.—April 15, the wife of Host Burrows, of the Nelson Pride Lodge, Manchester, of a daughter.—July 18, the wife of Prov. C. S. John Wilbee, of the Devizes District, of a daughter.—July 1, the wife of P. G. John Westwick, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle, of a daughter.—August 17, the wife of brother Matthew Denham, of the same Lodge, of a son.—May 20, 1837, the wife of C. S. Sidney Mills, of the Wellington Lodge, Huddersfield, of a son.—October 9, 1832, the wife of P. G. Sutcliffe, of the Beaumont Lodge, Huddersfield, of a daughter.—Sep. 1, 1834, the wife of P. G. Sutcliffe, of the Beaumont Lodge, Huddersfield, of a son.—Nov. 25, 1836, the wife of P. G. Sutcliffe, of the Beaumont Lodge, Huddersfield, of a son.—Sep. 5, 1836, the wife of P. G. Hanly, of the same Lodge, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 19th ult., at the Collegiate Church, N. G. John Grandage, of the Apollo Lodge, formerly of the Redemption Lodge, Marsden, Yorkshire, to Miss Kershaw, second daughter of Mr. Christopher Kershaw, of Salford, formerly of Congleton.—Feb. 6, V. G. Joseph Woolhead, of the Offspring of Peace Lodge, Clifton, to Miss Hannah Dawson, of Bridgend.—March 27, V. G. William Briggs, of the Airedale Lodge, Idle, to Miss Sarah Denby.—September 5, 1836, P. G. George Horrocks, of the Social Lodge, Tottington, to Miss Anna Hamer.—Feb. 25, brother Palmer, of the St. Olaves, London, to Miss Fanny Holland, of Salisbury Crescent, Walworth.—May 16, at Darfield, brother John Sykes Carter, of the Wellington Lodge, Howden, to Miss S. A. Spencer, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Spencer, of Conisbro'.—Sep. 17, at the parish Church of Halifax, brother Wm. Thomas, of the Honesty Lodge, Ripponden, to Miss Mary Crowther, of Mill Bank.—June 22, at the parish church of Almondbury, P. G. Henry Kaye, son of P. G. Joseph Kaye, of the Yorkshireman Lodge, Holmfirth, to Miss Taylor, of Holmfirth.—Brother John Eccles, of the above Honesty Lodge, Ripponden, to Miss Sarah Taylor, of the same place.—March 27, brother John Washington, to Miss Mary Lambert, both of Bowes, Yorkshire.—June 3, brother Hodgson Arrowsmith, of Barnard Castle, to Miss Margaret

Vol. 4.—No. 8—3 F.

Hart, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Nov. 10, 1836, P. G. Marsland, to Miss Elizabeth Ellis, both of Mirfield.—March 20, James Senior, to Miss Elizabeth Hill, both of Mirfield.—November 10, at the parish church of Mirfield, by the Rev. Mr. John Carter, P. V. George Mercer Marsland, of the True Brothers Lodge, Mirfield, and eldest son of brother Titus Marsland, of the Beaumont Lodge, Kirkheaton, to Miss Rachel Ellis, sister to P. G. Benjamina and brother Daniel Ellis, of the former Lodge.

DEATHS.

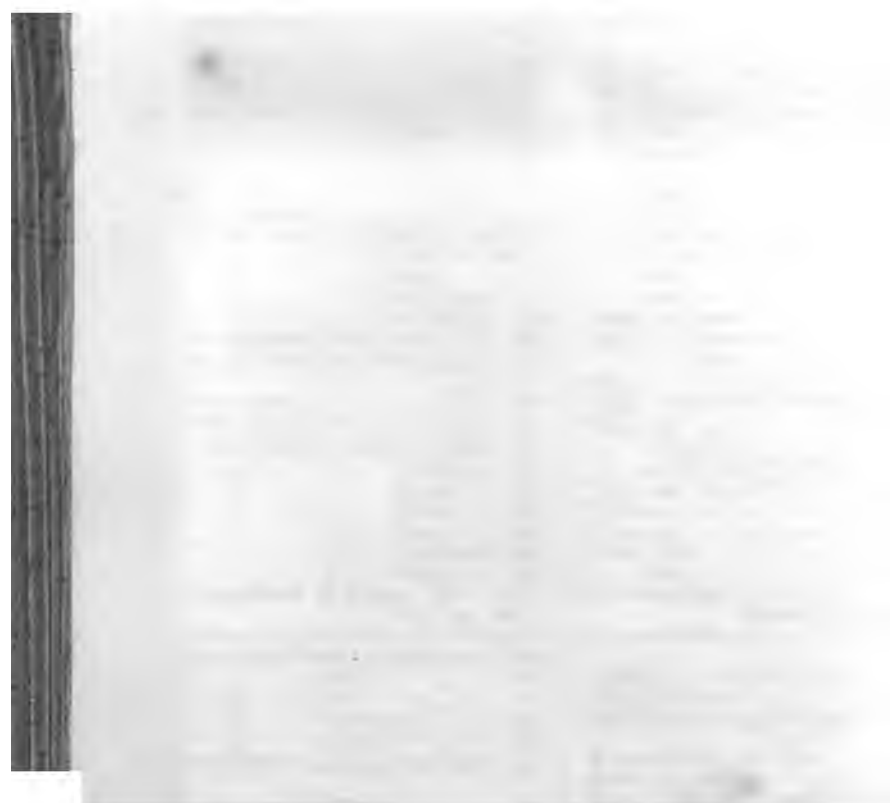
June 9, 1837, Thomas, son of P. Prov. G. M. Charles Carey, of the Nelson Lodge, Barnsley, aged seven years and six months.—Feb. 23, Ann, wife of brother W. Pattison, of the Earl de Grey Lodge, Leeds.—April 23, brother Thomas Holt, of the Social Lodge, Chapel Town, Turton, aged 24 years.—Jan. 22, Ellen, wife of brother Thomas Roberts, of the Virtue Lodge, Tottington.—March 5, P. G. Joseph Hainsworth, of the Faith, Hope, and Charity Lodge, Bradford, aged 30.—March 25, John, only son of P. G. John Stead, of the Conquering Hero Lodge, Dudley Hill.—April 20, Francis William, infant son of P. G. Charles Lewis, of Grimsby, Lincolnshire.—June 9, brother William Whittaker, aged 42, of Grimsby.—October 29, 1836, P. P. D. G. M. Joseph Pickles, of the Hand and Heart Lodge, Turton.—Feb. 24, brother John Taylor, of the St. Olaves Lodge, London, formerly of the Rochdale District.—March, 1836, brother Stephen Moore, of the Miners' Lodge, Dudley District.—Jan. 1837, brother Joseph Butler, of the same Lodge; Brother Samuel Hickion, of the same Lodge.—March 18, brother George Ball, of the Lord Durham Lodge, same District: Brother William Nicholls, senr., of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, same District: March 10, P. Prov. G. M. Samuel R. Timmins, of the Good Design Lodge, same District, aged 53.—March 25, P. W. Knight, of the Royal George Lodge, Kersley, aged 35 years, after a long illness, in the course of which he received upwards of £50. from his Lodge, besides several subscriptions.—April 11, N. G. Thomas Sharples, aged 30 years, of the same Lodge.—April 16, Prov. C. S. Thornley, of the same Lodge, aged 33 years.—October 19, 1836, brother Thomas Whiteley, of the Widow's Relief Lodge, Ashton-under-Lyne, he was accidentally killed during the erection of the new Church, at Kendal.—July 27, William, only son of Secretary Thomas Mayes, of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, Norwich, aged ten weeks.—July 27, Host John Spratt, of the George Inn, Cockermouth, aged 51 years.—April 22, Sarah, wife of brother John Popplewell, of the Nelson Pride Lodge, Manchester.—June 14, P. S. Ely Ainly, of the Honesty Lodge, Ripponden, after a short sickness of four days and a half, leaving a wife and two small children to deplore his loss.—November 8, 1836, brother Joseph Carnell, of the United Brothers Lodge, Barnard Castle; much regretted.—January 4, Jane, the wife of brother John Waller, of the same Lodge.—In Feb. John, the infant son, of P. G. George Peacock, of the same Lodge.—July, Hannah, the wife of brother Matthew Hammond, of the same Lodge, in child birth.—April 4, Joseph Price Best; May 10, Mary Ann Best, son and daughter of P. Prov. G. M. Best, who has been sick for this last near four years.—Brother Joseph Nutter, aged 23, of the Rose of Sharon Lodge, Elland, Huddersfield District, who had the misfortune to be drowned at Hull, and was interred at the parish church, Elland, when a numerous procession of brothers attended on the occasion, which was conducted by P. Prov. G. M. Mills, and C. S. Peace.—Oct. 6, 1836, brother Jos. Burton, of the Invitation Lodge, Newsham, whose death was occasioned by a bail falling off a wherry upon him, on the previous evening, leaving a wife and five children, one five months old; and though not having been initiated six months, a subscription was set on foot that evening by a few of the District, and which amounted, when closed, to upwards of £19. Great credit is also due to his late master, Mr. Thomas Healey, plumber and glazier, along with Mr. Smithies, of the King's Head Inn, and Mr. Gill, of the Commercial Inn, Huddersfield, through their exertions (voluntarily) the sum of £10. 2s. 9d. was added to ours; the surplus of which was laid out in ordering a patent mangle, and giving her five shillings per week, of the remaining sum.

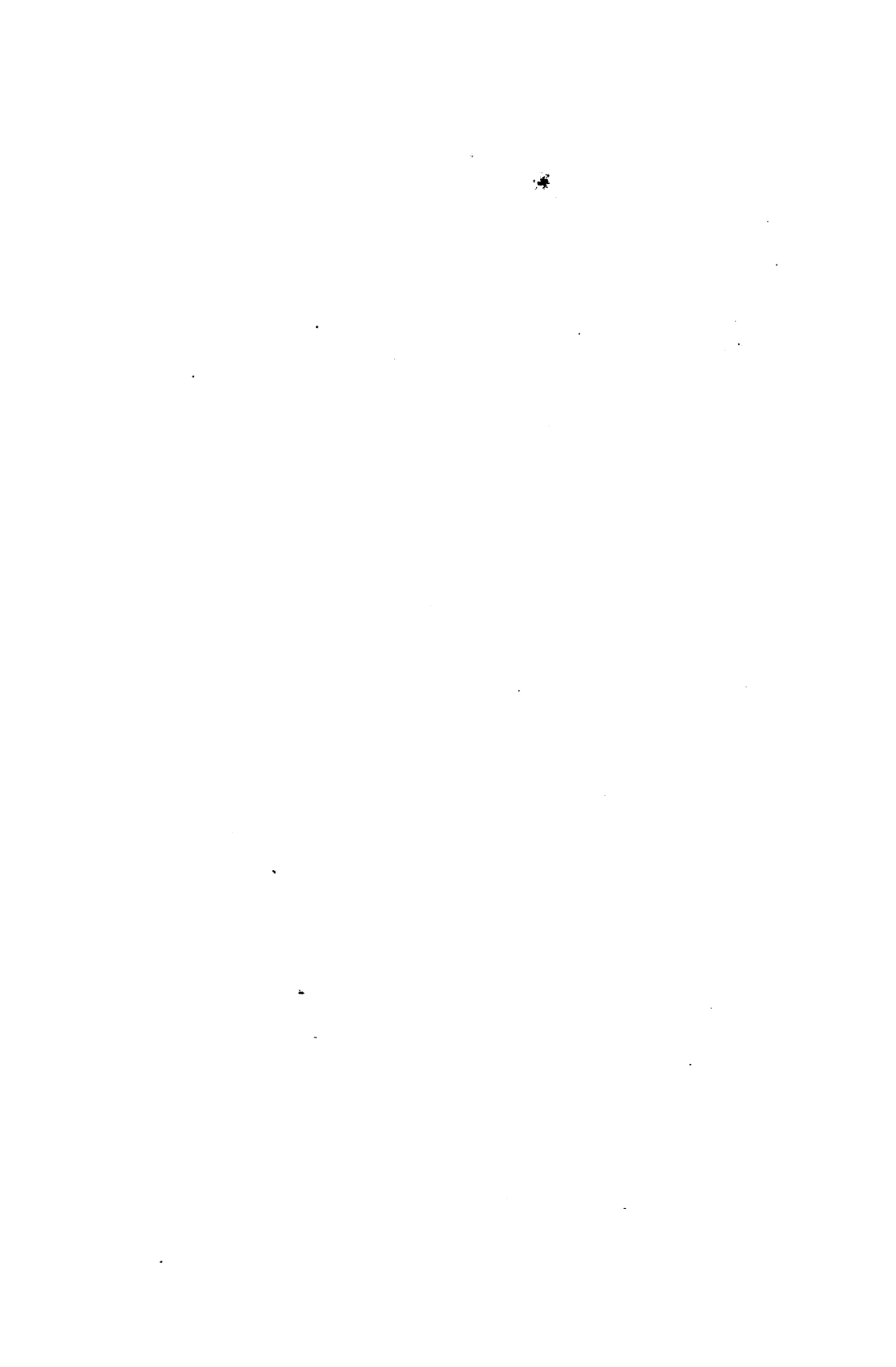
(Births, &c., too late for this Number will be inserted in the next.)

INDEX TO VOL. IV.

Acrostics.....	101, 128, 216	Essay on Love	399
Address to the Steam Engine	364	Exile from Home	26
" " Queen.....	393	Extent of the Material World	339
Answer to the above Address.....	394	Father's Address to his First-born ..	174
Address from the Platoff Lodge, } Ashton, and brother W. Jones, of said Lodge, in gratitude for relief received by him.....	430	Gazing on the Moon	148
Address from the Ashton District..	231	God (from the Russian).....	121
" " Bolton	281	Great Wall of China	172
" " Bury	287	Habits of the Seal	105
" " Earl of Sefton } Lodge, Manchester.....	368	Harp of Montgomery.....	158
Address from the Oldham District..	240	Hints to London Visitors	331
" " Pottery & Newcastle	220	Honorary Members, remarks on,139, 300	
Adventure of the Mason	345	Honour among Thieves	162
" " with a Rhinoceros.	85	Hymn to Adversity.....	9
Affecting Story	87	Iceland to the British and Foreign } Bible Society	349
American Correspondence	6	Idleness	346
" Deer Hunt.....	146	Impromptu.....	108, 375
Anchor Hall	359	Ireland.....	10
Anecdotes of Animals.....	196	It will do for the present	232
Anniversary of Surrey Lodge, Surrey	205	Lady buried Alive	337
An Act of real Charity	249	Last Man, the.....	10
An Odd Fellow	287	Last Words of Cadwallawn	171
Anonymous Letter	77	Lay Sermon.....	293
Anthem of Worms	120	Letters from Mrs. Barrey	434
Astronomy	27	Letters from a Rambler, with Re- } marks on the Isles of Jersey 43, 68 } 130 }	
Astronomy (Prognostic)	142	" " Guernsey, 131, 198	
Attack on Gibraltar	37	" " Herme	305
Battle of Alexandria	76	" " Serk	306
Beauties of the Country.....	338	" " Alderney	307
Butterflies	91	Lights & Shades from the Heart..	46, 98
Bowden	45	Lines on the Derby A. M. C.	221
Births 53110,167,222,278,334,391,441		Lines on Peace	304
Case of brother Jas. Shaw, Oldham	288	Lines on reading a Tablet	304, 409
Cathedrals—York, 188—Cologne..	190	Lines on the Queen	406
Caution against Burning Effigies ..	399	Lines to a Newly-married Couple..	108
Conjugating Dutchman	107	" Young Lady	128
Contrast in the Character of Vicars	152	" written on a blank leaf of } Kirke White's Poems.. }	137
Cornelius O'Flanagan.....	407	Locust of America	349
Dead Sea, a Visit to,....	84	Magazine, on the I. O. F's. 4, 65, 88, } 101, 165, 177, 390 }	
" a Voyage round	414	May Day.....	161
Duties of Odd Fellows	135	Manchester Musical Festival.....	172
Deaths, 54, 111, 168, 223, 279, 335, } 391, 442 }		Margaret Carnegie	267
Effects of Odd Fellowship	390	Meetings of Independent Order 74, 234	
Embezzlement of money	249	Memoir of Armitt, Thomas, P. G. M. and C. S.....	57, 113
England.....	100, 134	" Elsom, John, P. Prov. G. M.	311
Epitaphs.....	23, 216	" Gorbutt, James, G. M. ..	393
Eras.....	13	" Gray, William, P. G. M'..	225
Errors in Nature.....	154	" Mansall, James, P. G. M. ..	174
Escape from the Prison of Cronstadt	158		
Essay on Philosophy of Scepticism .	241		

Memoir of Mansfield, Jas. P. G. M. 1	Song of Moses. 166
" Powell, E., P. Prov. G. M. 169	Sonnets, 84, 89, 152, 166, 216, 277, } 344, 352 }
" Wardle, Mark, P. G. M. 289	Soul's Defiance 83
" Whitehead, John, P. } 337	Soul in Purgatory 21
Prov. G. M. and C. S. }	Speech of Prov. C. S. Vaughan..... 435
Memory 185	Speechifying..... 421
Men of Decencies 304	Sporting Adventure in India..... 11
Midnight Hymn 410	Stanzas, ... 73, 76, 136, 310
Miser and his Son 297	" for Music 5, 107
Marriages, 53, 110, 168, 222, 279, } 334, 391, 441 }	Steam Engine 35
Nicholas Fuss..... 371	Sunday Schools, gifts to 232
Odd Fellows 365	" Water Party 250
Odd Fellows and Odd Fellowship... 273	Sunderland Sailor 123
Odd Fellows' Hall, Kendal 51	Talents and Genius 440
" Bradford 177	The Bible 191
" Hope 11	" Foundling 303
Ode to Spring..... 358	" Law 274
On Beauty 40	" Lawyer 332
On Detraction..... 96	" Rivals..... 193
On the Death of a Brother, 20, 88 } 129, 179, 180 }	" Sea 191
" Friend 137	" Spring 386
" Canary Bird. 15	" Two Fountains 191
" Two Infants. 96	" Widow and Orphan 75
On the General Fund of the I. O. F 386	" Wife 31
On the Nature of Real Wealth 176	" Wind 386
Party Spirit..... 373	Things in London 192
Pirate and the Cruiser..... 256	Thoughts on Friendship..... 432
Poets & Poetry, sketches of, Burns 375	" Life 14
" Chaucer ... 227	Time 30
" Homer 149	To the Readers of the Magazine .. 439
" Milton 204	To a Rose 145
" Pope 401	" a Violet..... 130
" Shakespeare 201	" an Odd Fellow's Wife 92
" Spencer ... 229	To-day and To-morrow 120
Presentations of Medals, Plate, &c., } 163, 344, 401 }	To Hope 148
Principles & Laws of the I. O. F. 29, 379	To-morrow 233
Procession of the Chesterfield District 409	To my Bible 73
" Dudley " 233	" Wife 41
" Leeds " 47	True Friendship 180
" Manchester " 395	" (Eastern Tale) .. 428
" Stockport " 153	Tour of the Virtues 15
Prospects of the Independent Order 314	Varieties..... 5, 9, 28, 57, 83, 89, 278
Ramble into the Woods 369	Visions of Hassan 254
Reflections on a Bed of Flowers .. 138	Visit to the Zoological Gardens... 181
Revenge 404	War and Glory 308
Review of Temperance Essay 434	Widow and Orphan 435
Righteousness 179	Widow & Orphans' Fund, on, 20, 24, } 41, 73, 80, 92, 93, 99, 109, 163, } 186, 217, 235, 282, 366 }
Rising Talent of the Order 25	Widow and Orphans' Fund, Rules for Leeds District 236
Sermons, ... 94, 209, 244, 353, 411	Manchester District 283
Sierra Leone, first night & morn at 145	Pottery and Newcastle District 218
" Dinner Party 146	Stockport District 286
Soliloquy on Widow & Orphans' Fund 276	Wakefield District 103
Song 97	Winter 41
	" in Canada 157
	Woman's Smiles..... 431







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